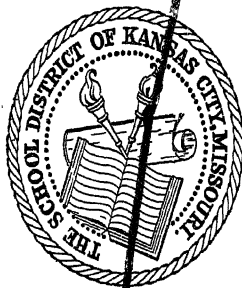


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THE POETS

AND

Biographical Sketches of the Poets of Texas,

WITH SELECTIONS FROM THEIR WRITINGS,

CONTAINING

BY

SAM H. DIXON;

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WM. CAREY CRANE, D.D., LL.D.,

Late President of Baylor University.

Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, they treat books as some do lords, they inform themselves of their *titles*, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.—COLTON.

AUSTIN, TEXAS,
SAM H. DIXON & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1885.

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Stereotyped and Printed by
EUGENE VON BOECKMANN,
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BOUND BY
R. VON BOECKMANN,
AUSTIN, TEXAS.

TO
MY DEAR WIFE.

A
GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION
OF HER MANY ACTS OF KINDNESS EXTENDED TO ME
DURING MY STUDENT DAYS AT

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY,

WHILE PREPARING TO ENTER UPON THE RUGGED WALKS OF LIFE,
AND THE CHEERING ENCOURAGEMENT
WHICH SHE GAVE ME
WHILE ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS WORK
INSPIRE THE WISH TO GIVE
EXPRESSION
OF MY EXALTED ESTIMATE OF HER
PURITY AND NOBILITY
OF CHARACTER,

I therefore Inscribe to her this

SAM H. DIXON.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this volume to the public, I think it proper to state that it has been prepared amidst great difficulties.

I began the work while a university student; and in 1878 I made arrangements for its publication, but the yellow fever of that year made sad havoc of all my plans, and death brought ruin to my publishers. I ordered my manuscript returned to me and a large part of it was lost in transit. I have re-written it during the spare moments of a very busy life—moments snatched from days and nights of labor for existence.

When I first conceived the idea of writing this book, it was my object to collect the scattered gems of the Texas writers, and present them in a small volume. But when I began to investigate the subject of Texas authorship thoroughly, I found it impossible to encompass them in so small a space, and the book has grown to its present dimensions because I could not avoid it.

There are many difficulties in authorship. Literature has become a game of chance. It has to be suited to the taste of the educated and the unlearned; the bookseller, and the critic, and the judgment of the author is entirely overlooked. I have kept these things continually before my mind while preparing this volume, and I am ready to receive the critics' sneers. It has been my aim in the preparation of this book to perpetuate the memory of our dear Texas authors, and I expect every

man and woman in the State, who has State pride, to aid me in this endeavor by an effort to increase and enlarge its sphere of usefulness by extending its circulation.

The first productions of the American men of letters—those of the Pre-Revolutionary period *especially*—are very rare, and collectors are offering fabulous prices for them. So it will be of Texas. The productions of those authors who fired the hearts of the early Texas rangers are eagerly sought even this early in the history of the progress of the State. There is much to admire in the poetry of Texas, and the student who fails to study the literature of the State, along with her political history, loses much of the sweets of history. The lives and productions of the Texas authors form one of the most important features of her history. They have added their quota toward the establishment of her greatness, and deserve the recognition this book has given them.

I wish it remembered that this is a pioneer work. The author has had to blaze his pathway through a trackless forest, without sign or guide-board. It is left to the reader to say whether or not the work has been well done.

INTRODUCTION.

BY WM. CAREY CRANE, D. D., LL. D.

“**L**ANGUAGE is fossil poetry.” Some legend of a long past age has embalmed this thought in words. Original ideas are conceived in poetry, although most often expressed in rough cast idiomatic expressions. Infantile thoughts are usually poetical. The more closely allied men and nations are to nature and the open air of heaven, the more elevated are their thoughts, and the more inspiring are their words. It is vain to suppose that the grandest poetry is the creation of art and culture. The most sublime productions of human genius are oftenest the creations of minds tutored in wilds, beneath crags, near mountain heights, amid hardships, strained by penury, and struggling for subsistence and existence.

Poetry makes its own rules, hence the variety of schools which have sprung into being. Rhyme is an unvarying law ; melody is an incident. Rhyme may or may not be poetry, and is oftener doggerel.

Poetry is popular, more or less, according to a prevailing taste. Ballads and Lyrics suit the general ear, and touch the popular heart when discoursed in music. A generation which relishes Byron may regard Milton and Wordsworth as odious. The coterie which revels in N. P. Willis and Geo. P. Morris, sympathizes slightly with Wm. Cullen Bryant and Henry W.

Longfellow. Cultivated tastes delight in "Festus" and "Yesterday, To-day and Forever," while ruder natures are only satisfied with Barry Cromwall or Thomas Moore. Whatever approximates to poetry, whatever exhibits the afflatus of inspired language, the first essaying of youthful minds, the first efforts of rising genius, should be preserved, collected and placed in enduring form, to be transmitted to future times, to form part of that grand general history of the literature, which, at an appropriate period, will be the certain reflex of its creative minds of every grade of opportunity and culture.

How much true poetry has been lost, how much has never been heard of, it may be safe to say is far greater than the poor or feeble poetry which may be found printed in various styles for transmission to posterity. It may be possible that much that passes for poetry may be words fantastically paraded in apparent trimeters or in ambitious Spencerian stanzas. When the gold is in sand, much washing and sifting is needed to obtain the pure grain. Often, too, it may be imbedded in granite structures, or possibly surrounded by quartz formation, so often there may be little genuine poetry in affluent surroundings of climacteric phrases. Yet the small grains of gold in the masses of sand or ledges of rock may amply repay the washer for his toil, and the glimpses of poetic genius which may flash their light out of stately verbiage, may repay all the toil of the searcher for rhythm, and all the struggles of the seeker for genius.

The poetic insight is not universal. Few possess it. The multitude require to be told what is poetry, and their only reason for believing *that* to be poetry which is claimed to be, is the dictatorial statement of the mental autocrats, on whose opinion

unthinking people rely. The neighbors of Robert Burns did not know that the author of "Holy Willie's Prayer" was a poet until the celebrities of Edinburgh brought him to their intellectual centre, and gave him an ovation.

The feeble poet Waller was the popular favorite of England in the times of John Milton, and it was left to the study of an after generation to prove that the Elizabethian Era of English Literature produced but two great creative minds: the author of "Paradise Lost," and the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

It is difficult to induce some minds to read poetry. They think poetic conceptions all unreal, and, like fiction, without historic basis, unworthy of study or reflection. And yet some of the most powerful writers in prose have been among the most powerful writers in poetry. Milton's prose was the seed thought of law, liberty, and religion in his own time, and presents the base of statutes and enactments of Parliament, Congresses and Conferences of an after age.

Macaulay's prose and poetry are both household treasures of the English language. William Cullen Bryant as a poet, and William Cullen Bryant as a journalist has each ruled an empire of mind, and will transmit models to coming generations. It is a patriotic duty to foster rising genius; to nurse youthful powers; to rally the budding aspirations, and aid in their complete development. State pride is commendable, when catholic; when it recognizes foreign merit, while it cherishes domestic talent. Let the young orator have the encouraging eye, and attentive ear; let the rising scholar have the voice of approval; let the poet, yet in downy covering, half fledged, but struggling for flight, have cordial greetings and good wishes expressed for higher efforts and future success. Let all the efforts of strug-

gling virtue and upreaching genius be aided with generous words and earnest approval, in sympathetic tones.

Texas is the land of poetry. The Milton, or Tennyson, or Bryant, or Longfellow, or Poe, may not yet have appeared, but poetry is embedded in the great heart of the people; it is taught in paradisiac landscapes, in the mountain heights, in purling streams of diamond purity, in dashing rivers springing from rocky beds, in the balmy fragrance of ten thousand flowers, in the wild revellings of myriad vines, in the sombre density of wild tanglewoods, in the forests of live oaks and water oaks, of pine and cypress, and in all the luxuriences and abundance of semi-tropical and super-oriental clime.


John Bunyan said of "Pilgrim's Progress:"

"Some say, 'John, print it,'
Others say, 'No!'
Some say, 'It may do good,'
Others say, 'No!'"

So let this book take its chance. Let the wheat be winnowed from the chaff.

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY, July 19th, 1878.

MARY HUNT AFFLICK.

ARY HUNT has charmed the State by her exquisite sketches of life as contained in her poems, *Beside the Sea* and *Daylight on the Wreck*.

She is a native of Kentucky, and was born in Danville in 1847. Her father, Dr. J. A. Hunt, is a native of North Carolina; a descendant of one of the most distinguished English families who immigrated to America during the early days of the American Revolution. Her mother was a daughter of Hon. John Bridges, of Kentucky, an eminent jurist and advocate.

Mary received her intellectual training in Harrodsburgh Female College. It was while a student that she began to court the Muses, and during her early school days, she wrote and published her poems. She claims to have inherited her poetic talent from her mother, who stood very high in the reading world as a lady of fine literary attainments.

Immediately after she had completed her course of study in college she entered the field of letters, and early gained an enviable reputation, both as a poet and as a prose writer.

In 1874 she came to Texas with her parents and settled in Burleson county. She soon became known throughout the State, and was invited to read a poem to Hood's Brigade, then holding its re-union at Bryan. In 1876, and while on a visit to relatives and friends in Washington county, she was married to Mr. Dunbar Afflick, an author of note, an extensive farmer, and a man of varied attainments.

Mrs. Afflick possesses more than ordinary information, and is active in imparting it to those with whom she is brought in contact. She is the "particular star" in the neighborhood in which she resides.

Of Mrs. Afflick, Baker says: "She deserves a place among our Texas authors. She is a native of Kentucky, though she has gained her chief celebrity since coming among us."

Mrs. Afflick is not one of those writers who has leaped suddenly into favor, but has grown steadily into the hearts and feelings of the reader. Her poetry, while strictly original, suggests to the reader a curious blending of Miss Moore's simplicity and Mrs. Purdy's subtlety of thought and diction. She is found gifted with an accurate sensitiveness to the joys and sorrows of men and the vicissitudes of the human heart. Though the meandering brooklets, the valley-loving streams, and foaming currents, are of thrilling interest to her, she has a gift to work upon the beautiful scenery with power of grandeur and sublimity. In short, her style, diction, movement of verse, have all sprung up within herself. They are native to her mind as one familiar with forest and winds, with the course of clouds, the flow of great rivers, the changing of sunshine and shadows, over broad fields and solemn sound. But we shall watch and wait with much hope and interest to see what she can do in a higher sphere. Meanwhile, I give her the right hand of fellowship and gentle regard, for she has filled a part of one department of the field of poetry, with as exquisite a sense, with as fine a touch, with as loving and faithful an eye, heart and pen, as any one to whom nature has ever whispered familiar words in solitary places.

GATES AJAR.

WHERE life's rosy morning tinges
Brighten all the year afar,
Swinging back on burnished hinges,
Gates of memory stand ajar.

Fragrant branches, blossom laden,
Trail about these open gates,

And close by a red-lipped maiden,
In the dewy evening waits.

Softest curls of silken brightness—
Golden veil for blushing face—
Sweep her shoulders' dimpled whiteness,
With their light unfettered grace.

As she waits there in the gloaming,
While the daylight fades away,
For the one who will be coming,
When the stars glow in the gray.

* * * * *

Soft light, o'er chancel drifting,
On a fair girl's lovely face;
Summer breezes lightly lifting
Dainty waves of bridal lace.

As she kneels where sunlight lingers,
On half open roses fair—
Clasped within her snowy fingers,
Braided through her waiving hair.

Till the sunbeams drift away in
Fainter lines through church aisles dim,
"And the priest has ceased his praying,"
And the choir the bridal hymn.

Long, long years are sweeping o'er me—
Weary years of toil and sin;
And a gate swings back before me—
Ah, I weep to enter in!

Where a rosy glow once hovered
On the face so pure and fair,
On the dimpled arms half covered
By soft waves of radiant hair.

Now a misty light is creeping
Up the aisles so long and dim,

And the shining hair is sweeping
O'er a coffin's satin rim.

Once again a sunbeam lingers
On half open roses bright,
But they lie in waxen fingers,
Folded on a bosom white.

And a gate with jeweled hinges,
Seems to swing adown the air,
While above its jasper tinges
Gleams a crown like angels wear!

LILIES.

IN sunny June where roses blow
And summer breezes hover,
And woodland wavelets softly flow
Through banks of blushing clover,
There lilies white, like sheaves of light,
In dark and shine bend over.

From out the mossy forest old,
Where every sunbeam lodges,
And weaves a line of yellow gold
Through all the leafy edges,
O'er dewy ways, sweet fragrance strays,
Where lilies light the hedges.


We see them in their spotless snow,
Beside our pathway springing,
And backward through the "long ago"
Their waxen bells are swinging;
Where oft we strayed, each breezy glade,
Some happy chime is ringing.

Oh swaying bells! your music tells
Of golden hours, whose fleetness

Left bud and bloom, in fresh perfume,
To fill the air with sweetness !
Oh sunny days! oh bloomful ways!
Of childhood's rare completeness,

How oft we come with weary feet,
With white and weary faces,
Across the highway's glaring heat,
Through memory's open places,
To pluck once more a lily sweet
From out your scented spaces !

DAYLIGHT ON THE WRECK.

NE morn I stood upon the shore,
And watched a floating wreck ;
No sailor at the riven ropes,
No man upon the deck.
For in the night a storm had crept
Across the ship so fair,
And had many treasure kept,
Down in his wild sea lair.

But on the wreck a lovely girl,
Had knelt with sinless grace ;
Just where the morning sunbeams fell,
Upon her marble face.
With cross up-borne in dimpled hands,
She seemed as if in prayer—
And still and white to human sight
The storm had left her there.

And close beside, a bright haired boy
Lay in the lightning's train,
Above his head a swinging rope,
His stiff hands grasped in vain.
I thought some mother's heart will break
When tidings reach his home,

Or worse than that, will ache and ache,
Through weary years to come.

And further on a bearded man,
Held tight in his embrace,
A little clinging baby form,
In all its rounded grace.
The sunbeams through the timbers black
Touched locks of gold and grey,
While far above in circling track
The birds shrieked for their prey.

I watched the dark mass drifting on,
Where waves had ceased their strife,
And thought a wreck of every day
Must likewise pass our life ;
For in the storm of Toil and Tears,
That comes alike to all
Who sail upon the Sea of Years,
Some bark is sure to fall !

Perhaps an eager boyish face,
Will quiver in the night
That drops adown youth's sunny space,
And grow all cold and white.
And cold and white, the morning light,
Will find it on life's deck,
While riven ropes, of golden hopes,
Swing out across the wreck.

And nearer still a woman's form,
May bend with weary grace,
The chrism of a stainless life,
Upon her sweet dead face.
What if she bent in purest prayer,
While storm raged overhead,
Think you the rich will ever care,
Her dying cry was bread ?

Or man in all his bearded prime,
May clasp a baby form,

Away upon the wreck of Time,
And battle with the storm;
'Till all his human strength is dead,
Beneath temptations wild,
And everything that cleaves to him,
Is that fair sinless child.

What if before the great white throne—
The Saint should intercede—
That child lift up its holy eyes
And for the father plead?
Christ's tender arms will surely reach
His sinless one to fold,
And guide dark wrecks for its dear sake
Into the gates of gold?



ALFRED W. ARRINGTON.

FEW men have made a more lasting impression upon the people of Texas than Judge Arrington. A native of Iredell county, North Carolina, he spent a large part of his life in the South. His father, also a North Carolinian, was a Methodist minister of fervent piety and much native eloquence. His mother was a native of the same state, but of Highland Scotch origin.

The family name was Moore. They were Covenanters; and, doubtless left Scotland the victims of religious persecutions. Like most Highlanders, the family was originally Catholic, for an ancestor was beheaded, for his ancient faith, under one of Cromwell's Military Governors. This mixture of the Saxon and the Celt in Judge Arrington's progenitors, will account, physiologically for his various and marked mental traits; as he seemed to possess the double genius of both races. His childhood was passed in his native state, amid the lovely and picturesque scenery of the Blue Ridge mountains. The impression made upon him was never effaced. He had always a passionate yearning for mountain scenery, and often dwelt upon his delight, when a child, to run along down the side of the mountain, and listen to the wind amid the pines, and feel his hair lifted up and blown about by it. This unseen force of nature filled his mind with awe, and was his first conception of an invisible power. The Bible was his only reading up to his twelfth year; and his imagination was thus kindled and cultivated at this perennial fount of piety and inspiration. About this period a family came into the neighborhood bringing a small library, which was placed at the eager boy's disposal. He committed Lindley Murray to memory in about ten days. He had a like aptness

for mathematics. The little library was soon read, for his joy was so great over the possession of a new book, he could hardly sleep with it unread in the house. The old American novel "Alonzo and Melissa" was among the books, and, though a miserable affair, touched a new cord of thought and feeling within the boy. The result was he wrote a novel of his own, filled with the most tragic scenes. His father in the meantime moved to Arkansas, where the ambitious boy spent every spare dollar for books.

At the early age of eighteen he began to preach, and, at that time, exhibited an oratorical power that resembled the inspiration of an Italian improvisatore. He drew large audiences and excited the greatest enthusiasm. He preached for several years and then lost confidence in his childhood's faith, and ultimately abandoned revealed religion. He afterwards sought in philosophy a solution of his intellectual difficulties.

He moved to Missouri and was admitted to the bar in 1835. He then moved to Texas and was elected judge of the 12th District—Rio Grande District—1849. He was at one time a member of the Arkansas Legislature, but took little interest in politics. About this time he published *Desperadoes of the South and Southwest*. It is an exquisite gem of word painting, and in it is found his famous *Apostrophe to Water*. While presiding over the bar he wrote a book of Logic, which had long occupied his thought, and also a novel *The Rangers and Regulations of the Tanaha*. The novel was published and had a quick sale. It gives a graphic account of the "Ranger system" in those days, and is filled with beautiful passages descriptive of the scenes and incidents of that stirring period, and is classed with Lieutenant Mayne Reid's novels of adventure.

Mr. Arrington spent the greater part of his life on the frontier, and had a great passion for travel. He disliked the restraints of artificial society, and lived, so far as an active professional career would permit, a solitary life. He was almost savage in his sincerity; knew no double-dealing, but moved on

to results with the simplicity of a child. He lived, for the most part, in an ideal world, and knew very little of the persons and events which surrounded him. Before his death he became a believer in the Christian religion, and while laying upon his death bed, he said: "*Like a flash of light every cloud disappeared, and the vision of Jesus Christ was vouchsafed me.*" He died December 31st, 1867, leaving three children. Flora, his oldest, married a Mr. Strickland, whose family now resides in Georgetown, Texas.

Though a master of prose composition, still poetry was his native element and his favorite mode of expression. It was only through his poems that he was able to express the burning thoughts that oppressed him for utterance. The poems accompanying this sketch were written after he had passed his fiftieth year—when the poetic tide has died out of most men.

Soon after Judge Arrington's death his poems were collected and published in a neat volume with a memoir by Leora A. Arrington. The following beautiful tribute to Mr. Arrington was written by Mr. Charles C. Bonney, and accompanies L. A. Arrington's memoir from which I have drawn so extensively in preparing this sketch:—

HIS CHARACTER AS A POET.

Alfred W. Arrington was also a poet;—not a mere writer of verse, but a skillful and experienced master of the divine art of clothing the splendors of the imagination and the emotions of the heart in the celestial language of song.

As his legal character was adorned and softened by the glowing passion and beauty of poesy, so his poetry was dignified, strengthened, and exalted by the clearness, logic, and good sense of his legal learning. Neither confusion of metaphor, nor vagueness of expression offend the taste, in his harmonious verse. Like a living stream from the top of a heaven-crowned mountain, his songs flow on to the sea, with increasing beauty, purity, and power. His verse is generally as noble in senti-

ment as it is musical in expression, and is frequently shaded by the elevated and touching melancholy so common to superior minds. The strength of his genius, and the solidity of his attainments, are well indicated by the fact that he intended to undertake so daring a legal and literary task as the composition of a work on the Poetry of Law; and those who are familiar with the aphoristic style of his arguments, will readily perceive how admirably he could have expressed, in verse, the doctrines of that unsurpassed system of jurisprudence, which is the crowning glory of American constitutional government.

His poems, contained in this volume, were written, not as the business of life, but as a favorite recreation after severe legal toil. That they were written by an eminent lawyer, in the midst of the most active and laborious professional labors of his whole life, is a remarkable fact; that they were composed by a learned jurist, more than fifty years old, is worthy to be recorded among the curiosities of literature. As, on the one hand, I have forbore to enter upon any particular consideration of the legal causes on which rests his reputation as a lawyer; so, on the other, I defer, for the present at least, any detailed comment upon the various styles of metrical composition which this volume contains.

It has sometimes been suggested that the practice of law and the cultivation of literature are pursuits so inconsistent, that the one must be abandoned in order to secure success in the other. But the life and works of Judge Arrington are conclusive proof that one may be, at the same time, a great lawyer and an eminent poet; and it cannot be doubted that his example will do much to encourage and extend the practical cultivation of literature by the members of the legal profession.

His poems, to the members of his own household, will ever remain an eloquent and enduring testimonial of the depth and tenderness of the domestic affection that possessed his heart, and will commend his memory to a tenderer regard than aught else would have secured; for there is nothing more highly re-

vered among men than the genius that glorifies, and links with its fame the beloved name of home.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A brain that burns with its own heat,—
 A heart that breaks at every beat,—
 A wildering march of weary feet,
 In search of what we may not meet,
 Till found beneath a winding-sheet;
 In dreamless slumber, long and sweet,
 Which kindly comes to still all strife,
 Is nature's fiction, known as Life.

To be a thing that cannot die,—
 A part of earth, and air, and sky,—
 In cosmic arms of love to lie;
 With shaded face, and shrouded eye,
 And marble lips that may not sigh
 O'er shapes of beauty shining by,
 Yet never yearn for bated breath,
 Is nature's fact,—misnamed Death.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

MAKING early with the twilight
 When the leaves of June are rife,
 Let me forth incline to ponder
 On the mysteries of life.

Sunless secrets which have baffled
 All the wisdom of the wise,
 Since the twinkling dawn of ages,
 In the night of nameless skies.

Lo! the gleam of golden arrows,
In the purple East afar,
While a field of airy roses
Blooms around the morning star.

Can ye tell me, winged splendors,
Brighter than a poet's dream,
Are ye actual or ideal?
Is the great world what it seems?

Take away my nerves of feeling,
And the mountain's fall-like mist,
If there were no eye to see it,
Would you, star of love, exist?

Vainer still the choral voices
Of the rich revolving year,
What were wind, or wave, or thunder,
To a soul that could not hear?

Then, are all but self-creations?
Rock-ribbed earth and rolling main?
All the lights that live above us,
Beauties borrowed from the brain!

Darker glooms the dreary problem!
Blind solution for the blind!
If the mind of all is maker,
Who is maker of the mind?

All the laws have Janus-faces—
One is nothing, left alone;
Sun and shadow, both must mingle,
Weaving nature's magic zone.

God doth build galvanic circles,
Brains and senses are the poles:
When the two are joined together,
Comes the lightning-flash of souls.

Darker glooms the dreary problem!
Brain and senses—what are they?

What are time, and space, and matter,
If ye take the mind away?


Will brute atoms blend in order?
Or shall chance direct the course?
Can nerve-fibre find their places,
Moved by automatic force?

Hush! the great world-spirits whisper
Sweetly in the new-born breeze,
While a rain of molten jewels,
Singing, patters through the trees,

Hush! and solve the painful problem,
Not by study, but with scorn;
Not to brook such barren torture,
Man the heir of time was born.

What he needs, alone he knoweth,
Or may know by patient thought;
All beyond are sunless secrets,
Which, if known, would profit naught.

THE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

 H! the beautiful dreams which the angels of sleep
Shed in mercy o'er senses that wake but to weep;
How they sparkle like stars, how they whisper like steams
From the morn-tinted mountains—the beautiful dreams!

But a touch of their wing tipped with mystical light,
Like the wand of a wizard, evokes from the night
Such a world of enchantment, in azure and gold,
As bewilders and dazzles the mind to behold.

And the chime of their voices is sweet in the brain,
As the silvery singing of mild summer rain,—

For they murmur the echo of musical years,
Ere the cheeks of the child have been tarnished with tears.

E'er the beggars that breathe but to murmur and moan,
On their pinions of purple soars up to a throne,
Clad in costume so gorgeous, the pride of its hems
Is friled with the Iris, and flashes with gems.

And the soul that was darkest, when lit with their sheen,
Shines again like a star in the cloudless serene ;
And the loved and the lost, from the desert of death,
Reappear, with the odors of morn on their breath.

Oh the beautiful dreams ! may they smile on me still
When the heart of the sleeper forever is chill ;
While enveloped in music, and light, and perfume,
I shall dream of the heavens in spite of the tomb !



MRS. E. M. BADGER.

MISS ELIZABETH MAY WYATT was born in Pilatka, Florida, September 27, 1841. Her father moved to San Antonio, Texas, when she was very young, and after the close of the war he moved to Gonzales, where our poet remained until her death.

In 1859, I find her graduated from Gonzales College, under the presidency of Dr. A. A. Brooks. At this time this institution was considered one of unequalled advantages in Texas.

One year from her graduation,—May, 1860—she was married to Lafayette Hodges, who was afterwards killed in the battle of Vicksburg. In 1869—October 14—she was married a second time, and her husband, Mr. Brandt Badger, survives her. It was about this time that she began to write poems. Having been an early convert to religion, it made an impression on her mind not to be erased in after years. Her writings, both prose and poetry, bear evidences of a christian character; and, especially in all her poems, is traced a warmth of religious fervor and piety. They are the simple pearls that go forth from a head and heart filled with an exuberant love for suffering humanity. Her poems were contributed to the secular press around her with no thought of fame. She wrote not for this, but as she was moved by the approving smile of a friend.

I remember to have met her only once—1879—at Luling, this State. Having accepted an invitation to take tea with a friend who promised congenial company, I saw for the first time Mrs. E. M. Badger. The company was composed largely of ministers. We sat for some time conversing upon themes connected with our visit to Luling—to attend a religious convention—before the subject of literature came up; and then it was incidental. In this brief meeting I saw in Mrs. Badger the elements of

the poet, and for the first and only time, heard from her own lips the story of her literary life. I was attracted by her gentle manner and pure enunciation of the eternal fitness of things in poetic numbers.

She had little of that rare article—genius—but her imagination was passably good; and her poems possess character, and deserve a place in this volume, for independence of thought mark all she has written.

Mrs. Badger died at her home in Gonzales, August 17, 1881.

I have before me some personal reminiscences of her, furnished by parties who knew her from childhood. Dr. J. H. Stribling, of Rockdale, writes: * * * * "But I forbear to extend these remembrances of one whose piety, intelligence, and brilliance of mind, and lovely qualities of heart and life, as a lady, as a wife, a mother, as a writer, an ornament to society and as a tower of strength in the church of the living God, will live by their influence to bless and lead others heavenward in life, and to make melody and praise on the harps of the redeemed in the heavenly world, while the flowers may bloom and the ever-green grow over the sleeping dust." Rev. Geo. W. Smith, of Weatherford, Texas, says: "I could never tell on paper the appreciation of both myself and wife of Mrs. Badger's character, either as a friend, wife, mother, writer or christian. In all these relations, she was, in my estimation, no ordinary woman. A phase of her piety was seen in her care for and attention to the sick. With her 'The house of mourning was better than the house of feasting.'"

SILENT INFLUENCES.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. ALICE WALL, WALLONIA, KY.

THESE are gleams of golden sunlight,
Softly falling through the air,
Cheering beams, that softly linger,—
Could we see them—everywhere.

There are shadows which surround us,
With a rayless, starless gloom,
Making life a dread Golgotha,
Earth, a breathing, living tomb.

There are sighs from hearts away,
Groans that earth may never hear,
Clouds of incense bearing ever,
To a loving Father's ear.

There are bands of holy angels,
Which encamp us round and round,
To strengthen us when weary,
Lest we fall upon the ground.

Lest the chastening rod of sorrow,
And the furnace heat of pain,
Should conquer, and our weakened faith
Might never rise again.

May our sighs and shadows hastening
To the Great White Throne above,
Be the bright and holy angels,
Sent us by our Father's love.

To teach us meek submission,
To His kind and blessed will,
Chasing back the storms that fright us,
Whispering softly, "peace be still."

FLOWERS.

NOW bright and beauteous are the flowers,
Those undertones of love,
Which God has given to us below,
From eden bowers above.
They bloom upon the hillside,
And in the lovely glen,

They brighten children's faces,
And cheer the hearts of men.


Their fragrance fills the evening air,
Floats on the evening breeze,
And like an angel whisper,
Speaks to the hearts of ease.
The flowers of spring are beautiful,
But summer blooms more rare,
The autumn and the winter flowers,
May teach us—ne'er despair.

The springtime of our life would seem
A landscape, covered o'er
With flowers in bright and rich array,
Exhaustless in their store;
While summer flowers of life are filled
With dews distilled from care,
We find no rose without a thorn,
How e'er so bright and fair.

The "sear and yellow leaf" of age
Bears on its fragile stem,
The flowers of hope and love and faith,
A glorious diadem.
These flowers we find forever,
Beyond the "shining shore,"
Within the Amaranthine bowers,
They bloom to pale no more.



MOLLIE MOORE DAVIS.

RS. MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS, the most thorough Texas poet, is a native of Alabama. Her parents immigrated to Texas when she was quite young, and settled upon the banks of the San Marcos river in Hays county. Her parents were John Moore, of Oxford, Massachusetts, and Marion Crutchfield, of Fincastle, Virginia.

She received her mental training principally from her mother who was a woman of great intelligence. The gorgeous scenes on the San Marcos, no doubt, contributed, in a great measure, to inspire the young poet. As she strolled along its beautiful valleys and beheld its crystal brightness, she caught that spirit of inspiration which afterwards spread its magic wings and sang so beautifully of that river. At the age of nine years she wrote her first poem. This so elated her mother that no pains were spared in educating her only daughter in whom she clearly discerned the budding of poetic genius. When she was fourteen, her first published poem appeared in the *Tyler Reporter*. Mr. E. H. Cushing, at that time editor of the *Houston Telegraph*, was the first to recognize her genius. He was so much attracted by the genius of the young writer that for some months he had her to become a member of his family, where she had the benefit of his guidance in her studies. About the commencement of the war she began to write extensively, and soon became widely known in the South, particularly in Texas, as a writer of great promise. At the close of the war she made an extensive tour through the Northern and Eastern States in company with Mr. Cushing and family. After her return she moved to Galveston with her father's family. While residing there the death of her mother, in 1867, cast a gloom over her spirit, and, for a time, her Muse was silent, the domestic circle claiming her at-

tention. Such a pen could not long be still; such a genius could not long be dormant. Her literary friends deeply regretted her long silence, and Amelia V. Purdy, a lady of no mean reputation, addressed to her the following beautiful lines :

Thou hast been silent long !
Oh, singer, take thy lyre again and sing !
And thy clear thrush notes shall be welcome as
The mocking birds in Spring.

Color and light are here
But the rill of song that threaded the green ways
Is no more heard. Oh, singer of sweet lays
Once more appear !

Come, for we wait for thee !
Sing for the happy, beautiful, and glad ;
Sing for the weary, grey, and grim, and sad !
Oh singer, sing for *me* !

Dress song in sober guise—
Dun, brown, and lavender, for Care must be ;
But set the gems in golden filagree,
Rare as as the summer skies.

For not all grey
Is any life, although a fringe of Care
Borders the mantle that we all must wear,
Until we rest for aye.

Come with thy golden lyre ;
Rain silver trills upon the summer air,
Sweet as mosque bells that call the good to prayer,
Bright as famed hues of Tyre.

In 1868 her first volume of poems, entitled *Minding the Gap*, appeared, published by E. H. Cushing, Houston, Texas. In 1870 another edition appeared, with a number of additional poems ; and again in 1872, a third edition appeared, considerably enlarged. Since publishing this book of poems she has

written extensively for magazines and periodicals both North and South, and in 1878 she began work upon a long poem which she designs to bring out in elegant style when the proper time arrives.

In 1874 she was married to T. E. Davis, of Virginia. Mr. Davis was for quite a time one of the proprietors of the *Houston Telegram*.

Mrs. Davis is richly endowed with the poetic faculty, and is decidedly more thoroughly Texan in subject, in imagery, and spirit than any of the Texas poets. Scarcely any other than one born in the "Lone Star" State can appreciate all the merits of her poems, so strongly marked are they by the peculiarities of Texas scenery and patriotism. Her poems, *San Marcos River* and *Galveston*, are productions of rare beauty. They are highly descriptive and show a rich and fertile imagination. Her little poem, *Going Out and Coming In*, has been copied more extensively, perhaps, than anything she has ever written. Prof. James Wood Davidson, in speaking of this poem, makes use of the following language :

"She is essentially Southern and in a high degree Western in her style of thought. She has none of that *fade* sentimentality that too often marks the verses of young ladies. A something of earnestness and directness of utterance in her best poems reminds us of these characteristic qualities in Miss Mulock's poems."

This poem is peculiar and somewhat abrupt in its metrical flow, but beautifully suggestive. I give it in full :—

GOING out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light ;
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night.
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin ;
Ceaseless streams of restless pilgrims
Going out and coming in !

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine ;
To the trumpet tones of glory,
Where the bays and laurels twine ;
From the loving home-caresses
To the chill voice of the world—
Going out with gallant canvass
To the summer breeze unfurled.

Through the gateway, down the footpath,
Through the lilacs by the way ;
Through the clover by the meadow,
Where the gentle home-lights stray ;
To the wide world of ambition,
Up the toilsome hill of fame,
Winning oft a mighty triumph,
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath ;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death.
Weary of its empty flattery,
Weary of its ceaseless din,
Weary of its heartless sneering,
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrows dark ;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with mastless barque.
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving
Wreaths of fame and love to win,
From the doorways of the homestead
Going out and coming in !

What a wonderful difference between the poem just quoted and *Stealing Roses Through the Gate*! 'Tis a strange contrast. It is one of the strangest caprices of her genius. But it would be difficult to find a more beautiful picture, or one more true to nature. The school girls tripping along by the stately mansion

and half in earnest half in jest pluck the tempting roses that grow so near the heavy gate. But what an extraordinary change is presented! The whispering, the cooing and the innocent and mischievous glances and finally the stealing of the roses from the lips. I quote the poem :—

LONG ago, do you remember,
When we sauntered home from school,
As the silent gloaming settled,
With its breezes light and cool?
When we passed a stately mansion,
And we stopped, remember, Kate,
How we spent a trembling moment
Stealing roses through the gate!

But they hung so very tempting,
And our eager hands were small,
And the bars were wide—oh, Kittie,
We trembled, but we took them all!
And we turned with fearful footstep,
For you know 'twas growing late,
But the flowers, we hugged them closely,
Roses stolen through the gate!

Well, the years have hastened onward,
And those happy days are flown :
Golden prime of early childhood,
Laughing moments spent and gone!
But yestre'en I passed your cottage,
And I saw, oh, careless Kate!
Handsome Percy bending downward,
Stealing roses through the gate!

Stealing roses, where the willow
O'er the street its long bough dips :
Stealing roses—yes, I'd swear it,
Stealing roses from your lips!
And I heard a dainty murmur,
Cooing round some blessed fate :
Don't deny it! Wasn't Percy
Stealing roses through the gate?

The following poem—*Lee at the Wilderness*—touched the hearts of the whole South when it first appeared. It is a noble tribute to a noble man and will grow more popular as time glides along. It commemorates the deeds of the Texas Brigade under General Hood, at the Battle of the Wilderness, and a vivid picture of that “terrible moment.” It no doubt inspired the artist, McArdle, to put on canvas that grand painting of his—“Lee at the Wilderness.” I will mention here, however, that this work of art was destroyed with the burning of the old Capitol a few years ago. The poem is not too long to be read. I give it entire:—

IT WAS a terrible moment !
The blood and the rout !
His great bosom shook
With an awful doubt.
Confusion in front,
And a pause in the cries ;
And a darkness like night
Passed over our skies :
There were tears in the eyes
Of General Lee.

As the blue-clad lines
Swept fearfully near,
There was wavering yonder,
And a break in the cheer
Of our columns unsteady ;
But, “WE ARE HERE ! We are ready
With rifle and blade,”
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.

He smiled—it meant death,
That wonderful smile ;
It leaped like a flame
Down each close-set file :
And we stormed to the front
With a long, loud cry—

We had long ago learned
How to charge, and to die.
There was faith in the eye
Of General Lee.

But a sudden pause came,
As we dashed on the foe,
And our seething columns
Swayed to and fro :
Cold grew our blood,
Glowing like wine,
And a quick, sharp whisper
Shot over our line,
As our rank opened wide ;
And there by one side
Rode General Lee.

How grandly he rode !
With his eyes on fire,
As his great bosom shook
With an awful desire !
But, "Back to the rear !
Till you ride to the rear,
We will not do battle
With gun or with blade !"
Cried the Texas Brigade
To General Lee.

And so he rode back ;
And our terrible yell
Stormed up to the front ;
And the fierce, wild swell,
And the roar and the rattle,
Swept into the battle
From General Lee.

I felt my foot slip
In the gathering fray—
I looked, and my brother
Lay dead in my way.
I paused but one moment,
To draw him aside :

Ah, the gash in his bosom
Was bloody and wide!
But he smiled, for he died
For General Lee.

Christ! 'twas maddening work;
But the work was done,
And a few came back
When the hour was won.
Let it glow in the peerless
Records of the fearless—
The charge that was made
By the Texas Brigade
For General Lee.

The poems presented here will sustain her reputation as the poet of nature—*The Texas Mocking Bird*. While she had favorable opportunities for learning, yet her own transcendent genius was her best teacher. In all her poems she has developed a poetic talent, a cultured intellect, an excellent taste, and a thorough mastery of her subjects. These combined excellencies, so necessary to the poet of nature, are rarely found in one of her temperament. Her descriptions are true to nature, with a telling moral and burning passion—natural, simple and true to poetic feeling.

Prof. J. W. Weber says of her: "Prominent among the women of the South who have made the world better by their pen is Mollie E. Moore. of Texas. Earnest, passionate and brilliant, she wields a powerful influence over her sex. She has successfully fought the fierce battle of adversity, and now triumphs over all opposition."

Mrs. Davis is at present a resident of New Orleans, where her husband went a few years ago to accept a position upon the *Times-Democrat* of that city.

MINDING THE GAP.

1863.

† HERE is a radiant beauty on the hills—
The year before us walks with added bloom:
But, ah! 'tis but the hectic flush that lights
The pale consumptive to an early tomb—
The dying glory that plays round the day
When that which made it bright hath passed away!

A mistiness broods in the air—the swell
Of east winds, slowly weaving Autumn's pall,
With dirge-like sadness, wanders up the dell;
And red leaves from the maple branches fall
With scarce a sound. What strange mysterious rest!
Hath Nature bound the Lotus to her breast?

But hark! a long and mellow cadence wakes
The echoes from their rocks! How clear and high
Among the rounded hills its gladness breaks,
And floats, like incense, toward the vaulted sky!

It is the harvest hymn! A triumph tone,
It rises like those swelling notes of old
That welcomed Ceres to her golden throne.
When through the crowded streets her chariot rolled.
It is the laborers' chorus; for the reign
Of plenty hath begun—of golden grain.

How cheeks are flushed with triumph, as the fields
Bow to our feet with riches! How the eyes
Grow full with gladness, as they yield
Their ready treasures! How hearts arise
To join with gladness in the mellow chime—
"The harvest-time! The glorious harvest-time!"

It is the harvest, and the gathered corn
Is piled in yellow heaps about the field;

And homely wagons, from the break of morn
Until the sun glows like a crimson shield
In the far west, go staggering homeward bound,
And with the dry husks strew the trampled ground.

It is the harvest—and an hour ago
I sat with half-closed eyes beside the “spring,”
And listened idly to its dreamy flow,
And heard afar the gay and ceaseless ring
Of song and labor from the harvesters—
Heard faint and careless, as a sleeper hears.

My little brother came with bounding step,
And bent him low beside the shaded stream,
And from the fountain drank with eager lip;
While I, half roused from my dream,
Asked where he'd spent this still September day—
“Chasing the birds, or on the hills at play?”

Backward he tossed his golden head, and threw
A glance disdainful on my idle hands,
And, with a proud light in his eye of blue,
Answered, as deep his bare feet in the sands
He thrust, and waved his baby hand in scorn—
“Ah, no; down at the cornfield since the morn
I've been mindin' the gap!”

“Minding the gap!” My former dream was gone!
Another in its place: I saw a scene
As fair as e'er an autumn sun shone on—
Down by a meadow, large and smooth and green,
Two little barefoot boys, sturdy and strong
And fair, here in the corn, the whole day long,
Lay on the curling grass,
Minding the gap!

Minding the gap! And as the years swept by
Like moments, I beheld those boys again;
And patriot hearts within their breasts beat high,
And on their brows was set the seal of men;
And guns were on their shoulders, and they trod
Back and forth, with measured step, upon the sod,
Near where our army slept,
Minding the gaps!

Minding the gaps! My brothers, while you guard
The open places, where a foe might creep—
A mortal foe—oh, mind those *other gaps*—
The open places of the heart! My brothers, keep
Watch over them.

The open places of the heart— the gaps
Made by the restless hands of Doubt and Care—
Could we but keep, like holy sentinels,
Innocence and Faith forever guarding there,
Ah, how much of woe and shame would flee
Affrighted back from their blest purity!

No gloom or sadness from the outer world,
With feet unholy then would enter in,
To grasp the golden treasures of the soul,
And bear them forth to sorrow and to sin!
The heart's proud fields—its harvests full and fair!
Innocence and Love, could we but keep them there,
Minding the gaps!





FANNIE A. D. DARDEN.

FANNIE BAKER DARDEN.

THIS gifted and versatile writer is a daughter of General Mosley Baker, a sketch of whom I shall give as introductory to what I write of Mrs. Darden. General Baker in very early life exhibited the great genius and force of character which distinguished him in after life as a young man in the legislature of Alabama and as one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the Texas Revolution. He was among the first to raise a company in defense of Texas Independence and the first to successfully resist the approach of Santa Anna; having, with only thirty men—at the crossing at San Felipe—compelled his whole army to retreat down the Brazos to a crossing in the vicinity of Richmond. He distinguished himself especially at the battle of San Jacinto by his gallantry; and afterwards in the congress of the Texas Republic by his manly eloquence, and by his statesmanship. But it was as an advocate that he attained his highest distinction; and as the cotemporary with Wharton and Jack, it was universally conceded that the three stood unrivalled in legal attainments and resistless eloquence.

Mrs. Darden is a native of Alabama. She was born near Montgomery September, 1829. Her first recollection is of that beloved spot. At seven years of age her father started with his little family to the wilds of Texas to seek fortune and fame. This hopeful and enthusiastic little family set sail on the brig "Eldorado" for Texas in the spring of 1837, and landed at Galveston at the end of eleven days' travel, during which time they encountered two severe storms. I give the following pen picture from Mrs. Darden, written to a friend. It expresses in fitter terms than I can, her varied emotions on arriving at Galveston Island:—

"How beautiful Galveston looked lying low amid the blue

waves as we approached it in our yawl which could not reach the shore on account of the shallowness of the water. There was only one house on the Island, which was situated on the east point of the Island. This was used as headquarters for the officers in command. Quite a number of tents, forming almost a small village, were occupied by the Mexican prisoners who had not yet been returned. The officers were very courteous to us all; and I, who had heard so much concerning the fairy land, almost imagined that I had reached that enchanted country, as I ran to and fro along the beach gathering shells or chasing the retiring waves. During the day, we embarked in a sail boat for Houston. Although only seven years of age, I remember many incidents connected with our journey. The novelty of sailing in so little a boat; the dancing waves; the dim grey outline of the mainland, as we approached it, not forgetting the fresh, sweet milk and hard tack on which we made our supper that night, the taste of which was so delicious after our long sea voyage as to remain a perpetual and enduring memory. We spent the first night at Spellman's Island, and the second at Patterson's, further up. We stopped a short while at the battle field, where so lately had been done such valorous deeds with such glorious results, and my mother led me to the seven graves of the Texans killed in that memorable conflict. The earth was still fresh above them. They seemed so peacefully lying there in the soft mist of the spring morning, with the grass gently waving around them, interspersed with innumerable flowers, while the gleaming waters swept in hushed silence at their feet. It seemed hard to realize that one year before, this silence had been broken by the turmoil of battle; by the shouts of victory, and by the groans of agony and despair. And my mother! how these scenes recall her to my mind. So gentle, so fair and so young—she too, sleeps her last sleep beneath a Texas sky, a Texas soil."

Mr. Baker remained a few days with his family at Harrisburg, and then continued his journey to Houston, on the little

steamboat "Laura," of historic memory. This boat was exceedingly small, and it was with some difficulty that she could navigate her way in the narrow and tortuous bayou amid the overhanging boughs that swept her guard and sometimes threatened to carry away her cabin. They reached Houston at night, and were comfortably housed in the only house in Houston—a log cabin, which Gen. Houston, with his accustomed gallantry and genuine kindness, had resigned to their use. Although at that time this was the only house in Houston, yet it could not be called a small place, for there was quite a population already gathered there in tents and shanties, and even beneath the spreading boughs of the strong oaks which grew in majesty throughout the place. Indeed, Houston has never been, from her earliest beginning, anything less than a city. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with his little command, was there; large numbers of Mexican prisoners, waiting to be returned to their homes, were there. Business sprung up as if by magic. Forest fell beneath the ringing axe of our sturdy pioneers. Broad fields waved with the bending wheat and rye and greamed with the yellow plumes of ripening corn. The seat of government was soon established there, and everything aided to make it a city indeed. She had her Capitol, her President, her Cabinet, her Congress, her Ministers from foreign countries, and everything to form a Capital complete in all its parts. People who knew nothing of the Republic of Texas, thought our society the very synonym of ruffianism, while on the contrary, it was, at the Capital, at least, the embodiment of culture, refinement and elegant manners. It is true that there was, for a while, a great incongruity in the surroundings; but no overdrawn picture has ever been given by those who have a knowledge of the early history of Texas. There was real majesty in Gen. Houston's physique, bearing and manners, and his mental capacity was in full accord with it all.

In 1842, Mrs. Darden returned to Alabama to attend school. She remained there until the spring of 1846, when she returned

to her home in Texas, and the next year was married to Mr. Wm. J. Darden, of Norfolk, Virginia. They moved to Columbus in 1852, where they now reside. Mr. Darden is engaged in the practice of law. He was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, which disabled him for further duty during the war.

At a very early age, Mrs. Darden commenced a novel, but, soon after her marriage, destroyed the manuscript. Since then she has written a goodly number of novelets and a series of stories. *Romances of the Texas Revolution* deserve special mention. She has gained no little reputation as an artist, and her paintings in oil colors are unique and show great artistic genius.

Ida Raymond, in her book, *Living Female Writers of the South*, places Mrs. Darden among the first of our Texas authors. It is utterly impossible to convey an adequate idea of her powers by extracts, owing to the many themes on which she has written. Ease and grace characterize her lesser effusions; force and vigor distinguish her greater.

"As a Southern author, Mrs. Darden deserves special mention. Her productions are of the highest type of art, and compare, in beauty of conception and design, with the southern *literati* in general."—Dio Rivers in *Views of Southern Literature*.

I present the following from her pen: *Yokonah, Grandmother's Baby* and *Nature's Festival*.

YOKONAH.

WHEN the night is dark and dreary,
And the winds are loud and high,
And the fleeting clouds are drifting
Swift athwart the leaden sky?
Then I hear a sad and plaintive
Moaning sound,
And my startled ear, attentive,
Lists to catch the sigh profound,

For it comes from out the branches
Of the sycamore that stands
Near my window waving toward me,
What appears like ghostly hands.

For I look and see its outline
Well defined against the sky,
Waving high its arms in anguish
As the stormy gust sweeps by,
And it seems an Indian warrior,
One of old.

Such as those whose ancient glory,
Still adown the ages roll,
And I see the mantle floating
'Round the tall, majestic form,
While his crested plume is waving
With the wildly sobbing storm.

But a weariness o'ercomes me,
And I turn to rest and dreams,
When against my window—harken !
Like a finger-tip it seems.
And I look, and lo! the Indian
Once again
Looms before me, and I see him
Tapping on my window pane.
And he waves me to come near him,
And he sighs a mournful tale,
And his voice sounds weir'd and dreary,
Mingled with the tempest's wail.

I was once a mighty chieftain,
And Yokonah was my name;
I will tell thee of my valor,
For it means the Burning Flame;
And o'er all these widespread prairies,
With a band
Of my noble braves I wandered—
I was Chieftain of the land.
But the Indians' day of glory,
Like the dying sun has set,
Though it sheds a softened radiance
O'er the sky of mem'ry yet.

Dost thou think, thou foolish pale-face,
Thou art wiser in thy pride
Than my mighty band of warriors
When we trod these prairies wide ?
Then my eagle glance, undaunted,
Scanned the plain,
And our foemen knew our valor
In their hosts of warriors slain ;
Then our wampum belts were heavy
With their scalps all reeking—wet—
And their scattered tribes diminished
Tell our tale of glory yet.

But alas ! I could no longer
Wield my weapons as of yore,
And there stood one night a warrior
Just before my wigwam door,
In the dim light, tall and shadowy
He stood there,
And he waved me on to follow
To the Spirit Land most fair :
I was gathered to my fathers
In the happy hunting ground,
But to thee I'll not discover
This deep mystery profound.

And my form—they laid it gently
On our mother Earth's soft breast,
While they chanted loud—compelling
Evil spirits from their quest.
And they placed my bow and arrow
In my hand,
For they knew that I would need them
In the happy hunting land ;
But the centuries passed o'er me,
And my dust resolved once more,
By a fixed decree of Nature,
Then became this sycamore.

But 'tis only when the tempest
O'er the night-winds wildly shriek,

That my spirit comes, to quicken
This fair tree, that it may speak.
Now I swear thee, pale-face woman
With a vow,
That ye tell my tale of triumph,
How with spear and bended bow
I have put to flight my foemen
On the warpath's deadly trail,
While within their camps resounded
Woman's agonizing wail.

What is this? The day is breaking
And the storm has passed away,
And the East, with rosy blushes
Heralds soft the coming day;
And I look to see the Chieftain
Of the night.
But behold! his form is vanished
In the clear, revealing light,
And I know that I would deem it
A delusion of the brain
If his fingers were not tapping
Still upon my window pane.

GRANDMOTHER'S BABY.

THERE'S a joy in my heart which I fain would tell,
There's a love that all other loves excel,
Which is wrought by the witching, beguiling spell
Of baby! Grandmother's Baby.
He's a small, wee thing to enchain me so,
But his power of enchantment is strong, I trow,
And the sweetest of creatures on earth, I know,
Is baby, Grandmother's Baby.

One day there came with a wailing cry,
Like a snow-white dove, as if sent from on high,
This darling; and none were so happy as I,
For 'twas baby, Grandmother's Baby.

And it came to my heart and nestled there,
And my soul rose up with a thankful prayer
For the gift which had come, so soft and fair
 As baby, Grandmother's Baby.

And day by day he grew more dear,
And now, as his prattling voice I hear,
'Tis like sweetest music upon my ear,
 For 'tis baby, Grandmother's Baby.
And when he toddles adown the street,
There is nothing to me that is half so sweet
As the pattering sound of the little feet
 Of baby, Grandmother's Baby.

And I love to think, when he looks so wise
From the thoughtful depths of his earnest eyes,
Of the future greatness that waiting lies
 For baby, Grandmother's Baby;
And the hearts he will win will be not a few,
But I know there will none be as tender and true
As is mine, with the love which each hour will renew
 For baby, Grandmother's Baby.

And I pray every day to that Mighty Power
Who hath given me this tender flower
To guard from all ill through life's every hour,
 This baby, Grandmother's Baby;
That the soul he hath lent us all stainless may be
When it wingeth its flight to eternity,
And entereth Heaven with Christ as its plea;
And I pray that e'en there will be given back to me,
 My baby—Grandmother's Baby.

NATURE'S FESTIVAL!

† WAS the first of May, and the glad young day
Was robed in her jewels bright
For the diamonds rare, on her green robe fair
Gleamed forth with a radiant light

And the soft echoes all, quick reply to the call
Of the great iron steed which is heard above all
 As it whistles up breaks,
 And away to the lakes,
On a picnic he flies from his stall.

On a picnic so gay, on this first of May
 What faces are gathered here,
There are age and youth ; and I think, forsooth
 That some are surpassing fair
But of ugliness none, for such good-humored fun
Hath illumined all faces that even the sun
 Just peeped in for a while,
 With a fraternal smile
Ere he mounted his fiery throne.

But what startling sight, the glad morning light
 Displays to our wondering eyes
For the trees are all, at a festival
 As onward our swift car flies.
And they whirl and go 'round o'er the soft verdent ground
In the polka, mazourka and waltz they are found
 In the wild gallopade
 In the grave promenade
While some with the pigeon wing bound.

You would laugh with glee, if you could but see
 How the live oak clasps the ash
And the sycamore, and the elm before
 Like a whirlwind gayly dash;
While the hackberries race and the elders keep pace,
And the little young scions their arms interlace,
 All with jollity gay
 On this bright first of May,
And enrobed in their holiday dress.

But some burlesque, in garment grotesque
 Ostensibly 'round parade,
Some *incognito*, in moss domino,
 All wild for a masquerade.
There's the grey hooded fryar, and the men, and the 'squire

And the peasant and queen, in her royal attire,
 Some with vines all entwined
 In the mazy dance wind
While for fun they united conspire.

In each shady dell, where the wood nymphs dwell
 They are keeping holiday,
And they laugh, I ween, at the grotesque scene
 Of the trees and shrubs so gay.
But all nature turns out with a laugh and a shout
And abandons herself to the joy giving rout
 On this festival day,
 Of the bright joyous May
So the wood nymphs have no need to be flout.

And the carpet spread for fair Flora's tread
 Is rich with her radiant flowers,
And within the grove, in each still alcove
 Gay vines have enwreathed her bowers.
And the azure arcade, clear and bright overhead
Sheds the light of romance on the beauties now spread
 By kind Nature's own hand,
 Which her magical wand
Hath dispersed amid sunshine and shade.

But the festive grove, as away we move,
 In the distance far grows gray,
And the prairies green, with a smile serene,
 Stretch out till dissolved away
In the horizon dim, while above us sublime,
Arranged tier above tier that like white statues gleam,
 Are the clouds in array
 As if placed for display
By Eolus in some freakish whim.

'Gainst a background blue, there are 'ranged to view
 In colossal groupings quaint
A genii of old, and an iceberg cold,
 And there is a penitent saint,
Here a grim Minotaur, there the archer Centaur,
'Tis enough to set wild the most skilled connoisseur,
 And a sphynx and a ghost,
 And a ship tempest tost,
And a charioteer just on a tour.

'Gainst the ether blue, there are linings true
As done by a master hand,
And the etchings bold, seem as done in gold
All incomparably grand;
And the sun beaming love from his skylight above,
Like a kind gentle critic these beauties to prove,
Sheds his softest rays in
On this magical scenc,
Brightening prairie, sky, streamlet and grove.

Sweet Nature, to thee what true loyalty
We owe for thy blessings rare,
There were none more bright, or more fraught with delight,
Than your wondrous pictures fair.
On the beautiful day of the glad first of May,
When all beauty beamed forth in her brightest array,
When in jollity we,
Full of mirth and of glee,
All went forth to that picnic so gay.



MRS. LOTTIE C. EFNOR.

MRS. EFNOR'S maiden name was Cameron. In 1837 her father moved to Texas, landing at Valasco. After drifting about in the State for several years, he finally settled in Austin county, where he raised a family of five children, who were subject to all the privations of a pioneer life. Of her mother she says: "We inherited all the love for books, learning, and general literature that we possess. She was an insatiable reader, and remembered all she read with a vividness that was astonishing."

When quite young, Mrs. Efnor was married to a Mr. Walton, of Alabama, but was left a widow in about ten months. Soon afterward she moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where she remained a half year. She then proceeded to Liverpool, New York, for the purpose of attending school; but in a very short time she was married to Mr. H. S. Efnor, of Saratoga, who immediately moved to Texas, and now resides in Hempstead.

During the days of the Confederacy, Mrs. Efnor toiled for the South as though her only success depended upon her individual efforts; and many a sick soldier has gone rejoicing from the Hempstead Hospital, in which she was matron.

In 1874, Mrs. Efnor was appointed chairman of the Ladies' Department of the "Texas Historical Association of Owen-ville," but ill health compelled her to abandon the work early, since which it has not been resumed.

Her contributions to the Texas press number many hundred, and reach back as far as 1850. The poem I present here was written as late as 1876, and is one of her best.

DREAMING.

THE meadows are fragrant and blooming,
The day-god bows low in the west ;
Sweet nature the air is perfuming,
The low winds are wooing to rest.

The gardens with odors are teeming,
Like zephyrs are fanning my brow ;
How can I but fall into dreaming
Of changes all visible now.

My thoughts in delightful illusions,
Are roaming all Fairyland o'er ;
For never was greater profusion
Spread out on her marvelous floor.

The skies are distilling light showers,
That fall in soft, tissue-like veils ;
They silver the vine-covered bowers,
And freshen the sweet-smelling gales.

I sit here alone in the gloaming,
While mocking birds joyously sing,
And call my sad thoughts from their roaming,
With songs full of beautiful spring.

I list to their notes in the wild wood,
Till longings my swelling heart fill ;
I sigh for the home of my childhood,
That lives in bright memory still.

I'm thinking of the hours once cherished,
Of loving and dearest ones ago ;
Of hopes that in shadows have perished ;
Of storm-clouds that ever frown on.

Dim phantoms are borne thro' my vision,
In chilling and gloomy array ;

The light of my dreaming elysian
Seems fading in darkness away.

But no! the soft moonbeams are flooding
The woodland and far distant crest ;
Pale Cynthia smiles on my brooding,
And soothes my sad heart into rest.


Then let's not dwell on my sorrow,
Since trials so soon hasten o'er ;
But patiently wait for the morrow,
When darkness can grieve us "no more."





LAMAR FONTAINE.

LAMAR FONTAINE.

AJOR LAMAR FONTAINE is the author of several war Lyrics. The most famous of these is his celebrated Lyric—*All Quiet Along the Potomac*. This poem is one of the most widely known Lyrics produced by the war, and since so many have laid claims to its authorship, it has become one of national fame. There are nearly a dozen contestants for this honor. Several of whom have written and published much to substantiate their claims. Among the most prominent of them are Lamar Fontaine, Dr. Thaddeus Oliver, and Mrs. Ethel Beers. The question has long been discussed; and has been considered “settled” more than once, but even now the world has not rendered its verdict.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Beers, in 1879, Porter & Coats, Philadelphia, brought out a volume of her poems, entitled, *All Quiet Along the Potomac and Other Poems*. The appearance of this book will have a tendency to strengthen her claims to the authorship of the poem. Mr. Bryant, in his book—*Poetry and Song*—credits it to her without comment. But this only convinces me that he had never investigated the subject of its authorship, or cared little for the facts of history. James W. Davidson, in his book—*Living Writers of the South*—gave the statement of Major Fontaine, part of which I present here. I shall also give letters never before published.

In a letter to Prof. James Wood Davidson Major Fontaine says :

“I wrote the poem in question, on the 2nd day of August, 1861. I first read it to a few of my messmates. My captain’s name was John D. Alexander, of Campbell county, Virginia. John Moon, P. Graham, — Early, W. W. Williams, and one

or two privates from Cos. C and G, whose names I have forgotten, were also present. During the month of August, I gave away many manuscript copies to soldiers and some few to ladies in and about Leesburg, Loudon county, Virginia. * * *

"These are the facts. I wish that I could remember names more accurately, so as to give you a wider scope from whence you could gain more information regarding the early history of the poem in question. Mr. Graham, one of the gentlemen referred to, was a relative of Captain Alexander. Messrs. Moon and Early were cousins. Mr. Williams was our Orderly Sergeant. I believe they all reside near Campbell Court House, Virginia, and I refer you to any of these gentlemen. * * *

"I hope the controversy between myself and others in regard to *All Quiet Along the Potomac* will soon be forever settled. I wrote it, and the world knows it; and they may howl over it, and give it to as many others as they please. I wrote it, and I am a Southern man, and am proud of the title."

Pursuant to Major Fontaine's statement, Mr. Davidson addressed a letter to Captain J. D. Alexander who replied as follows :

"In regard to the authorship of *All Quiet Along the Potomac*, the first I heard of it was in the fall of 1861, while I was in command of the cavalry stationed at Leesburg. Mr. Fontaine was then a member of my company, and I understood he was the author of it. All his messmates say he certainly was the author of it of which *I have no doubt*. Messrs. Pugh, Magan, Wosedale, Moosman, and others with whom I have conversed, all agree that he is the author."

To the above letter I shall add one to me, written in reply to one I addressed making inquiry concerning the poem. It is from Miss Mary L. Robinson, and bears date McRea, Georgia, September 20, 1879, as follows :

"The poem of which I wrote you last June, and which I send inclosed, was found among my father's papers in 1869, a few days after his death from consumption. My father was a

man of literary taste, and highly appreciated poetry coming from his own section.

"You will observe that it is dated 'In Camp, August 29, 1861,' and has this note on the back: 'Written by a Confederate soldier.'

"During the months of June, July, August, and September my father was in Virginia. I do not know his command. Early in October he came home, but soon went to his command in Georgia, where he remained until 1863, when he returned home a cripple, and never entered the army again. I do not remember ever to have heard him speak of its author—only that it was written by a Southern soldier."

The poem sent me by Miss Robinson was written on old-fashion square account paper, such as was largely used in the South during the war. It was almost dim from age and bad usage, although an exact copy of the original furnished by Major Fontaine.

The statement from Major Fontaine, without any other, appears sufficiently convincing. Captain Alexander corroborates what Major Fontaine says. The poem and letter from Miss Robinson make a very strong case. But I have not stopped here. June 12, 1885, I addressed a letter to Major Fontaine, and received from him the following reply, bearing date Hilton, Mississippi, June 24, 1885:

"Yours of the 12th instant received. In reply I send you the history of *All Quiet Along the Potomac* as it is given to the Tennessee Historical Society, written upon a postal card. This statement is plain—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am a native-born Texan, and one of the oldest in Austin's Colony. My father founded the school system of Texas, and was M. B. Lamar's private secretary while he was President of the Republic. My heart and hopes are with my native State, and to her belongs the poet who wrote *All Quiet Along the Potomac*, and I hope your book will soon do him full justice."

I give such of the statement referred to in Major Fontaine's letter as space will permit:

"You will remember that at the battle of Manassas I was a private in Co. K—the Burt Rifles—in the 18th Mississippi Regiment, and in that fight I was severely wounded by a cannon shot, and almost unfitted for any kind of duty, and I got a transfer from the infantry to the cavalry, and joined the Campbell Rangers, Co., 2d Va. Cav., under Col. Racliff. As soon as I was fit for duty, I left the hospital tent, near Manassas, and reported for duty. I did not know anyone in the regiment, but they were from Campbell county, and most of them from near the Blue Ridge; one, a Mr. Moore, from just under the Peaks of Otter, one of the highest points in the Blue Ridge. A strong friendship sprung up between us, as we were of the same temperament, and exceedingly fond of poetry, and we spent many happy hours and pleasant days together, and always contrived to be on picket duty in company. The officers of my company were Capt. Jno. D. Alexander, Lieutenants Page, Deprist and Graham. The Orderly Sergeant, W. W. Williams, was a talented man, and a fine critic. Moore and I were about the same age, and full of vigor and life, and constantly on the alert for adventures of all kinds. We would do many daring deeds, in hopes that our names would shine on the pages of history. And our ambition was unbounded; but we were privates, and the world takes but little cognizance of them, as the histories of all wars have proved. Mr. Moore was a married man, and he would often read me portions of his letters from his noble wife; she was a patriot of the true stamp, and her letters revealed her feelings. Two beautiful little babies had blessed their union, and a father's proud love almost made angels of them. And his conversation was frequently of his home, his wife and prattling infants, and he longed for the day when he could again clasp them to his heart, and enjoy the sweets of his own mountain home. But at the time I write of, the Confederate lines were very weak. Every man who could do so, under any kind

of pretense, had gone home on furlough, to tell about the great battle of Manassas, and the consequence was that our picket lines were thin, and had to be stretched over a vast extent of river front, and we had but few men to do it with, and we who were on the front had to do double duty, and we did not enjoy it much, although never a murmur escaped our lips.

As I have said, Moore and I were together, whether on picket or guard duty. We clung to each other. We bought little hand-books of poems, Byron, Burns and others; and together we would sit in the cool shade of trees or hanging rocks that lined the Potomac above the falls of Senaca and read aloud to each other passages from our favorite authors. And our souls would drink in the glories of the scenes around us.

On the second day of August, 1861, we were on picket duty just above the head of the island, near the Senaca falls on the Potomac. We had received some late papers from our friends, and Moore had received a letter from his wife, inclosing a photograph of his two little children. He read me portions of his wife's letter, and they breathed the strongest sentiments of love for him and patriotism for her country. She fully realized the sacrifice she was making, and her letter, to me, seemed to be filled with a feeling that she was soon to suffer some great sorrow. Alas, how soon was it to be a reality!


While reading the papers, I was hailed by a Federal picket from across the river, and asked if I had any late papers, and if I would exchange with him. I replied in the affirmative, and at the request to meet him half way, I stripped, and taking the late paper, swam to the head of the island, and we exchanged. After some conversation, I agreed to accompany him to his post, and partake of the hospitalities of his camp. So swimming across to the Maryland shore, I put on one of the overcoats of the guard, and ate a hearty meal, and made arrangements with the entire post that we would not fire at one another while on guard. All parties agreed, and after some time elapsed, I prepared to swim back, and invited my late entertainer to accom-

pany me, and I would give him some Old Virginia chewing tobacco. He agreed, and side by side we divided the waters, and reached our shore. Here we entertained our guest for some time, and made him a liberal donation of tobacco, both chewing and smoking, and he enjoyed his visit and bade us adieu, with many well wishes and hopes for our future prosperity and a speedy termination of hostilities. We echoed his sentiments and bade him adieu.

We had to stand on post six hours at a time. That night I took my stand at six and Moore retired to rest. The nights were chilly, and we usually kept some fire burning. There was a small spring of water close by, and a large fallen pine tree that I used to sit on and rest at times in walking my beat, and I have frequently stopped at the spring and bathed my face, when the dreary monotony of the still night had a tendency to lull me to sleep. As soon as I found that midnight had arrived, I stepped to the fire and threw on some pine knots, and roused Moore to take my place. He rose slowly and gathered his gun and stepped to the fire, stretched himself, as a sleepy soldier will, and gaped and yawned; and while his arms were extended, and his hand grasped the barrel of his gun, there was a flash across the river, and the whiz of a bullet, and he sank to the earth, with a hole just above his eye on the left side, from which flowed a dark-crimsoned tide. Not a word, not a groan escaped him. I removed his remains from near the fire where he had fallen. And as I did so, my eyes fell on the telegraphic columns of a newspaper, and it was headed "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night." And oh, how truthful it was. It was certainly all "quiet" with me, and with him whom I loved as a brother. I could not help but shed a tear, and my thoughts reverted to his home, his wife and his children, and to the falsehood told by those whose guest I had been, and whose treachery had caused his death, and they grew bitter, and a demon—vengeance—arose in my heart, which was not stilled until the white dove of peace had

spread her snowy pinions over the whole face of the land, and the bomb shells rolled across the sward the plaything of a child.

When morning dawned, the words on that newspaper were burned in my brain—they rang in my ears, and were painted on every scene that met my view. I put my friend's effects together—his letters, sword, hat, all—and expressed them to his wife, with a true and perfect description of his death. And while I stood beside his cold form and gazed at his marble face and glazed eyes, in the unbroken silence of my lonely watch, I felt what few mortals ever feel in this shadowy vale. I penned the outlines of the poem then and there, but not as they now appear, for the first were biting and sarcastic. I read the crude copy to Mr. W. W. Williams, and to Graham and Deprist. And Mr. Williams suggested that if I would only make it more pathetic, instead of sarcastic, it would take better. I did so, and on the 9th of August I had it complete, as the poem now stands, and I read it to my messmates, and received their highest commendations, and I gave them copies of the original, and they recopied and sent them home, and soon the whole regiment, brigade, division, and army, were in possession of it. My father, whom I met shortly after the completion of it, suggested that instead of "stray picket" I ought to say "lone picket." But the rhythm did not suit my ear, and I did not alter it. The ladies of Leesburg, in Loudon county, Virginia, put the words to music; and used to sing them for us, long before they were printed. I gave one copy to a Miss Eva Lee, and one to a Miss Hempstone. Also a copy to John M. Orr, who at the time was mayor of the town. I gave copies to many others, whose names I cannot recall. The following is a copy from the original poem :—

“LL quiet along the Potomac,” they say,
“Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifeman hid in the thicket.”

'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or in the light of their camp fires gleaming.

A tremulous sigh as a gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—and his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;

Then drawing his sleeve roughly o'er his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
His footsteps are lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?

It looked like a rifle—"Ha!—Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
That picket's off duty forever!

Were it not that this little poem had been claimed by so many, and by the Northern press generally conceded to a Northern woman—I believe living in Massachusetts—I would not again enter the arena of the public press to contend for the honors awarded me by the whole South in 1861 and 1862. Nor would I again awake from their slumbers the dark and bloody scenes that have been asleep for the past twenty years. But I feel that a duty I owe my native clime and my children, demand it. Does it seem possible to a reading public that a woman, unacquainted and unused to the scenes and incidents of war should be able to portray so good and so true a picture, and she a thousand miles from the spot? or how a Northern woman could write a poem so truly Southern, when the most intense and bitter animosity existed between the two sections, and a cruel, bloody war raging at the time? It passes all comprehension. And if she could do such a thing, she would be the most remarkable woman on the face of the earth. But I will not comment longer. The proposition is too absurd. I have not, as some of the newspapers accuse me of, endeavored to prove my authorship of the poem in question, in a bragadocio style, but as one who confidently asserts his rights, with truth and justice on his side, and so long as I have them both with me, I do not heed or fear all the calumnies that may be hurled at me, no matter from whence they come. I do not care for the glory and honor that decks the soldier's brow; that time is past. I long for the quiet of my peaceful home, with my little children around me, and I love to hear their gleeful voices and ringing laughter, as it is borne on the wings of the wind, and I love to

sit in my easy chair, and feel the soft, cool hands of my wife twining among the locks of tangled hair that now begins to show the frost of half a century. And at times I tell her of the struggles fierce and wild in which I used to mingle when we fought for the cause we loved, and thought right.

Prof. Davidson says of this poem :

“One important point towards the poem’s rapid success was its timeliness. Its scene is the edge of battle. It is tributive to the Unknown Dead, as worthy an altar as was the Unknown God of the Athenians; and this feeling was then becoming well defined throughout our country, and is, at all times, essentially poetic. The incidents of the poem are romantic in the extreme, while its essential fact is in a high degree both tragic and heroic. Byron’s Dying Gladiator (*Childe Harold, Canto IV*) is not superior in touching incidents to our Dying Picket. The rude hut by the Danube, the young barbarians all at play, and the Dacian mother, have less of pathos in them than have our Picket’s cot upon the mountain, the two on the low trundle-bed, and Mary, for whom a prayer had just gone up from a brave and suffering heart—less of pathos, at least to one who has trod the path of the picket, shared like dangers and exposures, and breathed like prayers for some Mary whom human probability left him no hope of seeing again in life.

“The poem was thus opportune; and it went to the hearts of our people. There are several points of carelessness—crudities here and there—in the structure of the verse which detract from the poem as a work of art. The system is anapestic, and, in the main, regular. There are instances of the happy effect of irregularity, however, that are very striking; as in this verse :—

‘His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,—’

where the omission of a syllable (after slack) gives place for a pause of one syllable’s time that is very effective. It is a fine touch of the happiest art. In the tenth stanza, the catastrophe in ‘Ha!—Mary, good-by!’ is very fine. Its abruptness and its

volume-in-a-word style are startling and suggestive. There is no cumber of words; but the bloody deed is dashed in all its gastliness instantly at our feet. We hear the ebbing and splashing of his life-blood. We feel the warm current spurting upon our feet.

This is genuine tragic power.
This is genuine tragic effect.

“The last stanza is the best in the poem; and the last verse is the best in the stanza. It is a complete poem in one single verse.”

This poem stands among the finest lyrics of the English language. It made the name of its author familiar to the world. Its popularity does not grow less as time passes. It was as popular ten years ago as it was at the close of the war. It is as popular now as ten years ago. It will be appreciated as long as the memory of battle's fierce conflict is retained by man; as long, perhaps, as the cradle owns its infant and the lonely picket walks upon the face of the earth. To put it forcibly, I quote Davidson:—“As long as hostile hosts send sorrow over civilized country—as long as bloody death in distant lands break loving hearts at home.”

Major Fontaine was born in Washington county, this State. In 1840 his father moved to Austin, then the Capital of the Texas Republic. He was private secretary of President Lamar, for whom the poet is named. Many of the citizens of Austin remember him well as a truant schoolboy and young Nimrod. His father was for a number of years pastor of the Episcopal church in Austin.

The portrait presented in this volume is made from a photograph by Oliphant, Austin, Texas, 1868, and is said by those who knew Mr. Fontaine well to be a good one.

Mr. Fontaine is county surveyor of Yazoo county, Mississippi, and is about fifty years of age.

MISS WILLIE FRANKLIN.

MISS WILLIE FRANKLIN occupies a pre-eminent position among that class of Texas writers whose productions have been few, but in whom is discerned the poetic spirit. She has published only a few poems, but these evince a vigorous imagination and a cultured intellect. She is one of those *petit* spirits whose inspiring presence moves one to feelings of commingled joy and heartiness. Brilliant in conversation, with a ready wit, sparkling repartee, she occupies a most enviable place in the social world around her. Possessing, as she does, nature's rarest gift—the ability to please—there is before her a sea without its commotion, and a whirlpool without its dangers.

Miss Willie was born in Tennessee. Her parents moved to Texas just at the close of the war, and settled in Washington county, while she was an infant. She was educated at Baylor College and Waco Female College, and in her native State.

Most of her poems have been published under the pen name of "Almer Ney." She has written some very worthy ones. *Al Lannee*, accompanying this sketch, shows that she possesses a finished delicacy of art and rare obility to speak in those "muffle tones" which made famous *The Raven*, and *The Bells*.

Mrs. F. H. Robertson, of Waco, a lady of rare attainments, and herself an author, says of Miss Franklin: "Her poems evince decided genius, and her pure and attractive style bespeak a highly cultured and chaste imagination. In her verses may be found frequent passages of pure poetic thought, not unworthy of Longfellow; and it is the confident hope of her friends, in literary circles, that this gifted young poet may enroll her name among the few real poets of America." This is a compliment *complimentary*, coming, as it does, from one

whose pen has made the world better and the South happier by her novel, *Errors ; or The Rightful Master*.

I hope Miss Franklin's friends may not be disappointed. We shall see.

Miss Franklin is a resident of Waco, Texas.

AFTER-A-WHILE.

NOT long may we stray down the path's winding ways
That lead to the land of the lost Yesterdays,
For the Presents's a spy, and his loud bell he rings,
When from his domain he detects our wonderings
To to the land of the Past. Jealous rivals are they,
Rival kings whose kingdoms in warfare are gray!
Bitter warfare unceasing they'll wage to the last,
Bitter foes will they be throughout time, for the Past
Is a robber who fills his vast coffers through stealth
From the Present, a miser, who would keep all his wealth!
Down the river of time, as some poet has told,
There's a city that's called, Long Ago. 'Tis the old
Capital of the Past where he h's stored away
His vast spoils—mighty empires and ages for aye.
Midway of time's river, on the Present's white strand,
Its capital lifts—a prey to the robber-king's hand;
But safe from his touch, up the river of time,
There smiles in defiance a beautiful clime,
Free from Present and Past, the one lovely thing
That time may soil ne'er with the dust of his wing!
'Tis near—and now far—now it drifts close in sight—
What is it? What is it—the world's best Delight?
By what name do we know it, that fair land of bliss
Where we look to find all that we seek here and miss?
No world-spoiled words fly on white enough wings
To bear thee the beauty of its beautiful things,
But in such that we have a voice it sings—
Just in sight up the swift flowing river of time
There's a wonderful, phantom-like Isle,
So fleeting and far, and yet seeming so near,
That we baptise it *After-a-While*.

And so steeped in its splendor and mystical glow,
And in beauty so perfect and bright,
A spell of enchantment seems over it all,
That far-away world of delight.

All the turbulent sweep of the river of time
It floods with its glamour and glow ;
Outside of the angles' beautiful gates
'Tis the loveliest thing I know.
The blue of its heaven no shadows pass o'er
On the black wings of sorrow or sin,
For 'tis watched by Hope's ne'er setting day-star about,
And 'tis shut by eternal love in !

And there's all you may dream on that wonderful shore—
Our fairy air castles are there ;
Faintly flushed the light splendors so airily left,
And they gleam with a glory so fair !
How their towers they glow in that magical sky !
And they hint of no shadow or fear,
For we build our air castles of everything bright,
And we fill them with everything dear !

They're the homes of such tender and beautiful hopes ;
Life's untarnished and best loves are there ;
Those we hold, they are soiled by the grime of our touch,
Or dimmed by some sorrowful tear !
But the hallowed bloom of the dear ones afar
No touch of the world yet defile,
And in whiteness of beauty they make ever dear
The fairy air castles of *After-a-while*.

O, the countless delights of that vanishing land !
As the summers they come and they go,
What yearning hearts and what outstretched hands
Are turned to its paradise glow !
What treasure-filled ships do we see in its ports,
What glimpses of beauty beguile !
What splendor and witchery make glad with delight—
Ah, the glories of *After-a-while* !

There are glimpses of white-footed dancers afar
In its outlines, just floating to view,

And, hark ! those light revellers, who are they that sing
And call o'er the waters to you ?
'Tis—'tis—th' beauteous Tomorrows ! and they sing of the joy
They'll bring from that sorrowless Isle—
O, the faithless Tomorrows ! fair sirens are they
Who live only in *After-a-while* !

In that port between heaven and earth—to which world
It is nearer we never may know,
'Tis the one neutral port where the angels of light
May take toll from earth-traffic below.
Every world-offering sent, every white-winged desire,
Floats off to its shore with a prayer ;
Sweet dreams and fond hopes, better faiths, better deeds—
Life's ideal-real is there.

Yes ! there's all you may dream, there in hopes summer land,
Whose beauty gives life its best part !
There are youth's sunny fancies and beautiful dreams,
And the old fairy songs of the heart !
There is less of the false for the sin-burdened world,
There is more of the earnest and true—
There are happier things in that "land o' the leal"
For the world, and for me and for you !

Thus, afar off we see it through Hope's fairy light,
And we watch, and we wait, and we pray ;
O, the wistful young eyes that grow dim in the watch,
And the hearts that grow ashen and gray !
For we never have reached it, that happier land,
Never sail on its shore have we furl'd,
And alas, for its treasures and fairy delights—
They, the hopes of the hearts of the world !

But, 'tis *After-a-while* when no sunbeam or song
Flits athwart the dark clouds of To day—
When life is a flower whose freshness and bloom,
With the perfume has all passed away !
It is *After-a-while* when the soul groweth faint,
And the present wears never a smile—
O, there's not in the wide world a comfort so sweet
As Hope's wonderful *After-a-while* !

And the eyes of the world, up the river of time,
 They are turned to that far-off Delight,
 That seems like some angel's lost dream as it drifts
 In its Paradise beauty to sight.
 With healing and life comes the gladdening glow
 Of its day star's magical smile,
 And it rounds with a rainbow the sky of all lives—
 The radiance of *After-a-while!*

*AL-LANNEE.**

THERE'S a city fair and olden,
 Where a twilight wondrous golden,
 Seems to love always to fall,
 Where no sunbeams ever quiver,
 On the turgid moaning river
 Flowing by its castled wall—
 On the turgid river flowing
 Close beside its castled wall—
 Where no bird-song trills and trembles,
 And no quickened throng assembles
 In its ways, so broad and dim—
 Where no airy sculptured steeple,
 Ever sends forth to a people
 Thoughts of prayer or vesper hymn.
 Never sound of song or gladness,
 Never sound of wail or sadness,
 Wakes that city from its sleep,
 That dim city, wide and olden,
 Wrapt in twilight weird, golden,
 And in silence, deathly deep—
 That strange city, fair and olden,
 Where the dim lights love to sleep.

High it lifts in shadowy seeming,
 And so vast that mightiest dreaming
 Scarce could girt it round and round;

* An imagery, suggested by the quondam superstition that lost souls, after death, pass into a state of Nothingness.

For that wondrous castled Glory,
Luminous, ghostly, wide and hoary
 In strange gloom and silence bound—
That vague splendor wrapt in twilight
 And in weird silence found
Is a soul-realm! and into it,
Opening from the walls before it,
 Leads an entrance dread to see,
For o'er that great arch-way, gleaming,
Is a world of mystic meaning—
 Word of dread doom, *Al-lannee!*
While beneath the doom-writ portal,
Standeth grim a Thing not mortal,
 Pointing with a mocking hand,
Up the turgid moaning river,
That with lost souls rise and quiver
 Bearing from the far Life-land—
Pointing to the grim Death River
 Leading from the strange Life-land!
All its moaning waves on reaching
That dread portal, stop, beseeching,
 Changed into as many souls!
Lo! each Wave a soul becometh!
Its course from the Life-land runneth,
 And the Thing of Fate that holds
That dread Entrance, with fiend laughter
Gives each to a lost Hereafter,
 And the Hell of Nothingness!
Ah! the doom! but from that portal,
Whose dread like 's ne'er seen by mortal,
 Falls a light more merciless.
For o'er that grim arch-way, gleaming,
Is the Word whose mystic meaning
 Sends a terror, madly deep,
Through the wild sad souls that see it,
With no power to turn and flee it,
 As into its light they sweep—
Is that fire-writ Word that, gleaming
From that death gloom, sends the meaning
 Of the doomed souls' last To-be!
Each dead letter binds and blights them,
And the word of doom which smites them
 Is their last wail *Al-lannee—*

And the awful word which smites them,
Is their last wail, *Al-lanee!*

Then the Fate, with hideous laughter,
Giving each to dread hereafter,
And the doom of nothingness,
Points beyond the gloom where, golden,
Lies a city dim and olden,
Wrapt in silence, brokenless.
There the doomed Lost pass; and ever
Lifts that castled dim Forever—
The fair Hell of Nothingness!

Lifts as fair as charm-wrought vision,
Dimly fair as realm elysian,
While without its ways, endless
Silence deep, not holy, reigneth,
There each wave of silence chaineth
Some soul, lost in Nothingness!
Soon as passed the doom-writ portal
Lifts, the soul of each lost mortal,
To a Silence hopelessly—
To a Nothingness! yet ever
Feels each that despair of Never
Through a dread eternity!
O, thou Mystic glorious, golden!
O, thou Soul-land voiceless, olden,
Fair cursed *Al-lanee*
Thou fair Mystic wondrous, golden,
Dim doomed *Al-lanee!*



GEORGE P. GARRISON.

PROFESSOR GARRISON is a Georgian by birth, and was born of wealthy parents at Carrollton, in 1853. He came to Texas in 1874 and settled in Rusk county; and, in that county and Panola, he taught school for about five years, when he entered the University of Edinburgh. He set sail for Scotland in the Summer of 1879. He remained there two years where he graduated with distinction. He acquired quite a reputation as a poet; and among other distinctions, he obtained first prize for English poetic composition.

After his return to America in 1881, Mr. Garrison taught in Coronal Institute, San Marcos; and in that year he was married to Miss Annie Perkins, of Rusk, Texas. His health failing him at San Marcos, he sought recreation among the mountains of Hays county, where he remained until called to take a position in the State University as Assistant Instructor of English and History, which position he still holds. He ranks very high as a literary instructor.

Mr. Garrison has written a number of poems all of which show him to possess a fine poetic faculty.

From his prize poem—*Solitude*—I take the following extract:—

Far away to the South in the yet untraversed Pacific
Stretches a land by the foot of adventurous man never trodden;
Low lies its shore, uninviting and beachless, and into its marshes,
Covered with salt-crusts sea-grass, the Ocean goes plashing
forever.

Vessels, with merchandise laden, and bent upon voyages of
traffic,

Pass not in sight of its desolate coast, unbroken by headlands.
From its monotonous surface no mountain nor hillock arises,
Catching the eye of the sailor as climbing aloft to the topmast

Keenly he glances around him away to the Southern horizon.
 Vast are its confines unmeasured, and deep in the heart of this
 region,
 Ruling a kingdom congenial, the Spirit of Solitude dwelleth.

* * * * * * *

Like the concentrated curse of a legion of spirits in torment,
 Deeper than darkness Egyptian, Silence eternally settles—
 Silence oppressive and lonely profound as never sat brooding
 Over primeval chaos from time's remotest commencement,
 Deeper than tyrannous Death would allow in his moodiest
 moments—

Silence in which, like music, the roar of the hungriest lion
 Sweetly would break on the fearful suspense of the listener
 wretched,

Gladsome relief would he find in the demon howl of the were-
 wolf.

Light of the sun is there not, nor the moonbeam's softer
 effulgence,

Stars never peep through the leaves overhead with twinkle and
 glitter.

Low on the tree tops a lead-colored vault unlifted is lying,
 Ever beneath it prevails a twilight pale and unearthly
 One unbroken duration and never by night interrupted
 Coming from God knows where, and so weirdly enveloping all
 things.

Now and again does the forest divide for the flight of an arrow,
 Showing the face of a lakelet stagnant, waveless and darksome;
 Black is its bosom, and on it in ghastly and terrible contrast

Water lilies are floating in whiteness palid and awful,
 Seeming the upturned faces of victims in agony murdered;
 Over them mournfully bending the willow trees stand on the
 margin,

Sweeping the breast of the inky pool with their foliage drooping.
 On the gray leaves of the willows the dewdrops thickly are
 gathered,

Thickly the answering drops on the death-hued flowers are
 resting;

So do the tears that have fallen on pale, dead features of loved
 ones

Answer to tears on the cheek of mourners bending above them.

Such is the mystical and where the Spirit of Solitude governs.

Man in the flesh may not enter his kingdom and gaze on its
terrors.

Only the wandering spirits of dreamful, wild-visioned poets
Visit a land so unlovely, so fruitless and fearful, and bring us
Strangely bewitching tales of its grandeur, its gloom, and its
horrors.



FLORENCE M. GERALD.

MISS GERALD is another most gentle and friendly figure which links itself to the group of Texas writers now being considered. She is a scholar born, a wide and unwearied reader, a student whose library is her workshop, her field of action, the center of her life. As a writer of verse she evinces a cultured intellect, a wide range of study, and possesses many attributes of a born poet. Indeed few have exhibited a more marked progress. She has a singular individuality, and writes with a higher aim than merely to please. There is an air about her writings that pleases alike the book-worm and light reader, which has a tendency to give immortality to what she has written. Some of her short poems betray her *real* self, and carry with them the simplicity of a child-like nature.

The Lays of the Republic, one of her longest poems, was first read to an Austin audience for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers in 1878. The following notice of her appeared in an Austin paper the day following its reading:—

“Miss Gerald is a young lady of great poetical ability, and deserves great praise for the manner in which she delivered her poem. The attitude in which she stood, the dignity which she assumed, and the distinct utterance of her words is where the great victory of her reading lies. The manner in which she read would have done credit to some of our leading elocutionists. *Lays of the Republic* is one of the most beautiful pieces we ever heard. She traced Texas from her infancy to her present greatness—her struggle for independence, the great battle of the Alamo, and concluded by paying a high and noble tribute to Gen. Sam Houston.”

Miss Gerald is a Mississippian by birth, but came to Texas as early as 1869. She was educated in Waco University and Virginia Female Institute. She was graduated from the latter school in 1875, and received from it star medals for excellence in Belles-lettres, Moral Philosophy, and French. Her parents reside in Waco, where her father is an honored citizen, and was for several successive terms county judge of McLennan county.

When, in 1879, it became known that Miss Gerald was about to publish a book of poems, the literary world was somewhat surprised, as few of her verses had been published, and she was almost unknown to the literarian. But when it was announced, an anxious public looked with longing for its advent into the great world of letters. It made its appearance! 1880 was the date! *Adenheim, and Other Poems*, its title! It was received with applause, and its author was at once made a bright and favorite star in the assemblage of excellencies. She was petted and made much of by the most elegant circle. She won her way at one bound into the society of the rich and refined; while many others who wrote quite as well were on the outskirts and little noticed. She began life, it seems, with a dutiful love and reverence for her parents, and an honest desire to earn a competency, which she did, notwithstanding the fact that she loved society dearly, and was never as happy as when among the gay and giddy.

Two years had glided into the beyond! Each day cloud wore its silvery lining. Surrounded by groups of admiring friends her life had known none of the bitterness of anguish. All paid homage to her genius. But—another picture. She had published the first fruits of her youth. It was an elegant volume! And then stung to the very marrow by unnecessary severity of criticism thereupon, she had revenged herself in a trenchant and fiery reply. It was full of venom and revengeful wrath, and developed a passion for personal allusions. She was proud—very conscious of her own rank—and eager for the deference her book ought to have brought her.

Rowe's reviews, after all, were nothing so very dreadful. Any graceful scribbler could have done as much. The gate opened wide for review. Yet there was not such a literary genius in all Texas. Rowe's bitterness of temper would cause him to lead an indiscriminate assault upon all sorts and conditions of poets. Miss Gerald came in for the first and most prolonged review, and it created such a *furor scribendi* that no other was reached before the *Amaranth*—the medium of the attack—went down. Rowe, however, was not her only critic. Mrs. Fancher, who wrote under the guise of "Nettie Nanon," entered the arena. And the plainness of her statements, the brevity of her arguments, and the acuteness of her wit, gained at once the respect of the reviewed as well as her throng of wakeful friends. But she, too, wrote not for the good of literature and literary precision; but in her own language there was a vein of jealousy prompting her, for she says: "Immediately that I heard Miss Gerald had written a book, I was seized with that malignant jealousy which every reasonable woman is expected to feel when another has done a successful thing; and I set to work with the most persistent and determined malice to collect to gather the half vanished echoes of poetry and romance that were floating through my hazy recollection, in order that I might hear again the song of *Adenheim*."

In Mr. Rowe's reviews he accused Miss Gerald of getting her ideas solely from Adelaide Proctor's *Story of a Faithful Soul*, and incorporating it into her longest and best known poem—*Adenheim*. His review of *Adenheim* was quite lengthy, and done in a manner not at all complimentary to Miss Gerald. In reply, Miss Gerald makes use of the following language:

"*Adenheim* is founded upon a short legend, which first appeared in English prose in the beautiful tale, the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, by Bulwer. He gives it as a translation from the German, and in a note remarks that it is so ancient that neither author or origin can be traced; it is classed with other legendary lore of Germany, such as the Erl-king, and the Wild Huntsman.

When I, with the German story in my mind, wrote *Adenheim*, I adhered strictly to the names Ida, Seralim, and Falconberg; I did not think it necessary to mention that it was a legend, for the reason that I supposed that all educated people were familiar with the story.

I think I scarcely need to justify myself for using as the plot of my poem a story that had its origin ages ago. But did I need such a justification I need only point to such lofty examples as Shakspeare, Scott, and Tennyson, who have all availed themselves of material borrowed from antiquity. Nearly all of Shakspeare's dramas are founded on old plays, legends and stories. *All's Well That Ends Well* follows, without the variation of a single instance, the plot of a story in Boccacio's *Decameron*, called the *Doctor's Daughter*. Scott, in that stirring poem, the *Young Lochinvar*, has adhered to the incident of an old border song, called *Katharine Jantaire*. Who has not read with delight the *Idyls of the King*? What cultivated person does not know that each one is founded upon legends of the day of King Arthur? These legends are found in two collections, the *Mabinogion* and the *Morte d' Arthur*. Elaine, Lancelot, Geraint, Enid, and Guinevere, had entered into many an English song and story before Tennyson touched them with his master hand. As he had woven so beautifully these legends of Arthur into an English epic, it is not probable that any poet of this age will use them again as material for poetical work, but should the soul of a Homer or a Dante animate a poet of the next generation, no one would question his right to cull from Lady Geust's *Mabinogion* and Mallory's and the *Morte d' Arthur* the legends which belong, not to one man, but so the whole literary world.

In brief, the accusation of plagiarism which Mr. Rowe has brought against me, resolves itself into this: Miss Proctor in *The Faithful Soul* and I in *Adenheim* have used as a foundation the bare facts of an old German legend. I had not seen Miss Proctor's poem when I wrote *Adenheim*, but if I had, I would not have been deterred from proceeding with my work. *The*


Faithful Soul is written in the narrative style, and is comprised in fifteen stanzas; *Adenheim* is dramatic, and contains one hundred and eighty-two stanzas. There is as little resemblance as is possible to be between two poems founded on the same story, and no person but one utterly ignorant of the circumstance would ever have brought forward the charge of plagiarism."

This statement from the author of *Adenheim*, to a degree, disarmed the critics, who turned their shafts to other points along the line.

It may be mentioned here, in connection with what Miss Gerald has said, that *Giber*, the greatest poem Savage Landor ever wrote, was founded upon an Eastern tale which he picked up accidentally out of a chance volume. It was written in the course of some wild wanderings in Wales, whither he strayed after his disgrace, when his father's displeasure and his own excited and restless spirit made home little attractive to him. "Moses Dobson" was wont to excuse Miss Gerald and says, "If Miss Gerald sees fit to write and improve upon a dull legend, whose business is it to prevent her doing so?" This is humorous, if not sarcastic.

In the fall of 1882, Miss Gerald went to New York and began study preparatory for the stage, and while there wrote her play *A Friend*, a drama, which M. Marland Clark accepted and put upon the boards. In the winter of 1883, she visited Texas and began a tour of the State. But the play was coolly received, and the failure plunged her and her manager into bankruptcy. This failure was a great blow to her and her friends, and, to use the language of one of her friends, in a letter to me: "She felt the heavy blow severely, and for a time it seemed but the prelude to a giving away of her mind. But a grateful and forgiving people will not hold her to blame. Bad faith and the poor management of Mr. Clark alone is the cause, for the play was indeed good, and, by judicious management, could have been made a success."

DRIFTING.

 FAR upon the golden sands
That touch the summer sea,
Some crimson sea-weeds joined hands
And drifted merrily,

For days and days, in sweet embrace.
Along the palm-clad isles
That, in their robes of sheeny green,
Stretched out for vernal miles.

It drifted on from shore to shore,
Now seeking happy rest
Upon the top of some high wave,
With glistening, sunny crest;

And now it played at hide-and-seek
Upon the liquid blue,
When down the white squall furious came
With maddened speed it flew

From wave to wave so merrily,
In wildest, dancing glee!
What joy to climb the breaker's heights
Upon the open sea!

Thro' storm and calm it gaily went—
A child upon its mother's breast!
So glad the sea-weed gently rocked
Within its foamy nest.

Now sailing up the crystal creeks
That dent the sanded shore;
Then floating with the tide again
To greet the sea once more,—

O'er dark blue waves, with snow-white manes,
That move resistless on;

Unchanging, tho' all else may change,
Thro' endless miles they roam.

It chanced that far upon the wave
The sea-weed roamed one day,
Far from the sand-begirted shore,
Amid the waves at play;

Until beside the current warm
That runs the ocean thro',
The gulf stream's steady onward flow,
The joined sea-weed drew ;

A moment, and their long embrace
Was severed ; one was caught
Within the northward-flowing waves ;
The other wildly thought

To follow fast ; but, cruel fate !
There blew an adverse wind,
And powerless to change its course,
It left its mate behind

And drifted sad and desolate
O'er many weary miles,
Until it kissed the sand about
The sunny palm-crowned isles.

There it watched thro' many a year,
But never came again,
The mate that it had lost that day
Within the gulf stream's main.

The one that in the stream was clasped
Was ever onward borne,
Until upon the sea-shore here
At last 'twas idly thrown.

I picked it from the glittering sand,
On this far Northern shore,
And heard it sigh its sorrow out,
To see its mate once more,

How like the joined sea-weed are
Some human lives, alas!
Embraced as if they ne'er would part,
They drift o'er seas of glass;

They drift upon the summer sea,
And cool their parched lips
Within the dark blue waters, where
There go the life-built ships.

They drift and dream amid the isles,
And in the crystal bays;
They float upon the summer seas
For many days and days.

And then they venture laughingly,
Till they unknowing come
Upon the gulf stream of their lives,
That bears one far from home,

And casts it on some wild, bleak shore,
To pine its life away,
And sigh for all the memories
Of one far, happy day.

The other seeks to follow on,
Alas! the sea-weed's fate
Is but an emblem of its own!
It sees its loved mate

By swift relentless currents borne
Far from its loving clasp;
It strives to follow, aye, to reach
That one beyond its grasp!

An adverse wind blows o'er the sea,
And powerless it goes
Back to those isles, where orange tree
And flowery myrtle grows,

There still to dream, to dream and wait;
But never comes again

The heart it loved ; 'twas lost that day
Within the gulf stream's main !

HE SINGS BECAUSE HE CAN BUT SING.

HE sings because he can but sing,—
This is the poet's line ;
This beaker holds for his pure lips
The sweetest of the wine.
He sings because he can but sing,
And beauty finds in everything.

He sings because he can but sing ;
No priest of art is he,
To sing but for the love of gold,
Or immortality !
And if his voice doth make sad moans,
It echoes but his spirit tones.

He sings because he can but sing ;
The words *will* upward swell,
And if he force them roughly back,
He sounds their funeral knell !
So still he gives them room to spring,
And sings because he can but sing !

The nightingale within the wood,
Hath sweetest music note ;
He sings because he cannot keep
The music in his throat ;—
'Tis not for glory he doth wake
The echoes of the hill and lake !


He cannot choose but utter, in
Those music-compelling lays,
The songs that gather in his heart
Thro' all the summer days.
Were he to sing for glistening gold,
His song, to me, would soon grow cold.

Whene'er his heart is sorrowful,
His music groweth sad ;
And yet the song to me is dear
As when his tones were glad ;
Because it cometh from the heart,—
Is of his very life a part !

Then, when the wings of sorrow touch
The sweet-tongued singer's soul,
Must he, unnatural, quell the voice
With reason's stern control ?
Ah ! no ; tho' sorrowful they ring,
He sings because he can but sing !

He sings because he can but sing ;
No reason's power is his,
To crush to earth his rosy dreams
Or grey-cowled memories.
He sings, nor knows the reason why,—
Gives smile for smile, and sigh for sigh !

THE ROSE-LEAF ON THE WINE.

 SAGE, from Eastern lands remote,
To classic Athens came,
Seeking the wisdom he had heard
Dwelt in the land of fame.

Deep in the city's busy heart,
A shaded garden stood,
Where learned men,—their only love,—
The ways of wisdom wooed.

In vain he plead his eager cause
And sought admittance there,
Their answer ever was the same
To his repeated prayer,

Until at last they wearied grew;
So when he came again,
To seek an answer from their lips,
They sent no word's refrain,

But ushered him in silence, in
A frescoed chamber dim,
And brought him there a goblet filled
With red wine to the brim.

"This is our answer!" so they said.
Straight thro' the sage's mind
There flashed its meaning, as he gazed :
No room for more we find ;

"Our circle, like the goblet there,
With members is filled up ;
Another drop would prove too much,
And overflow the cup."

One moment, with the glass in hand
He paused, until his eye
Fell on a rose that blossomed lone
Within a vase near by.

He plucked a petal from the flower,
A rose-leaf pink and fair,
And o'er the goblet's sparkling brim
He laid it, blushing there.

No drop was spilled ; it floated o'er
The wine's deep mantling tide,
A dainty, fairy, rosy craft,
Where Puck himself might ride !

A simple thing ! But still it held
A meaning sweet and rare.
The wise men bade him enter in,
And make his dwelling there.

A lesson from the rose-leaf take,
Ye hearts that guard so well

The entrance to the love you hide
Deep in a prison's cell.

Because you love a favored few,
Think not your hearts can hold
No other guests ; read o'er the tale
By ancient sages told.

Think on that goblet, well filled up,
With rose-leaf o'er the wine.
Pause ! Can'st thou in the legend see
A case that's like to thine ?



WILLIAM M. GILLELAND.

THIS rather excentric and unfortunate poet was born of Irish and American parents. His father was born in Dublin, in which city he was educated, having graduated from the University of Dublin. He immigrated to America in 1825, and remained for a short period in Philadelphia. He was married there to a Miss Barbour, a lady of distinguished family of Pennsylvania. Soon after this marriage he came to Texas and settled in Galveston. Here he remained for a few years, when he moved to the southwest part of the State, and settled on the San Antonio river. March 2, 1842, his house was surrounded by a large band of Comanche Indians, who massacred him and his wife, and took their only child—a boy of seven years—prisoner. A few days after his capture he was rescued by Col. C. L. Owen's command, with a broken lance through his body. This is the first record we have of our poet. The early death of his parents left him without means, and he was reared without the advantages of education, except such as he obtained by his own exertions.

He began to write verses when seventeen years old. He went to Austin, Texas, when a young man, and remained there over a quarter of a century. Most of this time he was employed in the State departments, and was for a number of years a clerk in the General Land Office. He was Enrolling Clerk of the Senate for two terms, and was also Librarian of the Supreme Court. During this period, I find that he published many poems throughout the South. In 1864 he wrote his greatest poem—*The Burial March of General Tom Green*,—and the high esteem in which the South held this noble man, and the tenderness and sublime pathos of the poem, at once touched the heart

of the people, and gained for the author an undying fame. This poem is marked throughout by the strength and vivacity of original genius. Every line in it is distinct and prominent, and stamps upon the mind the impression of reality; and when it first appeared it struck all by the delicacy of his thoughts and the richness and eloquence of his fancy. His style throughout is rhythmical, showing his natural ear for music. "Harsh numbers are turned to perfect accord; hatred of oppression has made way for broad humanity." He has refined and polished this poem exquisitely, and each verse possesses wonderful melody.

Mr. Gilleland has produced a great many poems which possess merit over the ordinary, but such has been his life and such his misfortunes that he has never been able to collect them together. None of the Texas writers, Col. A. M. Hobby, perhaps, excepted, have written so beautifully of the Southern heroes, whose chivalry has completely fascinated him, and proven the chief theme of his verse. Most of his heroes are the brave patriots whose lives have been given in the defense of their country. His poems in memory of *Gen. Ben. McCullough*, *Col. John Lubbock* and *Hon. Frank Bowden* each enlarged his number of readers and admirers.

Mr. Gilleland's late years have been burdened with painful wounds received in 1860, which have gradually enervated him and almost reduced him to the position of a cripple.

He is a citizen of San Antonio, and has a large family.

BURIAL MARCH OF MAJOR GENERAL TOM GREEN.

THARK, the muffled drum is beating! and the dirge's solemn strain,
Fills the soul with mournful memories for a glorious hero slain.

And the funeral bells are tolling and the thousands 'round his bier !

Tell the mightiest Chief of Texas, in his glory sleepeth here !
In the Hall of State he resteth, * 'mid the people loved so well,
And from far they haste to meet him, and to weep their last farewell.

Lo ! the pall, befitting heroes, o'er the coffined Chief is laid !
And a nation's grateful homage to his silent dust is paid.
But, Oh ! never more my comrades ! shall we see that flashing eye

Kindling with the light of Victory, when the hour of fight is nigh ;

Never shall we hear the voice, that clearer than the trumpet's breath,

Bade us triumph for our country, in the iron face of death !
And, it was with that ambition, that from mortal sources spring,
He gave on his country's altar, his own life as offering ;
Mark it in the paths of glory—that his feet so oft have trod,
From the field of San Jacinto, to dread Mansfield's bloody sod.

On the plains of far Val Verde, where the bones of heroes mould,

Shone that sympathy for suffering, that his mighty heart controlled

On ! how oft we've marked in sadness, and the pain his visage wore

Gazing on the cherished faces he should meet on earth no more ;
Or beside the wounded soldier, watching with a parent's care,
And reviving hope and courage in the bosom of despair !

Then we vowed the vow of soldiers, when we saw his banners wave,

There to triumph for our country, or beside him find a grave !
And our pledge has not been broken, tho' full many a spur is cold,

'Til the last of heroes perish, victory shall our flags † unfold,
From the Mexico's dark billows, shall his glorious anthem swell,
To the ears of countless millions that within the future dwell !
For it was upon its waters that he met the Federal fleet

* The remains of Gen. Green arrived in Austin on the 20th of April, 1864, and laid in state in the Capitol until the 2nd day of May, 1864.

† The Confederate flag.

And its banners bore triumphant, to his grateful country's fleet.
Onward, from Galveston's victory, hastes the conquering Chief
again,

To release sad Louisiana from the tyrant's sword and chain!
Conflict after conflict followed with the armies of the foe,
From the bloody fight of Bissland, to the battle of Barbeaux,
Berwick, Boeuff, and dread Fort Butler, and Lafouche's day
sublime

With Fordoche, shall tell his glory to the latest night of time.
And why swell the lists of battles, and the splendor of his name?
They shall live in song and story—history shall embalm their
fame.

But his days on earth are numbered, see the cannon's fitful
flame

As the wild, grim dice of iron ope's the battle's bloody game,
There the foeman's countless legions, here the Southron
squadron pour,

To oppose their shattered columns to the mighty foe once more.
Hark! the fatal word is spoken! onward thro' the smoky pall,
Press the cavaliers to battle, as of old to festive hall!

Chiefs are flying to their stations, banners float along the plain!
And the strains of martial music thrill the blood in every vein.
Studs their bits are madly champing! and the cannon's
rumbling sound,

With the shock of hostile armies, shakes the distant hills
around!

Banks upon the left is raging, like a lion, for his prey;
While the fiery bands of Walker hold him in the desperate bay!
Moulton to the rescue hastens! Majors thunders on the foe!
Taylor's foot are fighting fiercely, Bee is waging blow for blow.
Louder swells the storm of battle, faster falls the iron rain,
And the gory field is covered with the bodies of the slain.
Many a faithful steed is gasping on his dying rider's breast;
Many a boy and fiery veteran, side by side, together rest!
Many a knightly plume and banner, that have floated o'er the
brave,

With the Federal and the Southron, mingle in one bloody grave!
Walker, wounded in the battle, still is dashing o'er the plain;
Moulton, like a hero, perished in the thickest of the slain!
Still the Southron bands are fighting thrice their numbers of
the foe,

Shielded by their iron navies on the river's breast below
Right and might today opposes, Freedom 'gainst a tyrant's
claim,—

In success lies fame and honor, in defeat is written *Shame!*
But the glorious prize of victory trembles in the battle's scales;
Who will turn its toil to triumph, whom deliverer shall we hail?
Lo! he comes the prince of heroes! Hark! the trumpet's
thrilling blast,

Tells the die for death or freedom by his proud brigade is cast!
Onward at their head he dashes! Chief and charger, on they go!
And his veteran band behind him, like the Ocean's billow flow!
And a shout of exultation greets him o'er the fierce melee,
As of old the Scottish slogan told the onset of Dundee!

Lion like he's sweeping forward, where the deepest thunder
peals,
'Mid the lightning flash of cannon, and the deadly rush of steel!
Hand to hand the conflict rages! Swords have met in deadly
clash!

Steeds are bearing down each other, Onward! on! the victors
dash.

As the strong majestic forest sways before the tempest's blast,
Then a shapeless mass of ruin, to the trembling earth is cast,
So before that fiery squadron lo! the tyrant's armies yield,
Leaving Death and Desolation, spectres of the blood-stained
field!

Slained and wounded lie around him! havoc everywhere is seen!
Still, amid Plutonian shadows, flit the rallying plumes of
GREEN!

See! his gallant band beside him, dashing through the iron rain,
To avenge their cause and country, and their cherished comrades
slain.

Many a wife, alas! shall listen, when that dreadful charge is o'er,
For the coming of the loved ones, she shall meet on earth no
more,—

Many a bride sit, sad and lonely, many a mother mourn her son,
Thro' the long, sad, dreary hours, when that stubborn fight
is won!

But his love was warm and faithful, and thy name his latest
tone,

And thine image on his bosom felt his heart's last throb alone!
On they come! with banners flying, pressing on the panting foe,
Who are seeking, from their scourging, refuge in their ships
below.

All in vain! the fight is over, Victory! Victory! is our own.
Let it roll in sounds of thunder to the blood-stained tyrant's
throne!

Let him know, the God of battles still will aid the brave and
free,
And at last will crown their efforts with sweet peace and liberty!

Lo! the sun has set, and silence gathers o'er the wings of night,
Calm in death the brave are sleeping, and the victors rest from
fight.

But, amid the solemn silence, throbs the soldier's heart with
grief,

As they gather in the starlight, round the body of their chief.
In the thickest of the battle—bearing still his banners high—
GREEN went down—in battle harness—with the names not born
to die.

See! he slumbers like a Roman, with his back upon the field,
Waiting till the morning trumpet bids him grasp the sword and
shield;

And a smile is on his visage, for within his dying ear,
Fell the glorious cry of victory, and his grateful country's cheer.
Thus, amid the rush of armies, clashing steel and burning shell,
In the noonday of his manhood, GREEN, the Star of Victory, fell.

Lo! the scene is changed, and thousands with a sad funereal
tread,

Bear the hero to his mansion, in the kingdom of the dead.
Pageantry, and pomp befitting, to the burial march and bier,
Mingle in the pale procession, with the heartfelt sigh and tear.
For he was his people's chosen, and display, nor time can dim
That pure image of the hero they have ever worn for him.
Let him sleep with kindred ashes, where he asked he might re-
pose,†

When upon his country's altar he at last should close.
Let him rest, his name is cherished by the noble and the brave,
And his fame shall be eternal as the stars that light his grave,
And until the angel's trumpet sounds to earth its closing scene,
Freedom shall not claim a braver, *purser patriot than our GREEN.*

† The body of Gen. Green, at his own request, previous to the battle of Mansfield, was consigned to its last resting place by the side of his kindred, in the Austin city cemetery, May 2, 1864.

HELENA GILLESPIE.

MRS. GILLESPIE is a native of Jonesboro, East Tennessee, and has written beautifully of its rocks and hills; its beautiful streams, and towering trees. Her father immigrated to Texas when she was a child, and settled in Dallas county, where she was raised. This section at this time, was a dreary place for one of her romantic mind, and it was made worse by her mother's death when our poet was nine years of age—old enough to have instilled into her mind the principles of virtue and christian forbearance. Her mother was a highly accomplished christian lady, and her influence over her daughter never was effaced. Her father also possessed literary attainments of a high order, and encouraged her to read books and papers. He was particularly fond of ancient history and induced her to read the great histories aloud to him; and her childish enthusiasm entered fully into the plan.

She received a common school education, and was held in high esteem by all who knew her. In 1861 she was married to Thomas Winn, a young Lieutenant in the Southern army. Exposure of the camp developed early a hereditary tendency to consumption, and he died in May, 1863. Leaving her a widow with little of earthly goods, she began school teaching. She taught successfully in Greenville and Dallas, and many of her pupils at these places remember her with pride. In 1867 she was married to Dr. C. C. Gillespie, a man whose position and opportunities gave him a chance to encourage her in her literary work, and in a short time she had quite a reputation as a writer of poems and sketches. She died in 1882, leaving her husband to sadly grieve, and to remember her noble traits of character.

As a writer of poetry she has accomplished some good. Her poem to Mr. Tennyson received some very kind mentions from the press. It was published, as an original communication, in the *Amaranth*, a monthly publication at that time going forth from Dallas. She has never published a book, but has written ample of prose and poetry to fill several volumes, and it is hoped that some kind hand will collect them and put them in more enduring shape. The poems presented—*Tennyson's Picture* and *A Dress to Make*—give a fair specimen of her productions. The closing stanza of *Tennyson's Picture* is very creditable. It has been said that Mr. Tennyson wrote Mrs. Gillespie an autograph letter thanking her for it.

TENNYSON'S PICTURE.

† **T**IS "In Memoriam" in his face,
How easily the lines we trace.
Now, mark the brow where lofty thought
Such mighty, wondrous line hath wrought.
The war with silence and the tomb,
Has written lines of care and gloom.
The long debate, with friendship's death,
Has left the impress of its breath.

The brow is knit with anxious care,
And silver threads run through the hair ;
The eyes are dim with unshed tears,
And beams a glance that tells of fears.
The doubts that trembled in thy heart,
Will never from thy face depart,
The "child is crying in the dark,"
And see, the tears have left their mark.

A long, full sentence written there,
Which tells us of the wrestling prayer.
Still friendships read in every word,
My friend, the friend of all the world.

For "we are kin to all that is,"
Our paths in dust, in honor his.
I seem to grasp the thoughts at last,
Which I in other times have passed ;

Not seeing with this vision dull
What thou has writ so wonderful.
And when my faith shall fall asleep,
And I in darkness grope and weep ;
Then let those words, which thou hast spelt,
Speak to my heart, "That I have felt,"
I hail thee, friend, though far beneath,
I meekly bow me at thy feet.

I'll praise my God till time shall end,
That man was given such a pen,
To think such thoughts, to write such lines
Were proof that part of man's divine.
Yet, what am I, that I should sing,
The praises of the poet-king !
A mote, an atom 'neath the sod,
I of the dust, he like to God.

A DRESS TO MAKE.

A DRESS to make—a dress to make,
My heart doth fail, my knees do quake,
As I this task doth contemplate.
No shop I own, nor know no trade,
And few the dresses I have made;
My wardrobe scant, of ruffles bare,
Yet still I must provide the wear
Of me and mine.
If one or two the number fill
They must be dressed, and I must still
Rack my poor brain, and study o'er
A fashion book of wondrous lore.
The marks and dots and other spots
Of Arabic and Hebrew blots,

Were far more easily discerned
Than all their shrimps and ruffles turned.

So, though I've lost a week from sleep,
And often bitter tears do weep,
Still I must try to imitate
These pictures in the fashion plate.
Ye gods! was ever task so hard,
Or ever rhymed a truer bard?

Three days and nights of faithful work,
When I, with most complaisant smirk,
Hold off my dress, at full arm's length,
And think how nice is every breadth.
The skirt is shirred, the ruffles nine,
Are fixed and fluted very fine.
A fringe hangs here, and bugles there,
Sure, I am proud the dress to wear.

When lo! my neighbor enters in
And views my dress with ghastly grin.
"True, never saw I such a mess,
Is this the thing you call a dress?
Oh, horror! woman, don't you know
That they don't wear them this way now?
A month ago this was the style,
But now it is regarded vile."

With eager haste I handed down
The book from which I'd made the gown,
Alas, too true, my cruel fate,
The book was sure a month too late.

Still I must sweep, and churn and brew,
And make my dresses nice to view;
And nurse the baby, read the news,
Darn socks, keep buttons on the shoes,
Play the piano, beat the steak,
Then last, not least, this undertake.
Not Euclid's problems intricate,
Have half so puzzled my poor pate.
If men to such a task were set,

They'd lock their doors, and swear and fret,
And send for all their counselors.

And say an age were time too short
To learn this trade, perfect this art.
But we must learn a hundred trades
Without apprenticeship or aids,
And practice all with equal skill,
'Tis their good pleasure, our good will.
I knelt and prayed me, for a time
When women frail should learn a trade
And buy their dresses ready made.



MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

THE greatest compliment that can be paid to a work is to say that it is truly moral in its teachings. In this consists the true greatness of literary work. The more a work brings morality into light, the more it is a work of literature, for the proper office of literature is to make morality visible; and the more it presents a higher moral tone, the higher is its place. No task is more delicate or more difficult.

The question as to the beginning of the era of the moral in poetic numbers has long been discussed. It will continue to be, for from time immemorial—as far back, perhaps, as the grove possessed an altar and the water supplied a reed for the pastoral pipe—the poets have sung songs to the worship of the gods.

Mrs. Griffin is a native of Wetumpka, Alabama, having been born there in the year 1849. She has been a resident of Texas for the past sixteen years. In 1869, she was married to Prof. J. R. Griffin, who is at this time—1885—Superintendent of the Public Schools in the city of Belton.

Mrs. Griffin began to write poetry when very young, and when fifteen years old published her little poem, *Haunted*. It was published anonymously, and was at first attributed to the pen of Albert Pike. I remember to have seen it several years ago over the name "Myrtle." I was struck by its beauty, and made an effort to discover its author; but not until I received the manuscript of it from Mrs. Griffin did I know its authorship.

Mrs. Griffin has not written poetry for money or fame, but when her Muse demanded it. For the past few years she has contributed largely to Sunday School, Song, and Hymn Books, and is widely known.

The poems from her pen presented here show a nice poetic taste, an earnest sympathy of sorrow or of joy; the greatest breathings of love. Her song is as quiet, mellow, and natural as the sweet swellings of the gay warblers of the forest. One of Mrs. Griffin's characteristic poems is *Haunted*, referred to above. This poem is very delicate in sentiment and imagery, and the fact that it was composed when its author was only fifteen years of age, gives it an interest apart from others of hers perhaps better thought of than this. I give the poem complete:—

†
‡ I'M haunted by a pair of eyes,
‡ Softly dark, of wondrous size;
† With pen or book
Do what I will,
With steady look
They haunt me still.

It seems so strange that those two eyes—
Of ev'ry thing beneath the skies—
Should fill my heart
With joy's quick glow,
Then make me start
With pain and woe.

Ah, me those eyes, I dread their gaze;
They fill my soul with such amaze,
To know they see
What I would hide,
And pity me
But do not chide.

They do not chide, those dear, dear eyes;
They do not seem to feel surprise;
But softer glow
On me the while,
As they too know
Love's own sweet wile,

In dreams they come, beyond my will,
 And steep my soul in wond'rous thrill ;
 I cannot tell
 How it can be,
 This magic spell
 That's over me.

Nor how those eyes, e'en when away,
 Can melt in mine, their soft'ning ray ;
 They have no right
 To haunt me so,
 Both day and night,
 Where'er I go.

I would I could forget those eyes,
 That beam like lights in Paradise ;
 With pen or book
 Do what I will,
 With steady look
 They haunt me still.

The following poem—*The Fountain*—is as different from *Haunted* as it is possible for two poems to be, yet it is characteristic of her life work. I remember having seen nothing more touching—the mingling of childhood memories, of father, founts, flowers, birds, and gay youth-time, is so beautifully interwoven. I give it complete, as a counter-piece to the gentle melody just quoted :

FAIR, far in the Southland away from the snows,
 Where orange trees blossom and sweet-myrtle grows,
 How well I remember one fair April morn,—
 The dew drops were beading the lily and thorn—
 As, out of a fountain whose waters were bright,
 I sprinkled the roses in childish delight,
 A butterfly rose on its gay painted wing
 And flashed thro' the sunlight—a beautiful thing.

In a moment, o'er tangles of verbenas gay,
 Upsetting some vases which stood in my way,

Through ferns and thro' mosses of wonderful size,
I sped down the garden, intent on the prize;
E'er long it was resting, or waiting for me,
On the sweet-scented spray of a tall lilac tree;
On tiptoe upreaching, I made but a grasp,
And flew to my father, the prize in my clasp.

On op'ning my fingers, I cried out in pain,
Alas, for my trophy! my warm grasp had slain
The beautiful insect, whose life as a spark,
Had gone out forever, but left a sad mark;
With heart full of anguish, I thought 'twould remain,
On palm and on fingers a life-lasting stain;
"My child," said my father, while smoothing my hair,
"Pursuit we give sometimes to things which look fair,
Pursuit long and eager, to find if we win,
Their beauty all vanished, or tarnished with sin."
He stooped to the fountain and in its pure spray,
He washed from my fingers the dark stains away;
And said, as in laughter, I kissed with delight,
The palm and the fingers, which once more were white,
"Little one, there's a Fountain more potent by far,
Where souls are washed white of all stains that can mar."
Then, drawing me closely, he tenderly told,
In low murmured accents that story of old;
Till my baby-head fell on his true, loving breast,
And slowly my weary lids drooped down to rest.

When heart-sick of phantoms which flit here and there,
Oft promising pleasure, oft bringing despair;
When weary of sowing for others to reap;
And weary of waiting for calm, blessed sleep,
How oft have I thought of that far-vanished day
In the garden at home, by the cool fountain's play;
And felt, without question, sometime I shall know
In the garden of heaven, that bliss that will blow
From the fountain of life, in the home of the blest,
Where the heart-sick are whole, and the weary at rest.

The following beautiful lines express the feelings of the author when surveying the world before her. They give sentiments of tender regret for the rapid fleet of time. They are

the simple utterances of a heart filled with feelings of awe for the approach of that great day when the soul shall pass away from its tenement of clay. In the third stanza the poet expresses only the hope that all have even when death is near—

Let the future with her sorrow
And her sadness stay away ;
When the darkness comes, I'll borrow
From sweet Hope, her brightest ray ;—

but even yet the poet possibly does not refer to death. I give the lines—*Drifting*—in full—they are worthy of preservation :—

IN life's sea my bark is drifting
With her sails set, fair and wide ;
And the breeze is gently lifting
Foamy waves upon the tide ;
Drifting, drifting, far away,
Drifting on a golden day,
Overhead bright clouds are shifting,
And the wavelets laugh and play.

When the distant days are veiling,
And the present hours beguile,
Why should heart and soul be wailing
O'er a dream of "after 'while'"?
Drifting, drifting far away—
Life is all a golden day—
Overhead bright clouds are sailing,
And the wavelets laugh and play.

Let the future with her sorrow
And her sadness, stay away ;
When the darkness comes, I'll borrow
From sweet Hope, her brightest ray ;
Drifting, drifting, far and wide,
Drifting with the dancing tide,
Should the gales rise with the morrow,
Hope, with me the storm will bide.

The *Land That's Far Away* is one of Mrs. Griffin's most popular songs, and it will endure for all time. *Was It In Vain* is

one of her very best. It is suggestive of the trials, disappointments, and sorrows of the Messiah while on earth. I give here space for both of these poems. They will not lessen Mrs. Griffin's popularity as a song writer. In all her verses the moral is brought forward and displayed in every line. This is good for the poet; better for the world.

THE LAND THAT'S FAR AWAY.

No day is dark and dreary,
In the land that's far away;
No one is worn and weary,
In the land that's far away;
No friends are ever parted,
No tears are ever started,
No one is broken-hearted,
In the land that's far away.

No trouble and no sighing,
In the land that's far away;
No weeping o'er the dying,
In the land that's far away;
No lonely are forsaken,
No soul by sin o'ertaken,
No night from which to waken,
In the land that's far away.

No thought or dream of sadness,
In the land that's far away;
The heights are crowned with gladness,
In the land that's far away;
The Father, without measure,
Is pouring from His treasure,
Eternal peace and pleasure,
In the land that's far away.

WAS IT IN VAIN?

§ I GAVE the earth her roses fair,
For me, the thorns were bound ;
§ I gave the fields their vintage rare,
For me, the gall was found ;
I gave calm sleep to weary eyes,
But watched the night in tears ;
I stilled with peace woe's pleading cries,
Amid the world's loud jeers.

I gave the bird her downy nest,
The fox his lowly den ;
But had not where My head to rest,
Among the homes of men ;
I made the bitter waters sweet,
But drank the cup of woe ;
I met the cross with willing feet
That life the world might know.

I bowed beneath the cruel rod,
And none would plead for me ;
In heaven, my home, before thy God
I'm pleading now for thee.
Each anxious day and hopeless night,
And oft unanswered prayer,
Are precious all, within My sight,
And have My tender care.

Think not thy soul can safely lose
One trial it must bear ;
The way thine erring mind would choose,
May bring thee but despair ;
Thy sorrows and thy tears which fall,
Are measured out by Me ;
I know them all, I send them all,
For very love of thee.

MRS. LIZZIE HAMLETT.

FEW names in the literary history of our great State deserve greater recognition than that of Mrs. Hamlett. She was born in Mississippi, on the 17th day of April, 1842, and came to Texas in 1852. She has never been out of the State since her arrival here. She is a woman of energy, and is full of vivacity, and inherited from her parents a healthful, cheerful, sanguine temperament, and a strong constitution. Her first school days were passed in Larissa, where was laid the foundation for her future study in the sublime art of elocution. In 1857, she was placed under the instruction of Miss M. J. E. Dickson, a lady superior as a literary instructor. In the family of the refined and cultured Miss Dickson, she passed the happiest moments of her young life. She afterward entered Andrews College, at Huntsville, and was graduated from that institution in 1860. She was a close student. Hard study imparted to her the sweetest, and, almost, the only pleasure during her school term. It was her aim to reach to the full capacity of her mind, and to this end she still labors. The following beautiful lines aptly express her enthusiasms now and then :—

I would not my short life should be
An empty, idle dream,
But rich in great and worthy deeds,—
Worthy in thought and theme.

* * * * *

'Tis this shall claim my highest thought,
My noblest powers engage;
This shall inspire my earliest years,
And crown my ripest age.



MRS. LIZZIE HAMLETT.

Up to this period she knew no trouble. But the glories were not always to remain with the blithesome and gay. In 1861 her oldest brother died. Her heart was overwhelmed, and the cord of deepest sorrow had been stretched. The mutual affection of herself and this brother was rare indeed, and her sweet poem—*My Brother*—shows the deep seated love she held for him. The following exquisite lines were penned amid tears and sobs:—

Oh, Brother! Earth is not so fair,
And life is not so dear,
And Heav'n is not so distant, now,
For thou hast brought it near!
I never thought that *thou* couldst die!
I never dreamed that *thou*
Must lay thy glorious head to rest
Where thou art sleeping *now*.
Thou wert so young, so full of life,
Of manhood's strength and pride;
Of health, and hope, and happiness—
How can I say "*he died!*"

The memory of this sad event made her heart yearn for a change of scenes, and 'twas while weeping her soul away she conceived the idea of teaching. So she began to teach, and taught for fifteen months without intermission.

In 1865 she was married to Capt. W. J. Hamlett. This union was the consummation of an attachment of years, and which has been productive of the purest domestic happiness. They lived for several years at Waco. Here they lost a bright idol of a boy. This was her second great grief. Her muse again wept, and amidst melancholy strains she wrote the poem *Invocation*, in which appears the following lines:—

I loved a babe, a matchless boy, one whom
The angels loved as well, and lured him home,
Alas, alas for me!
He would press kisses on my lips as sweet,
As pure as love and innocence. 'Twere meet
That such should seraph be.

None but a mother, whose tenderest chords of love and pity had been touched, could have penned these lines. They impress one with the greatest feeling of sympathy, and recall to our mind that beautiful and truthful passage from Washington Irving: "The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires." Speaking of her at this time, a writer who knows her well says: "Soon after this sad occurrence, she moved to her present residence near Palestine, where she and her devoted husband live in modest seclusion, surrounded by growing crops, fat cattle, blooming violets, and waving grass. Here they receive daily, letters, papers, magazines, and books through which they keep *en rapport* with the great world outside. Her home is one of those delightful country homes one loves to see; and to enjoy a winter evening around her hearth-side, is a boon to be coveted by princes and crown-heads."

Mrs. Hamlett's first poem was written when only fourteen years of age. It was the *Death of Rusk*, when his memory stirred the hearts of all Texans.

In 1876 her poems were published in a neat (8 mo, 345 pages) volume, handsomely bound. The book at one bound, placed its author a bright star among the constellation of Southern writers. She is a blonde of medium size, with pearly white teeth and auburn hair; modest and retiring in her nature, possessing traits of woman-hood rarely seen in one of her attainments. It has been said that literary women are poorly prepared by nature for good wives; but if true, there is an exception in this instance. She can prepare a cup of coffee and preside over the supper table with as much grace as she can render a difficult passage from Poe.

The Pleasures of Home, Mrs. Hamlett's longest and best poem, has been very kindly reviewed by the press. It reminds one of Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* and Roger's *Pleasures of Memory*. To say that the *Pleasures of Home* is scarcely excelled by either is not putting it too strong. It will be remembered that

Wordsworth was critically severe on Campbel's poem and said that "it was strongly overrated." There seems to be a brotherhood of song—one as described by Keats:—

"Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood of song."

And no doubt Mrs. Hamlett had read these great masters before expressing her delicate sentiment in the *Pleasures of Home*.

Major F. L. Yoakum, in a letter to the author, and speaking of Mrs. Hamlett, used the following language: "Her volume of poems is a rich treasure in every household, and deserves a place on every center table. Her pure teachings and hallowed sentiments make far richer the heart that imbibes them. The measure and glowing imagery read in beautiful cadences fall sweetly on the ear and heart alike. The music of her sacred teachings reach the soul and carry the heavenly thoughts of the poet to young spirits and entwines them there."

Mrs. Hamlett has also written some beautiful prose sketches; and has a novel now completed, which will likely appear during this year, 1885.

A Touching Incident, accompanying other poems of Mrs. Hamlett, is beautifully tender, and shows the warmest feeling of sympathy. I give the notes, that it may be fully understood, and ask for it a careful reading. The selections here presented represent Mrs. Hamlett's varied style and sentiments of the emotion, and may be classed among her best poems, although she has written so much and so well, that it makes the task of selection a difficult one. Her poem *Shall We Divide the State?* is perhaps her most popular one. It is a gem, and richly deserves what notoriety it has gained. The question of division may yet rise like a spectre. Then will this poem receive again those plaudits once before so bountifully bestowed upon it. As

time rolls on in its ceaseless train, this poem will grow in popular favor. Then there will be

“No North, no South, no East, no West.”

Mrs. Hamlett has recently moved to Ennis, Texas, where she is engaged in teaching.

SHALL WE DIVIDE THE STATE?

DIVIDE the State! Who dare suggest
Such act of sacrilege?
Who from us thus would basely wrest
Our holiest heritage?
Bought with a price, it is our own!
And shall we rend it twain
What was cemented into one
By blood of heroes slain?

Divide the State! How then appease
The blest names of those
Who watch with ceaseless jealousies
Their ashes long repose?
Say for which portion Crocket fought?
For which did Travis die?
For which hath Houston's pleading bought
A Nation's sympathy?

Say which shall claim Jacinto's plains
Which own the Alamo?
To which belong the gory stains
That wrapped our flag in woe?
The Rio Grande is our own!
Exultant, broad and free,
It sweeps in grandeur and alone
Right onward to the sea.

The San Antonio waters wide
Its green and fertile hills;

San Gabrielle its silvery tide
From crystal streamlets fills;
The beautiful San Marcos glides
' Neath azure skies serene;
And sweet Cibolo laughing hides
Its willow banks between.

The giant Colorado sleeps
Begirt with flowery meals:
Salado smiles, Aquilla weeps,
Lampasas proudly pleads,
The Guadalupe bends its haughty course
Beside the loved Leon;
And Brazos blends his breathings hoarse
With Ocean's constant moan.

The Trinity her valley crowns
With fields of waving green,
And Angelina darkly frowns
Beside the lone Sabine.
Say, shall their names be sundered?
Their names to Texas dear!
They were bequeathed us by the dead!
Shall we that gift forswear?

Divide the State for which they bled!
A goddess grand and good,
And rear upon its base instead
A puny sisterhood?
No! 'Tis her broad square miles that make
Her destiny so great;
And glory will her soil forsake
Should we divide the State.

No North, no South, no East, no West,
Let this our motto be:
Our State is one. So let it rest;
United, great and free.
Let one grand center call her sons
To legislative halls;
Let one grand voice, in thunder tones,
Guard well her "outer walls."

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A short time since, in this city, a brilliant and much admired lady, who had been suffering some time with a trouble of the eye, was led to fear a speedy change for the worse, and immediately consulted her physician. An examination discovered a sudden and fatal failing in the optic nerve, and the information was imparted, as gently as possible, that the patient could not retain her sight more than a few days at most, and was liable to be totally deprived of it at any moment. The affected mother returned to her home, quietly made such arrangements as would occur to one about to commence so dark a journey of life, and then had her two little children, attired in their brightest and sweetest costumes, brought to her; and so, with their little faces lifted to her's, and tears gathering for some great misfortune that they hardly realized, the light faded out of their mother's eyes, leaving an ineffaceable picture of those dearest to her on earth—a memory of bright faces that will console her in many a dark day.—*Covington (Ky.) Journal*.

A Texas lady, seeing the above, has interwoven it into song. The following beautiful lines were written in 1873, though never before published. They will be found truly touching. With the ingenuity and feeling of the true poetess, she has stated all the facts in her song in the most sweet, plaintive manner. None but a mother can truly appreciate them.—*Belton (Tex.) Journal*.

†
CAN it be that on the landscape
Comes this shadow with the spring?
† Have I looked my last on nature—
Upon every living thing?
Nature, I have loved thee ever—
Azure sky and verdant woods!
Can she from my sight be fading,
In her brightest, bravest moods!

But this morn, my cradled darlings,
Cherub-like in their repose,
Smote me with a terror nameless
That God only, only knows !
Filled me with a sudden sadness,
Cleft my heart with piercing pains ;
Can it be, this growing darkness
I must battle with in vain ?

I could give up nature's beauties,
Sunset splendors, sparkling wave,
God's magnificence of color
That to bless the sight he gave
If I still might scan the faces
He has given me to love—
Heaven lies in this sweet pleasure !
Will He all my joy remove ?

Finds the artist his ideal
When he views a form divine ?
Mother-worship is as real
For the babe her arms entwine.
Bring them to my yearning bosom,
Those dear babes I yet may see,
For no more a sight so precious
In this life may come to me.

Robe them in their brightest garments ;
Wit, a mother's love and pride
Wrought I them, so little thinking
Such dark future should betide.
Let my soul forget its sorrow,
For one moment hush its fears,
While I gaze upon my treasures,
Though my sight is dimmed with tears.

In the long, dark way before me,
Shut out from their happy smiles,
From their eager, kindling glances,
From their playful, winning wiles,—
That sweet picture in its freshness,
Will in loving memory,

Brightest in the gloomy distance
Evermore abide with me.

Let me thus with joy enfold them
For one blissful moment more ;
Even while I thus behold them,
Could the short, sharp pang be o'er,
Could the sun drop out of heaven,
Leave the world a blank at noon
Is it so? They fade, they vanish—
Comes the night-time, then, so soon?

MATERNITY.

† HERE came to me 'neath holy autumn skies,
A bud, a tender, glorious germ
From out the very walls of Paradise !
With all its tiny petals folded close,
And fed by sunshine bright and warm ;
Pure as the lily, painted like the rose,
A beauty rarer did my bud disclose.

* * * * *

Needless to say I loved it! Needless tell—
Oh, mystery of motherhood !
How sacredly I prized my babe; how well,
How patiently I bore my pain, that he
Might blended in him have all good,—
That he, my precious boy, might live and be
All that my destiny denied to me.

And when spring came, and other buds blew out,
And filled the air with fragrance ; when
The wandering bee buzzed busily about,
Lured to the orchard by its faint perfume
And flowering regalia, then
His eye 'gan brighter, and his cheek to bloom,
My truant blossom from his Eden home !

The violets in the woods are not more blue
And gladsome than my baby's eyes ;
Nor softer spring's first dove-notes than the coo
Of his sweet voice. I breathe upon the chords
And my Æolian harp replies !
As inarticulate as warbling birds,
As musical, as matchless, are his words.

And springtime blossoms ever in my heart,
And love's own gladness therein lies ;
A nearer heaven, of which he seems a part,
Above me bending, smiling and serene,
I see, deep in my baby's eyes.
Sure heaven is not so far from earth, I ween,
While I can hold this treasured link between.



MRS. LEE C. HARBY.

MRS. HARBY is a Jewess, and a native of Charleston, South Carolina. For the past few years her fugitive poems have been floating about, and occasionally appearing in the literary periodicals North and South.

In 1881, and while editing the *Amaranth*, I wrote to Mrs. Harby for a contribution. In response to my letter she sent me the little poem, *Rain*. It appeared for the first time in the *Amaranth*, December, 1881, and was well received. I remember to have seen it copied in several secular papers of the State. In most instances it was miserably printed, and did great injustice to its author. This little lyric is fairly illustrative of her style, and exhibits an ability far above mediocrity. It is in the Poesque vein, and full of happy hits of fancy:—

WITH a cadence soft and low
Falls the rain !
All the heavy grasses seem
Bowed with pain.
And the tender flowers droop
To the sod,
Bent like penitents that kneel
To their God.
While the trees loom indistinct
Thro' the mist ;
And the roses red and sweet,
That were kissed
By the sun to fragrant life,
Blanch with fear.
From each starry jasmine's cup
Drops a tear
Pure as those the angels shed
O'er man's fall ;

And the dark green moss that clings
 To the wall,
Drinks the rain up thirstily.
 On their stalks
Lilies bend their stately heads.
 Thro' the walks
Tiny streamlets running clear,
 Make it seem
Like some fairy island viewed
 In a dream.
Oh ! my garden brings a joy
 To my heart,
As I stand and watch the rain—
 Far apart
From the throng around me there,
 Who know naught
Of the healing that may come,
 All unsought,
From the hand of Nature's God
 To the soul—
When it pants with weary breath
 For the goal.
When of all our brightest hopes
 None remain,
Life is dark, and every thought
 Brings but pain—
Then in soft gray clouds that veil
 Brilliant skies,
And in sheeted rain that falls,
 Comfort lies.
When all nature seems to join
 In our grief,
From the sympathy she yields
 Springs relief;
While the flowers teach to us
 Lessons sweet,
Of the solace to be found
 At God's feet !
Thus the clouds that dim our lives
 All depart,
Washed away by blessed tears
 From the heart !

Mrs. Harby inherited her literary talent from her mother's side of the house. Her grandfather, Isaac Harby, was one of the literary lights of Charleston, and famous alike for his dramatic taste and criticisms, and was for a number of years connected with the press of that city. Her father, Max E. Cohen, received his education at Glasgow, winning several medals for scholarship. His father gave him a large and well-stocked plantation near Charleston. He was brave, rich, and generous, and connected with every enterprise calculated to build up the city of Charleston, and when he died the city erected a memorial stone to his memory, and placed it in the Charleston Orphan Asylum, of which institution he was one of the founders and directors.

The war coming on when it did, interfered greatly with Mrs. Harby's education; consequently it is limited. It is such as she has gained from close reading, self-teaching, and travel.

At nine years of age I find her writing verses and living an unrestrained life on her father's plantation. She was married to a cousin—J. D. Harby—in 1869. The young couple at once came to Texas. In 1872, she began to write poems, which were eagerly sought by the State papers. In 1880, she read before the Texas Press Association her poem, *To The Press*. In 1881, she was elected editor of the Ladies' Department of the *Jewish South*.

She has written but few stories. McMillan & Co. paid her for one a year or two ago. She has written but one long poem. She is preparing her poems for publication, and will give them to the world soon.

Mrs. Harby has written sufficient to fill several volumes. The poems I present here were written since her residence in this State, and are representatives ones. *Unae Vitae* is tenderly beautiful, and is suggestive of Heine :—




SIGH—a dream of Heaven !
A kiss—and Earth's sweet leaven.
A wife—her honor keeping ;
A babe—and bitter weeping.

A grave—sleep well, young mother—
 A man—will love another !
 Wooed and wed and her baby born ;
 Pain and death in life's first morn.
 Softly sleep in thy grave, young wife,
 Freed forever from earthly strife.
 Rest thee well ; thou hast played *thy* part—
 Life has balm for thy husband's heart !

Her best poem and one that will live longer, perhaps, than anything she has ever yet given to the world, is one she prizes very lightly. It is strange that some can work unconscious of their gifts—work and toil—produce and reproduce, yet see no beauty in their work. *The Book of Life* is suggestive, thoughtful, and rare. Where can be found a more beautiful simile than is in this simple line :—

“ The binding of Life's Book is Hope.”—

But I will give the poem in full :—


 UR life's a book ; a diff'rent page
 Is turned each day ;
 The mysteries the next conceals
 Oh, who can say ?
 The binding of Life's Book is Hope—
 By Faith inwove—
 The golden rim around its leaves
 Is human Love.
 And each event, each deed of ours
 Itself prints there—
 In blurred type Sin, while Virtue stamps
 In letters clear.
 Each noble act performed is marked
 In blue and gold—
 But all unjust or wicked thoughts
 Black lines enfold.
 A bright, illuminated scroll
 Adorns each page
 For each temptation we withstand
 From youth to age.

Our days its numbered folios are,
And Death its clasp !
The pow'r to make this Volume fair
Is in our grasp :
So live, that when all work is done
And laid aside,
Our children's eyes may look upon
This Book, with pride ;
And void of shame or haunting fear
It may be read ;
Then, haply, we may rest among
The honored Dead.

Three Pansies and *The Wooing O'it* are also very beautiful poems. The former gives us an idea of what the auther would like woman's character to be—pure and spotless. The latter mentioned poem—though somewhat faulty in measure—gives us her picture of an ideal husband in the answer of Cleo. But I can not give space for them.



A. M. HOBBY.

LFRED M. HOBBY was born in Macon, Georgia. Soon after his birth his parents moved to Florida, where his childhood was passed. He came to Texas early in life. He took an active interest in politics before the war, and in the Legislature and on the hustings he achieved an enviable reputation as an orator. During the war he commanded a Confederate regiment with much distinction, and at its close settled in Galveston, and devoted himself to commercial pursuits. Col. Hobby was a man of culture, with an understanding singularly comprehensive, and with the analytical, was combined the poetic faculty in a high degree. He was a laborious worker, and his writings embrace a wide range of literary and scientific subjects—critical, biographical, historic, agricultural, and poetic.

During the summer of 1875, he made a horseback tour along the Texas border, and wrote a series of interesting letters, entitled *The Frontier From the Saddle*, which sustained his reputation as a brilliant writer, and a man of fine poetic imagination. He devoted much of his time to study. His talents were recognized throughout the State, and displayed in every mental and material field of labor. As a citizen, a literary and business man, he was one of the most popular residents in the State. He was polite, independent in thought and act, and possessed fine colloquial powers, remarkably social and temperate, having never tasted tobacco or intoxicating liquors of any kind.

Col. Hobby has written comparatively little poetry, but that which he has given to the world is ample to satisfy me that had he courted the Muses exclusively, he would have gained considerable distinction, and attained a very high degree of celebrity. The following brief extract breathes a melancholy tenderness that poetic feelings alone could inspire :—

“Drape in gloom our Southern ensign—
Gently fold its crimson bars
While cypress wreaths around we twine,
And dim with tears its burning stars.
Hearts are throbbing, eyes are weeping
Tears on noble Lubbock’s grave;
Calm in death his form is sleeping—
Lamented Lubbock—true and brave.”

To the preceding I shall add an extract from Col. Hobby’s reply to the *Lament for the Stolen Pet*, by Mollie E. Moore Davis:—

“The poems then oft would my master rehearse,
And my feet would keep time to thy magical verse;
And there would he tell, as he journeyed along
How great was his genius, and splendid the song;
How mortality pure, in thy verse was enshrined,
And the grace of fancy around it entwined;
How truth, in her grandeur, pervades the whole,
Enlarging the mind and improving the soul;
How sublime in its uses thy mystical art;
While it awakens new life, sweetly mellows the heart;
How it lightens the weight of his chastising rod,
And points us in penitence upward to God;
How it cheers the desponding and lonely heart up,
And sweetens the draught of life’s bitterest cup.

The author of the *Lament for a Stolen Pet* occupies so conspicuous a place in our Texas poetry, that it has been necessary to give a notice of her genius somewhere else. But the poem and the reply to it richly deserve the great popularity which they have for several years bountifully enjoyed.

The genius of Col. Hobby was such as to demand a place among the best writers in our State. He had an inexhaustable power of circumstantial description, betraying him unto minuteness, and leading him to speak of man rather than group together Nature in all its infinitude. I can not feel in his writings the transports of delight by which I am moved while reading

those strange and gorgeous descriptions of Mrs. Amelia V. Purdy's—produced by a more romantic imagination. Col. Hobby carries his readers to the tomb of "our dead," and there culls a flowery bouquet of heartfelt sympathies, and recalls to our minds the wondrous scenes of enchantment and beauty embalmed, and our feelings are aroused by the recollection of their many noble and daring deeds. He is the poet of Our Dead. With a kind word for every mourner, he transforms their groans into a flood of ideal and poetic beauty. He lived in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely fall to the poetic race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. Mrs. Gathing has finely alluded to his poetic and imaginative genius in the following lines from the poet Collins:—

Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

For several months Col. Hobby was involved in criminal proceedings, but was honorably acquitted by a jury of his countrymen. After the termination of these, he went to Mexico where he died February 5th, 1881.

He was held in high esteem by his contemporaries in Texas, and when the information reached the State that he was dead there was great sorrow, and that gifted lady, Mary Hunt McCaleb, penned to his memory the following exquisite lines:—

The warm Southern winds wander over the sea
The sunshine is lying on lowland and lea,
The sky seeming never so bright;
But slowly and silently over my soul,
The murmuring waves of memory roll,
That shut out the glory of light.

For one whom I knew in a happier day
Lies shrouded and cold in a grave far away,
With the grass growing over his breast:
While the heart that clung to him so fondly in life,
With the love of a tender and heroic wife,
Mourns over the solace of his rest.

I knew them and loved them before trouble came
 To darken their lives and to shadow a name
 That was once such a glory and pride,—
 Before the last sorrowful die had been cast,
 And hope lay enshrouded, and cold in the past
 Their ships drifting wrecked on the tide.

Too trusting of others his heart may have been,
 If loving and trusting indeed be a sin—
 How few are exempt from the crime !
 How few but have cherished their idols of clay
 To see them in nothingness crumble away
 And fade from the records of time.

His great heart has moaned itself quiet at last,
 Bent, broken and crushed by the pitiless blast
 Lies silent and cold in his breast ;
 But his star that grew pale and went down in a cloud,
 Rising out of the grave and disdaining the shroud,
 Brightly beams in the land of the blest.

I think it eminently proper to close my sketch of Col. A. M. Hobby by quoting these lines. I am sure that they are the heart-offerings of one who knew him long and well. This act of the gifted Mrs. McCaleb is so much like the impulse that moved Col. Hobby whenever death cut low one of his warm and honored friends.

TO THE MEMORY OF COL. THOS S. LUBBOCK.

DEDICATED TO GOV. R. F. LUBBOCK.

†
 RAPE in gloom our Southern ensign—
 Gently fold its crimson bars,
 While cypress wreaths around we twine,
 And dim with tears its burning stars.
 Hearts are throbbing, eyes are weeping
 Tears, on noble Lubbock's grave ;
 Calm in death his form is sleeping—
 Lamented Lubbock—true and brave.

But yesterday, the minute gun
Came booming on our shore,
And on our day a shadow hung—
Brave Terry was no more.
He died on the soil that gave him birth,
Defending his country's trust ;
Our vandal foes he crushed to earth,
Like servile worms of dust.

Thou, Lubbock, unto thee we turned,
To lead our Texan band ;
We knew what fires within thee burned,
What courage nerved thy hand.
We felt that thou wouldst win from fame
A laurel wreath of glory,
And deeds of valor give thy name
High place in Southern story.

When, years ago, a single star
Illumined our Western sky,
Its radiant beams were hailed afar,
And caught his youthful eye.
Forsaking home, to aid the brave,
Foes and danger scorning,
To his adopted mother gave,
The vigor of life's morning.

Where'er her ensign was unfurled,
Beneath were souls to dare ;
And valor's arm foes backward hurled,
In victory's meteor glare.
He saw it wave, that Lone Star flag,
Above the Rocky Mountains,
Where frozen tears from the icy crag,
Weep into silver fountains.

He saw that flag reflected gleam,
Down deep in Pecos river ;
Its azure folds, its silvery sheen,
On flowing waters quiver.
He saw it meet the rising day,
On Santa Fee's broad plain,
Which cold and cheerless stretched away,
Where gloom and silence reign.

He saw that star the Heavens climb,
Through battle's lurid light,
Still upward in its strength sublime,
Unutterably bright.
In Aztec's dungeons dark and deep,
Its beams resplendent shedding,
He heard success, along fame's steep,
Our mystic future treading.

Unchanging still through rest or toil,
His heart for Texas burning,
It loved her sons and blood bought soil,
It knew no shade of turning.
And when our honor was assailed,
Indignant shouts were raised ;
The Lone Star fluttered in the gale,
And reddened, flashed and blazed.

It swept on high the fleecy cloud,
It sought a loftier station,
And joined ' midst cheers of freemen loud,
The Southern constellation.
And there it shines, God bless that star !
God bless her sister stars !—
'Tis Venus in the days of peace,
In war, the blood-red Mars.

Upon Manassas' gory field,
Where fell the shafts of death,
Its new-born splendor stood revealed,
' Midst battle's sulphurous breath ;
Where thickest rained war's iron hail,
And gushed the crimson tide,
Undaunted there our Lubbock stood,
Brave Terry by his side.

Far in advance on Fairfax heights,
Raised by a tyrant's minion,
They struck the flag that dared insult
Our honored Old Dominion.
Enough ! they were strong friends in youth,
In Spring-time's pleasant weather—
Two souls close bound in bonds of truth,
In death they sleep together.

Time's brightest page their name adorn,
Their deeds are history's trusts,
And fame's green laurels, fresh as morn,
Will crown their honored busts.
The fevered frame and aching head
Of Lubbock is at rest;
He sleepeth well, 'neath Southern skies,
Still looking to the West.

Proud Carolina ne'er has borne
A truer son or braver,
And like herself, he trampled on
Power's threat or favor,
But pulseless lies that heart of worth
Beneath the swelling sod,
His body with its mother earth,
His spirit with its God.

On hearts bereaved—a pall is cast,
And withered seem life's flowers;
Oh! let your tears flow free and fast;
With them shall mingle ours.
Eternal honor to the brave,
May Spring her garlands wreath
Immortal blooms to deck his grave,
And Christ his soul receive.

THE SENTINEL'S DREAM OF HOME.

THIS dead of night, nor voice nor sound
Breaks on the stillness of the air,
The waning moon goes coldly down
On frozen fields and forests bare.
The solemn stars are glittering high,
While here my lonely watch I keep,
To guard the brave with anxious eye,
Who sweetly dream and soundly sleep.

Perchance of home these sleepers dream,
Of sainted ones no longer here,

Whose mystic forms low bend unseen,
And breathe soft whispers in his ear.
Sleep on, sleep on, my comrades brave,
Quaff deep tonight of pleasure's cup,
Ere morning's crimson banners wave,
And "reveille" shall rouse them up.

The sportive winds and waves tonight
Seem tired of their boist'rous play,
And armed ships, with signal lights
And bristling guns, before me lay.
But not of ships nor battle fields,
With clash of arms and roll of drums—
To softer scenes my spirit yields—
Tonight a sweeter vision comes.

It is thine own beloved one
Whose kiss I feel, whose smile I see;
Oh! God protect that wife at home,
Begirt with growing infancy.
Tonight, tonight, I'm with you there,
Around my knees fond children gather,
And climb, the envied kiss to share,
Amidst the sounds of "Husband," "Father."

Such thoughts my eyes with moisture fill,
My bosom heaves, my pulses start;
Close down I'll press my gun, to still
The wild emotions of my heart.
Hush pleading one, I cannot stay,
The spoiler comes with fiendish wrath,
Black ruins mark his bloody way,
And blazing homes have lit his path.

"Go, husband, go! God nerve thy blows,
Their footsteps foul blot from our shore,
Strike 'till our land is free from foes
Whose hands are stained with Southern gore.
Strike, husband, strike! I'd rather weep
The widow of a patriot brave,
Than lay my heart (I'd scorn to sleep),
Beside a subjugated slave.

Thy woman's soul is true and grand,
The battle-field my home shall be,
Until our country'll proudly stand,
Acknowledged as a nation free;
'Till then, yes! welcome fields of strife—
The victor's shout, the vanquish'd's cry,
Where ebbs the crimson stream of life—
Where quick and dead together lie;

'Mid bursting shell and squadron's dash,
Where broken ranks disordered fly—
Where angry cannon's flash on flash
Paints hell upon the lurid sky;
Where many a brave shall sink to rest,
And fondly cherished hopes will set,
And blood that warms the manly breast,
Will dim the glist'ning bayonet.

When these are past, and victory's sun
In undim'd splendor lights the skies,
And peace by dauntless valor won,
And proudly free our banner flies:
Then to my western prairie home
With eager haste each nerve shall strain,
Nor from its hallow'd precincts roam,
Unless my country calls again.

There unalloyed shall be our bliss;
We'll watch the sun give morning birth,
And sinking, leave his parting kiss
Upon the dewy lip of earth.

* * * * *

The moon has waxed and waned away;
The Morning Star rides pale and high,
Fond dreams of home no longer stay,
But fade like stars on morning sky.

THOMAS E. HOGG.

THE underlying philosophy of biographical history is simple. It is not dissimilar in the individual cases from that which aggregates the total. Character and the incidents of an individual life, and their relation to an influence upon us, are the salient features which differentiate one life from another. As will be seen, the subject of this sketch fills no mean place in the literary galaxy of the State.

Gen. Joseph L. Hogg, the father of Thos. E., was a man of public life in time of peace and a soldier in time of war. He became a citizen of Nacogdoches county, as early as 1841. Having filled many places of public trust and honor up to the time of the war between the States, he directed his services now to organizing and drilling companies for the field of battle. He fell in the sanguinary struggle at Corinth, bearing the honors of a brigadier general, which he had gallantly won.

Thos. E. Hogg was born at Nacogdoches, on the 19 of June, 1842, and four years later, when peace with Mexico had been concluded, he became identified with the scenery and society of Cherokee, his father having become a citizen of that county. It was here, cradled in the lap of affection, wandering at will and alone—his brothers being too small for companions, for he was the oldest of them living—among the romantic hills about his "Mountain Home" that he caught the inspiration of poesy, as he sang in after years:—

Unresting from the morning dawn
'Till day's bright torch had waned and gone,
With my own thoughts communing;
'Twas nothing strange that I should find
A friend with gentle touch and kind
My youthful heart a-tuning.

At seventeen, like most boys of that age, he manifested a restlessness under home discipline—which was more than ordinarily strict—and expressed a desire for freedom. The wise and prudent father, ever watchful and desirous of keeping the moulding of the mind in his own plastic hand, yielded to the wish of his child, and permitted him to accompany a trusted friend—Judge A. J. Hood—to his home, in Weatherford, ostensibly to study law, but in reality to give his fiery spirit more latitude. Here, in 1860, he joined a company of volunteers, who went out against the Indian depredators of that region, under Col. John B. Baylor. Of this campaign he gives an amusing account under the pen name “Peter Gift.”

In 1861, he wrote his father from Weatherford: “Capt. Jordan is raising a company in this and adjoining counties. I have enlisted, but fear he will not be received by the State. If he is not, and I do not get to go under State authority, I will go whether mustered in or not.”

When his father requested him to come home and go with a company forming there, he wrote! “If I thought I could reach Cherokee before the departure of her troops, nothing would afford me more pleasure, as I would prefer going with friends, though I can *only serve my country* in either case, for I know that fun is the last on a soldier’s list.” But the troops were to organize at Dallas, where he met and joined the chivalry of old Cherokee—friends who welcomed him with glad voices as he cast his lot with theirs, for they knew him to be brave and true; and though reared so tenderly, they felt that they could trust him for all that a proud young patriot and brave soldier could do. His comrades and commander say of him that he was void of fear, never flinching, and ever ready to answer “I” to calls for picked men for hard service. Although always with the foremost in battle, he was never wounded. His clothes, however, were pierced by the enemy’s balls, and at Brashier City, of which engagement he gives a graphic account

in his *Reminiscences of the War*, his horse was killed under him, he narrowly escaping death himself.

War's fearful thundering tones greeted him first at Elkhorn, and throughout that whole campaign, he was ever at his post. When the army crossed the Mississippi river, he went with his father's brigade as adjutant. After the death of his noble father at Corinth, he procured a transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department, Baylor's Texas Calvary Regiment. Soon after joining that army he was promoted to a captaincy for gallant conduct and commanded his company throughout all the fierce fighting in Louisiana.

When it was determined that Brasher City must be taken at all hazard, a detachment of picked men were ordered across the lake in canoes and sugar coolers to make an assault upon the fort from the rear, whilst General Tom Green held the enemy's attention across the bay from the front. General Green's guns boomed the signal for assault just as the devoted band of braves debarked.

Of this engagement, Hogg writes : "There is a charm in the uproar of battle more potent over the chivalric soul than home with all its comforts ; love with all its charms, or beauty with all her wiles. Major Hunter, with the bound of a lion, leaped upon the strand ; all followed his example ; and suddenly turning, he ordered the boats to be shoved adrift, tennnautless, and addressing his solders, said : ' 'Tis victory now or soldiers' graves ; my boys—forward ! ' On they rushed, without a pilot, through the briery swamps, guided only by the thunders of the beleaguered garrison. Just as Green was feeling like a Moses in view of the promised land, his soul sinking in despair, when all seemed lost, the furious yell of that daring band broke upon his ear, he looked—he saw the banner of his country borne aloft in the dread melee. Like one entranced he saw its crimson folds sink to the earth. It rose again ! Again it fell, again it was raised and on it went. He recognized the familiar shout of his chosen band ; he could distinguish the opposing columns

of musketry as the death rattle vacillated to and fro. He saw them in deadly strife commingle ! He saw his own brave bayonets clear the bristling ramparts ! He saw the cherished flag wave defiantly to the breeze, borne by friendly hands ! He saw the foeman's banner droop and in its stead float his own proud stars and bars ! He turned his noble brow to God, and with a heart too full for utterance, from his silent soul, he thanked his Maker for the victory."

"Soon after the termination of the war, and while on his return from a visit to relatives in Alabama, he came by Corinth for the purpose of finding and marking his honored father's grave ; and there, over the "hallowed spot where he had left his noble sire to rest," he caught the inspiration for his greatest poem. His heart was filled with bitterness to see "the mark of delving implements" which he learned was made by the conquering foe in search of treasure, and upon such wanton sacrilege he poured forth his wounded spirit's terrible wrath in verse. His friends have regretted that this poem was left out of his published collection."—W. E. Davis.

While visiting friends in Mississippi, he met Miss A. E. McMath, to whom he was married July 12, 1866. Shortly after this event, I find him fairly starting out in life at the *Old Mountain Home*, of which he sings :—

The hush of death is in thy halls ;
Ah, yes ! the death that now enthalls
The heart that made thee bright ;
And I alone, of all the band
That 'round thy hearth joined heart and hand,
Am left with thee tonight.

Possessing uncommon literary attainments, having devoted, with assiduity, his early youth to the great authors whom he still loved as he did his land of *Dreams*—of which he says :—

Dreams are the souls ambrosial cheer,
Sweet crumbs of bliss by angels given,
That, 'mid the pain and sorrow here,
Poor man may have a taste of Heaven—.

It cost him a struggle to accept the hard realities of life, and to stem the tide of poverty that rushed in like an angry flood upon our desolated land at the close of the war. He writes :—

But friendship, with officious care,
Oft whispers in my heedless ear
"O, Muse, that I eschew thee !
That sorrow's frown the way attends,
And thriftless want the journey ends
Of him who dares to woo thee !

They'd have me frown upon thy smile,
Arm me with cunning craft and guile
And toil to grasp and gather ;
But while within my humble home
One ray of fortune deigns to come,
Will cherish one another.

We'll let who will his hopes condense
To that mean focus, pounds and pence,
And worth compute by dollars."

* * * * *

His heart was ever filled with the principle which dictated his beautiful poem, *Deceive Not*.

In 18—, he was elected Judge of Cherokee county; but he was turned out of office by Gov. E. J. Davis. The order being revoked, he resumed his official position.

In 1872, he moved to Denton, and soon surrounded himself with friends, and in 1876 was elected County Judge of Denton county.

His poetical fires having been stifled for a time, did not cripple his ambition; for while he strove to be useful as a citizen, he was earnestly striving to accumulate a sufficiency for his interesting little family, that he might turn again to his silent harp and tune it perhaps for bolder and grander flights of minstrelsy. But death ended his song on the 27th of September, 1880.

As a Christian, he was very devout, and he gave the tenth of

all he made to charity. and had a charity fund—and this fund, at his death, held several notes against him, so careful was he to keep a correct account of this tithe. As a devoted husband, father, and brother; friend, citizen, and poet, the too early death of Mr. Hogg is long to be regretted.

Yet though—
The pen that genius wielded long
The talisman of wit and song
Hath writ its ending page,—

he is not dead; for he has woven for himself

A garland bright
Whose freshness will outlive the night
Of death, and bloom amid the blight
Of sepulchers.

Many of his best poems were omitted in his published work, some of which possess a high order of merit, and should not be lost to the literary world.

In 1873, his poems were collected and published under the title of *The Fate of Marvin, and Other Poems*, bearing the imprint of E. H. Cushing, Houston, Texas. This volume contains many poetic gems, and had a large number of readers. It has been impossible for me to make extracts from all his worthy poems. I have used every means to indicate his true place both as a citizen and as a literarian. I end my sketch of Mr. Hogg by quoting one of his favorite poems—*The Furloughed Soldier* :—

THIS furlough came—the soldiers hied
Back to his native land—
“God speed you well!” his comrades cried,
“May weal and joy with you abide,”
As each one shook his hand.

“Farewell, my friends—proud land, farewell !
Proud land, despite thy foes—

Though battle's fiery billows swell
Upon thee, and the hosts of hell
Assail thee, still thy glory's spell
Will rise above thy woes."

With step well trained in Stonewall's corps
He measures off the miles ;
While scene on scene from days of yore,
Long treasured deep in memory's store,
His solitude beguiles.

Now Hope her gilded crayon takes,
And paints upon his soul
A holy dream of bliss that makes
His pace increase, while Fancy slakes
Her thirst at Cupid's bowl.

Ah ! none shall of my coming hear
My home I'll reach tonight ;
And when sleep chains my Helen's ear,
And in her breast drowns ev'ry care,
I'll steal on tiptoe light ;
And take my station at her side,
And read the fairy dreams that glide
Among her features bright.

"Methinks I hear my brother's call
To halt me as I tread the hall,
With cat-step through the gloom ;
Too young for war, yet true and well
I ween he stands a sentinel
Around my hearth and home."

* * * * *

The gate is reached—back to its hinge
It moves—the walk is past ;
Nor heeded scarce its verdant fringe,
Ere near the threshold, with a cringe
He stands—his heart beats fast.

Another step !—with dizzy head
He stands within the door—

“Who’s there !” calls out as from the dead
A voice—“who’s there !” the echo said ;
The answer was a stealthy tread
Advancing on the floor.

“Who’s there, I say !” pealed forth again
The voice, in wilder mood ;
“Speak, or you die !” the threat’ning strain
Came now with all the speaker’s main,
But mute the soldier stood.

A click !—a flash !—a gun !—a groan !—
“Quick, sister, light the lamp !”
“Ah, mercy !” said a voice—’twas known—
“My brother !” “Oh, my husband own !”
They seized the clay, but life had flown—
His brow was chill and damp !

They fell upon the warrior’s form,
The brother and the wife !
But he who’d faced the battle’s storm
Was cold, nor could their sighing warm
His pulseless heart to life !



MRS. GEN. SAM HOUSTON.

THE name of Mrs. Houston had acquired an attractive sound to my ear before I read a line from her pen. She did not show her genius in her first productions. Genius never blazes forth at once in its noon-day splendor. Bryant may have written remarkable verse at sixteen, and Pope may have lisped in numbers at five, but I am sure that neither Shakspeare nor Milton, Goethe nor Schiller achieved their greatness without long and continued training. The evolution of genius demands a continued and never-ceasing struggle. None can be developed without it, and the more powerful the greater the throes of parturition. Mrs. Houston's poetry is serious and aims at riveting our affections at once. She conceives poetry to be the language of imagination and passion, and hinges on that which gives immediate pleasure or pain. She sees poetry in everything in nature in all its grandeur and simplicity. Hazlet says: "We shape things according to our own wishes and fancies without poetry; but poetry is the most emphatic language that can be found for those creations of the mind which ecstasy is very cunning in." Poetry, according to Lord Bacon, has something divine in it, because it raises the mind and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things as reason and history do.

Mrs. Houston has not been called a poet of the loftiest enthusiasm, of the strongest imagination, but she has a passionate sense of the beauties of nature and a deep insight into the workings of the heart; with a quick tact for propriety of thought and manners as established by the forms and customs of society; a sympathy with the sentiments and habitude of



MRS. GEN. SAM HOUSTON.

human life, as she felt them within the circle of illustrious friends.

Margaret Lea was born near Marion, Alabama, April 11, 1819. Her young mind was trained under her father's eyes until her thirteenth year, when she was placed at school at Pleasant Valley Seminary, the most popular school of that State. While a pupil of that school, her genius rapidly developed, and she showed a remarkable talent for general literature. She developed such aptness for literary knowledge that her teacher said to her parents: "Maggie will take her place in the galaxy of the great and learned writers of the day." She was already the brightest star in the circle of the rich and poor.

She first met Gen. Houston in 1839. While he and his staff were stopping a few days in Mobile, Col. M. A. Lea, her brother, invited the General and staff to take tea with him. They accepted the courteous invitation, and thus he was brought into contact with the lady who was to be his wife. This was in the sweet month of May, the season for fruits and flowers, and when all nature is alive with teeming and bustling life, and our natures are filled with love. Eyes met eyes, mind met mind, and heart met heart—there was a marriage of their souls. One year from that time (May, 1840) Gen. Houston returned to claim the fulfillment of the plighted vows.

We here add a sketch of Mrs. Houston's life from the able pen of Wm. Carey Crane, D. D., LL. D., late President of Baylor University:

"In her twenty-first year (1840) she was married to Gen. Sam Houston, then President of the Republic of Texas, and shared with him in all the fatigues of public life in Texas, through the checkered scenes of that wonderful man's life. Her influence upon her husband, both before and after his conversion; her devotion to the Bible; her faithfulness and success in instructing her children in religious truths; her abiding interest in all the great enterprises of Christian zeal; her faithful support of the ministry; her constant attendance upon Divine

service; her abstinence from all the fashionable follies incident to public life—her trials, her sorrows, her sufferings, her joys and successes—deservedly rank her with the noble women who shared the toils and hardships and religious enthusiasm of Judson and Boardman. The wife of a great statesman and general—a giant among men—she still felt that the highest honor on earth was to be a Christian. She was a Bible Christian. Few persons were more conversant with its precious contents. She was a woman of genius, and there are many specimens of her poetic power, reaching back to her childhood days, which claim for her a sure place among the poetic minds of the South. Four sons and four daughters survive her.”

Mrs. Houston died at her home in Independence, Texas, in 1867. She was a lady of great fortitude, and of remarkable moral courage. During a dark period of the Texas Republic, Texas was threatened with an invasion from Mexico. The intelligence spread the deepest alarm throughout the country. All along the western borders families were seen flying from their habitations toward the interior. The public mind was stirred by the wildest apprehensions. Everybody knew the provocation that had been given to the enemy. The follies and the disasters of the Santa Fe expedition seemed but a prelude to another Goliad or Alamo. The coast was without protection, and no army concentrated to march on the invaders. Houston called an extra session of Congress to consider the state of the country and to devise means for national defense. They debated and legislated without much formality or delay, for the impression was general that if anything was to be done it had better be done quickly. Their deliberations ended in passing a bill which invested Houston with dictatorial powers, and appropriated ten millions of acres of the public domain to carry on a campaign. Apprehension had been felt, while the bill was under debate, that Houston would veto it. The excitement was intense; the capital was filled with angry and desperate men. Their noisy clamor spread over the country.

All sorts of accusations were brought against Houston. He was told that his life would pay the forfeit if he vetoed the bill. But in the midst of all this storm, Houston was calm and cheerful. He stationed no guard around his house ; he had no spies on the alert ; he did not inquire what was done on the streets. His wife reposed with perfect confidence upon his character, and she calmly and confidently sustained him by her placid and intellectual conversation. Long after the lights had been extinguished through the town, and sullen, desperate armed men were gathered in secret meetings to plot and counterplot, the gay voice of his wife, mingled with the tones of the harp and the piano, was heard coming forth from the open windows of Houston's dwelling. When this dark cloud fell over the path of Houston, he buried his sorrows in the flowing bowl, and gave himself up to the enchantress. But the smiles of an affectionate and devoted wife snatched him from her folds and brought the wanderer back to the pure charities of home, and saved to the State its noblest citizen. The pages of history are illustrated by accounts of her noble acts.

I get the above illustrations of her moral heroism partly from the *Life of Sam Houston*, by C. Edward Lester ; I am also indebted to her sister, Mrs. Roberts, for valuable assistance in preparing this meagre outline of her life and history. Mrs. Houston ranks among the great and good, and did much to mold the Texan mind and life during her lifetime ; and few names will be honored with a larger credit than that of Margaret Lea Houston.

TO MY HUSBAND—DECEMBER, 1844.

NEAREST, the cloud hast left thy brow,
The shade of thoughtfulness, of care
And deep anxiety ; and now
The sunshine of content is there.

Its sweet return with joy I hail :
And never may thy country's woes
Again that hallow'd light dispel,
And may thy bosom's calm repose.

God hath crown'd thy years of toil
With fruition; and I pray
That on the harvest still His smile
May shed its ever gladdening ray.

Thy task is done ! another eye
Than thine must guard thy country's weal :
And oh, may wisdom from on high
To him the one true path reveal !

Where'erst was spread the mighty waste,
Of waters fathoms deep, and far
O'er earth thick dardness reigned, unchased
By ray of sun or moon or star,—

God bade the gloomy deep recede,
And so young earth rose on His view !
Swift at His word, the waters fled,
And darkness spread its wings and flew.

The same strong arm hath put to flight
Our country's foes, the ruthless band
That swept in splendid pomp and might
Across our fair and fertile land.

The same Almighty hand hath raised
On these wild plains a structure fair :
And well may wondering nations gaze
At aught so marvelous and rare.

Thy task is done. The holy shade
Of calm retirement waits thee now ;
The lamp of hope relit hath shed
Its sweet refulgence o'er thy brow.

Far from the busy haunts of men
Oh may thy soul each fleeting hour
Upon the breath of prayer descend
To him who rules with love and power !

AN EVENING RAMBLE.

’T WAS evening, and the mild autumnal sun,
With varied hues had tinged the western sky;
Lovely eve ! contemplation’s sweetest hour,
When memory dwells on days long, long gone by.

At such an hour, midst nature’s wild wood scenes,
I’d wandered from the cold and heartless throng,
Who seek the haunts of mirth, while down the stream
Of life they swift and thoughtless glide along.

A deep and solemn stillness reigned unbroken,
Save by the rustling of the falling leaf
Whose faded hues too plainly spoke decay
All else was sunk in silence,—but ’twas brief;—

For soon upon the gentle whispering breeze,
Was borne a soft and melancholy strain,
E’en now imagination’s magic power,
Recalls these ne’er forgotten words again.

Farewell, thou bright delusive dream,
Which o’er my path thy lustre shed,
Vision of bliss that brightly gleamed,
Alas ! thou’rt gone, forever fled.

Alone I roam upon the earth
Without one friend or kindred tie,
Far from the spot that gave me birth,
In a foreign land I sigh.

Ah ! what is childhood’s home to me,
With all its loved hills and groves,
Among those haunts of infancy
The indifferent stranger roves.

Yet, once a tender mother’s smile
Kindly cheered me on my way ;

A father's love my cares beguiled,
But now, alas ! "where are they?"

Stranger, behold yon silent mound,
Where waves the rank grass tall,
There, beneath that hallowed ground,
Is deposited my all.

There, when the pensive twilight throws,
O'er the earth her deepning gloom,
The lonely wanderer breathes his woes,
And bewails his early doom.

Ah ! one by one my childish joys,
Soon have fled like "summer friends,"
Who quickly heeding fortune's voice,
Seek the fleeting bliss she lends.

Yet, murmur not, poor wearied one,
For thee, e'en thee, there's rest ;
Be still, my heart, the grave shall soon
Shield me from chilling blast.

And though around my peaceful tomb,
No lamenting friends appear,
There the wild rose shall sweetly bloom,
Unnourished by friendship's tear.

I listened—but the voice had passed away,
Those sweet and mournful strains were heard no more ;
Like fleeting dreams of childhood's joyous day
They passed—and all was silent as before.



NETTIE POWER HOUSTON.

AS the youngest daughter of Gen. Sam Houston, and holds title to an honorable place among the Texas writers. She was born in the State her father made great, and her youthful life was passed among scenes characteristically Texan, and the ups and downs of this life is made up of perpetual variations between luxury and penury, and that shifty life of expedients which quickens the wits, and out of which perhaps its victims, whose disappointment we lament so much, get a degree of excitement, pleasurable as well as painful, which makes them much less miserable than we imagine.

In very early life Miss Nettie began to write and publish her poems, and was soon surrounded by a lively group of admiring friends, of whom it has been said: "They sought their inspiration from her pen." Her earliest productions were surprises and revelations to the public.

In 1871, Turnbull Brothers, Baltimore, announced a volume of her poems, but from some cause, not known to the public, the book has never appeared. In 1878, she was married to Prof. W. L. Bringham, at that time professor in the Texas Military Institute at Austin, and at present (May, 1885) of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Bryan, Texas.

Mrs. Bringham has long been a great favorite of the people of Texas. They have always delighted to honor her, and everything that she has written has been received with pride, and stored away as a treasure of rare beauty.

When she published her earliest poems, many were ready to give praise and encouragement; but when she published *A Garnered Memory*, *Little Babies*, *Hanging up the Stocking*, and *Love Dreams* in quick succession, all were ready to pay homage to her genius.

Her charming little poem—*Little Babies*—has been copied more extensively, perhaps, than anything she has published, and ranks among her best poems.

In the production of this poem the spirit of poetry seems not only to have seized upon her feelings, but to have absorbed all the powers of her intellect; and hence, in the breathing forth of her numbers, there is little of the "earth earthly," and she sees little babies everywhere. Indeed, from the poetic tinge, which colors all of her writings, particularly her earliest productions, there can be no doubt that her genius was such as would have lead to the highest degree of excellence in any department of poetry to which she might have devoted her exalted intellect.

The intrinsic merit of her poems, in this volume, will commend them to every reader capable of appreciating a pure and exalted poetic vein.

Her poem, *The Veterans' Re-Union*, is one of pure delight. She held these heroes in such veneration, and regarded their great and heroic deeds with such admiration, that she was never happier than when composing verses to their memory.

Mrs. Bringhurst inherited her poetic genius from her mother, who wrote some exquisite gems of poetry and, whose life and poems appear in this volume. The poems of the mother and daughter are as different as it is possible for them to be, and there appears little "brotherhood of song." With one or two exceptions, they are totally unlike in sentiment or imagery, and do not impress one as being from minds akin. Those of the mother were penned amidst hours of luxuriant ease, and in the decline of life. Those of the daughter were composed when her heart was buoyant

"And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek
While the future look'd blooming and gay."

She has had her disappointments, as most do; and her struggles without means to accomplish her literary desires were

bitter, but she has lived through them, and although she writes little now that the public ever sees, the fire still burns within her, and when the public demands of her her rhyme, she will wield her pen to gratify the demand.

I have selected for this volume Mrs. Bringhurst's best known poems—*A Garnered Memory*, *Little Babies* and *The Veterans' Re-Union*. There was such a number of good poems to select from, that the task of selection was rendered very difficult. They are very popular, and will have many admirers.

LITTLE BABIES.

HERE are babies all about us—
Babies fresh, and sweet, and fair,
Made for seeing, loving, kissing,
Little babies everywhere.
Who on earth can fail to love them?
God's fair sunbeams stolen in.
Bless the little sinless babies!
Innocent, though born in sin.

We can see them all around us,
In the house and on the street;
Watch their rosy, dimpling faces,
Hear their busy hands and feet.
Little babies, whose rich garments
Bear wealth's impress o'er and o'er,
Little babies—poor men's treasures—
Rollicking upon the floor.

Little black-eyed bonny babies,
Brimming full of fun and glee;
Little blue-eyed sunny babies,
There's no prettier sight to see.
If my arms were only stronger,
So the wee ones wouldn't fall,
I could kiss them by the dozen,
Little babies, one and all.

Yes, the world is full of babies,
Some that just can coo and smile,
Some that dance, and laugh and chatter,
Bright and happy all the while.
Some have learned to think and reason,
And can speak in baby-talk ;
Some, whose little limbs are stronger,
Have essayed alone to walk.

Little babies have their trials,
So they sometimes sob and wail ;
Telling, if we could divine it,
Many a sad, heart-rending tale.
'Tis a part of human nature,
To ask sympathy in woe,
And with little baby-sorrows,
Grown folks shouldn't grumble so.

Heaven's choice blessings are the babies,
Blessings not denied the poor ;
For the little wandering angels
Steal in at the humblest door.
Earth is never wholly fallen,
While these rays from God's own smile
Say, in silence, something better
Is behind us all the while.

There are many little babies
Who have crossed the river o'er,
Some whose life-barques were too frail,
Perished on an earthly shore.
Little snowy, waxen babies,
With their tiny hands at rest,
Little buds, too frail to blossom,
Save in mansions of the blest.

Ah, 'tis much we owe to babies,
For they fill our lives with light,
Their bright faces and sweet laughter
Scatter all of sorrow's night.

Little hearts, all unsuspecting,
Of the paths our feet have trod,
In their simple might possessing
Power to lead us all to God.

A GARNERED MEMORY.

† HERE is a blessed memory,
Embalmed with my love and tears,
That, buried deeply, tenderly,
Has hallowed my heart for years.
'Tis a bright, but a sad, sad vision
That hovers before my gaze,
Bringing me all of the treasures
I lost with my childhood days.

'Twas a winter evening hazy,
The cares of the day were done.
And the troop of merry school girls,
Came home in the setting sun ;
My weary feet on the threshold,
I stored all my books away,
Tossed off my gloves and my bonnet,
To rest with the dying day.

My mother sat in the twilight,
Musing and dreaming alone ;
Her face, in the fire-light shadows,
With a calm, sweet glory shone.
I knew of what she was dreaming,
I had studied her features so,
That I told by their softened meaning
When she thought of the long ago.

I threw back my dark hair's tresses,
And sitting child-like at her feet,
Asked my mother to tell me the story
To her memory treasured and sweet.

Her blessed blue eyes grew wistful,
She thought of my father now,
And a look of deep loving and longing
Crept over her lips and her brow.

The glimpses of light through the window
Strayed lovingly over her hair,
The daylight seemed yearning to bless her,
And lingered caressingly there;
There never was hair like my mother's,
'Twas jet in a setting of gold,
Like midnight asleep, in rich masses,
With daylight awake on each fold.

"No wonder my father so loved you,"
I mused, looking up in her face,
For motherhood, freighted with trial,
Had not stolen her beauty and grace;
Her dress was the deepest of mourning,
And her hands were so waxen and white
I thought of the pure snowy blossom,
That open their petals at night.

Then she told me, in tones like low music,
The story that measured her life,
Her girlhood, its beauty, its triumphs,
E'er the love-crown had made her a wife—
And she painted a picture so vivid,
I fancied it dawned on my view,
Of the evening my father first met her,
When the old life was lost in the new.

She told how her dress, white and spotless,
And the curls of her dark flowing hair,
How her blue eyes, her fresh simple beauty,
Chained her heart in a lifetime of snare.
She told me the scene of betrothal,
In a beauteous garden of flowers,
Of the lovely, enchanted Bay City,
Where glided her girlhood's bright hours.


Then she pictured the eve of her bridal,
When, leaving behind every tie,

She followed her heart's chosen ruler,
To dwell 'neath a far distant sky.
Then my mother's sweet face kindled proudly,
And she said, in a low, earnest voice,
"When I married your father, my daughter,
Of the whole world, I wedded my choice."

The shadows of night were around us,
The story had closed with the day,
But the words of my mother still lingered
Like the echo when songs die away.
Long I dreamed o'er the words she had spoken,
Of the love and the pride in her voice,
And I said to myself, "Earth were heaven,
If each woman had married her choice."

THE VETERANS' RE-UNION.

186—MARCH 2—1875.

 BAND of patriots tried and true,
Whose locks are turning gray,
Among these old historic scenes,
Gather themselves today.

My fancy steals into their midst,
With step so hushed and low;
I seem to hear their speaking hearts,
Beside the Alamo.

The tide of years sweeps by unfelt,
With all life's care and pain;
Texas belongs to Mexico
And they are boys again.

The proud desire, the dreams of youth,
Stir all their veins once more,
As memory proudly points her hand
To valiant deeds of yore.

Again they see a mighty host,
From out the distance loom ;
'Tis Santa Anna and his men,
And nearer still they come.

They watch the sun still lower sink,
The field all dyed in blood ;
They plant their proud, victorious feet
Where late their foes had stood.

Texas is now a Mother State,
Her sons are statesmen, too ;
No fields are half so fair as hers,
No skies are half so blue."

Yet still I see a softened shade
Upon their features spread,
They lower their voices, for they fell
'Tis hallowed ground they tread.

They pause above the sleeping dead,
Our heroes lying low ;
The men who fought and bled and died,
To save the Alamo.

I do not call one deathless name,
Of all that gallant band ;
Each one a hero proudly died,
Fearless in heart and hand.

I feel their proud fire in my veins,
My heart throbs fierce and high !
My pulses thrill like those of men,
Who do not fear to die.

I learn to yearn as they have yearned,
For dreams that could not last ;
I almost feel as they have felt,
The glory of the Past.

That was a day worth living for, boys !
'Twas April—let me see—

Yes, 'twas the glorious twenty-first
That made our country free!

We fought half-fed, we fought half-clad;
But oh! we fought like men!
And, comrades, it was grand
To be a soldier then!

The San Jacinto river told
The story to the sea,
And Europe, listening from afar,
Proclaimed young Texas free.

And over sea and over land,
Her beauty shone afar,
And lords and princes came to view
The young Republic's star.

And now, it is so long ago!
And after all our stars,
The star we placed upon her brow,
Is one of many stars.

Our boys themselves are bearded men,
The dream all fades away,
And yet but yesterday it seems
We were as young as they.

Texas, my own, my native State,
Would I could see thee now
In all thy pristine beauty bright—
The Lone Star on thy brow!

A band of heroes, on whose brows
Time's touch has turned to snow—
God bless them all!—are met to-day
Beside the Alamo.

JAMES H. HUTCHINS.

AMONG the number of those whose Muse has been silent except when touched by grief or joy, or moved by some special occasion, is Mr. Hutchins. "Though gifted for musical utterance by nature and culture, the allurements of domestic life too fully met the wants of his nature, happy beyond the need of poetic utterance."

Mr. Hutchins was born in Newbern, North Carolina, in September of 1813. He was educated in the University of that State, graduating in 1835. He has been a citizen of Texas since 1849, and most of that time his home has been in Austin. From 1860 to 1865, he held the position of Calculator in the General Land Office, and from 1874 to the present time (1885) he has held the same official connection with that department. During all this time he never forsook the wooing of the Muses, and has given to the world, now and then, through the medium of newspapers, some of the fruits of his wooing.

Mr. Hutchins' longest poems, *My Native Town*, occupies nearly a thousand lines. It is his most ambitious attempt and is musical throughout. He introduces it to the reader by these lines :—

No time suffices to efface,
The hallowed memories of the place,
That gave us birth—where e'er we roam,
How far so e'r from childhood's home,
And be our fortune what it will,
All bright with joy or dark with ill,
And though the years be counted o'er,—
Long years of absence by the score,
While memory lives, it haunts the sod,
By our own feet it childhood trod,—
While throbs the heart in yearning tends,
To childhood's scenes and childhood's friends—

One of Mr. Hutchins' best poems, and one among his most highly prized, he calls *A Dirge*. This poem was composed February 1, 1862. On that day the remains of Hon. John Hemphill, Confederate States Senator, and those of Gen. Hugh McLeod, of the Confederate army, having been brought from Richmond, Va., were interred at Austin, Texas. It was a cold, wet day, and a light sleet was falling at the time of the interment. A short time previous, the remains of Col. Benj. F. Terry and those of Lieut. Col. T. S. Lubbock (both late of the Terry Rangers) had been transferred from Kentucky and interred at Houston. I quote the poem complete:—

TOLL! toll! toll!
Let solemn chimes and slow,
Tell out a Nation's woe;
A hero's head
In death lies low;
Ring out the trembling throes,
A land's full heart o'erflows
As winds the pull,
To that dread hall
Where all earth's dead repose.—

A patriot soul has fled—
The noble Terry's dead,
That gallant chief
To glory wed—
For him the trump in vain,
Shall wake its martial strain,
And warlike steed
No more he'll need,
Nor warrior blade, or train—

When sank the hero low,
He nobly wooed the blow,
And proudly fell,
Charging the foe.
Now shall he sweetly rest,

By every patriot blest,
And age to age
Shall storied page
His valor high attest.

Toll! toll! toll!
Again, ye mournful bells,
Toll out your solemn knells,
And echoes wake
In far off dells:
Sad notes ye well may pour,
Another warrior o'er—
Brave Lubbock sleeps—
His country weeps,
That he shall wake no more.

No more his flashing eye,
Shall foeman proud defy—
His sword no more
He'll wave on high,
And dashing on, strike home,
Where deep-mouthed cannons boom,
And band with band,
Close hand to hand—
To combat gives quick doom—

To him is hushed war's blast—
He sheathes his sword at last,
And yields to death,
A life well passed—
Green shall his memory be,
While Texan hearts are free,
Or warrior souls,
On deathless rolls,
Win fame's eternity.

Toll! toll! toll!
Once more ye grief-bells moan,
And wailful sounds intone,
O'er noble t'wain,
Forever gone!—
Hemphill, the statesman just,

And brave McLeod are dust—
Lo ! both are here,
On honored bier,
Each snatched from lofty trust—

With muffled drums we go,
And hearts oppressed with woe,
Bearing them on,
To home so low.
As if it mourned their doom,
The day is draped in gloom,
When statesman grave,
And warrior brave,
Together seek a tomb.

One fell with war steed near,
And one in Senate's sphere,
Yet each alike,
To country dear.
Both patriots, tried and true,
Peers of the noble few,
Whose fame is bright
With golden light
The circling ages through.

Mr. Hutchins has reared a large and prosperous family. He has lived to see his sons occupy prominent positions in life's station. His married life has extended over forty years, and peace and plenty have always blessed that union. One of his happiest poems was addressed to his wife on completing the fortieth year of their married life.

Lucre's Dying Advice to His Son is a fair specimen of Mr. Hutchin's best poems. I give it preference :—

THE death-dew, son, is on my brow,
And fast life's tide is ebbing now,
Yet e're I go, come, bend you near
That my last whispers you may hear.

Some pious souls will prate of sin,
If you attempt great wealth to win ;

Don't mind them, boy, but money make,
In spite of heads that at you shake.
For don't the wise man bid you turn,
And from the ant a lesson learn?
And from the bee, too, may'nt you draw,
That hoarding is great Nature's law?
But these, my son, the bee and ant,
They store their wealth 'gainst winter's want,
Whilst need of thine is as thy time:
'Twill serve thee well through all thy prime,
Through middle age and life's decline:
'Twill buy thee corn and oil and wine.
'Twill be to thee, far more than brother,
Than father, sister, wife or mother,
Have this for friend, thou'lt need no other;
Then money get, my son, my son,
For all else good's by money won.

Be honest, too, my son, you will
But judge yourself what's honest, still.
Let your own conscience be your light,
Nor heed what squeamish folks call right.
What's right and wrong you ought to know,
Then why to others need you go?
They can but say, 'tis right to trade,
When twice or thrice is back repaid,
And wrong to vend at price so low,
That handsome profit you forego.
Then buy you low, sell high, nor spend
One cent that serves no useful end.
Sound maxims these of honest thrift—
All others to a poor-house drift.


Give urgent beggars such rebuff,
One call on you, they'll deem enough;
For, taxes you must pay, be sure,
To taxes then should look the poor.
And things got up for "public good,"
Don't waste your money on that brood,
But, now and then, 'twill do to spare,
A trifle to a ball or fair;
For, crowds, you know, do these attend,
And fools in town their money spend,

So, when there's chance to be repaid,
The giving card may well be played.

You'll go to church on Sunday, too,
When you have nothing else to do,
'Tis quite becoming—looks so well,
It makes a man respectable ;
And of the many churches choose,
(But never one that rents its pews)
And put your name upon its roll ;
You'll find it cheapest on the whole,
For, beggars all, they'll crowd your door,
To build them houses—feed their poor ;
To print them Bibles, tracts, and send
The gospel to the wide world's end.
But if of all, you've chosen one,
The rest are at your mercy, son,
For you can quote them, when they come,
That "charity begins at home,"—
Can tell them how your flock's your care,
And needs far more than you can spare,
And till its wants are all supplied,
All other calls must be denied.
Thus of all churches not your own,
The beggar claims, you can disown,
But when your own goes on a raid,
Though you bemoan dull times and trade,
As 'twould seem mean just then to bluff,
Throw in a dollar—'tis enough—
And watch you then to turn a Jack,
That quick again shall win it back.

This plan's a good one, son, I know,
Forty years I've found it so ;
Though all that time, with name enrolled,
A church has had me in its fold,
And thanks to—well, to my good sense,
I'm this near heaven at small expense.
Now try the plan, my son, I've tried,
And save your money and"—he died !

ROBERT JOSSELYN.

 R. JOSSELYN was born in Massachusetts, 1810, educated in Vermont, and admitted to the bar at Winchester, Virginia, 1831. He then immigrated to Mississippi, where he practiced law, served in the Legislature, was District Attorney, and for a while engaged in journalism. He entered the Mexican War as private in First Mississippi Rifles, with Col. Jefferson Davis, but was appointed Captain and Commissary by President Polk. At the expiration of term of service he resigned; was State Commissioner of Mississippi 1850 to 1858; and in Treasury Department, Washington, 1860, but resigned when Mississippi seceded. President Davis appointed him his private secretary at Montgomery, but he resigned after one year's service, on account of ill health, and was made Secretary of Arizona Territory, as organized under the Confederacy. Since the war he has resided in Texas, at Austin. His published works are *The Faded Flower and Other Poems*, Boston, 1848; *A Satire on the Times*, St. Louis, 1875; and *The Coquette*, a drama in five acts, Austin, 1878. He is author of many fugitive poems, two of which—*The Girl with a Calico Dress* and *The Young Widow*—have kept their places in the newspapers for more than twenty-five years, though rarely credited to the author.

For some years Mr. Josselyn was connected with the *Democratic Statesman*, Austin. In 1878 he started a daily paper at Austin, but it fell through after a short life. His writings are generally upon questions of the day, and they are characterized by practical good sense; a compliment rarely to be paid to a man of so varied attainments.

January, 1883, when Hon. John Ireland was installed Gov-

ernor of Texas, Mr. Josselyn accepted a clerkship in the executive office, where he remained until his death, which occurred of pneumonia in 1884. He lived a bachelor—having never been married.

Mr. Josselyn had many admirers who delighted to call him the "Goldsmith of Texas."

The *Last Tear I Shed* is perhaps his best short poem, and richly deserves a place here, and a general recognition from the public. I take it from *Texas Scrap Book*. The *Satire on the Times* was originally published in the *Southern Review* edited by Dr. A. T. Bledsoe. I regret its length will prevent my including it in this volume as a completed whole. The reader will be compelled to accept detached parts. It is hoped, however, that these extracts will lead the reader to seek the poem and study well its many unsavory truths.

SATIRE ON THE TIMES.

ONE are the men of noble heart and brain,
The Great Republic's founders. And in vain
We scan the spreading Empire to behold
A single statesman of the days of old—
A single patriot, whose only aim
His country's welfare and an honest fame.
Corruption reigns. Assurance stalks abroad,
Defiant of the laws of man and God.
From high to low—if high and low there be,
Where scoundrels differ only in degree—
The deadly taint prevails; the putrid mass
But struggles, each the other to surpass
In crime and wantonness, till nature writhes
With pain, and wonders if aught good survives.
If Virtue lives, she shuns the public gaze,
In fear and sorrow spends the weary days,
With few to sympathize, and none to praise.

God help the land, so reprobate, so curst ;
When will His thunders on this Sodom burst ?
There was a time—how grand the scene appears
To muse historic, smiling through her tears !—
When heroes struggled for a place and name
Among the nations; and when glory came,
World-circling and undying; when arose
The young Republic, 'midst the pangs and throes
Of revolution, and the dormant right
Of Government by numbers, not by might,
Of largest liberty conjoined with law,
Asserted, struck earth's tyranny with awe.
The right maintained by bloody sacrifice,
And freedom won, the pearl above all price,
With reasonings, calm and strong, and high debates,
Was formed the love-bound union of the States—
Of sovereign States, co-equal and intact,
While Heaven's choicest blessings crowned the act.

Then commerce spread her snowy wings afar,
And kings and subjects honored stripe and star.
The husbandman received a full return
For toil and care ; what industry could earn,
By sturdy sinews and by sweat of brow,
Went not to pamper lazy thieves, as now.
No endless taxes ground the worthy poor
Till ghastly famine haunted at the door ;
Within was plenty, and around the board
Daily the happy family adored
Their Maker, thankful for the blessings given,
And had a foretaste of their future heaven.
Religion flourished, pure and undefiled,
As taught by Virgin Mary's God-full Child.
Devoted pastors guarded well their flocks,
Nor smeared with dirty politics their frocks ;
The mystery of godliness their pride,
And preaching Christ, the Savior, crucified.
Then marriage was esteemed a sacred tie,
And vows of love were not a honeyed lie ;
The seal of fond affection was for life,
And death alone divorced the man and wife.

Obedient children, stout and fair to view,
In goodly numbers round their parents grew—
Sure indication of a thriving State,
As lessening offspring show the coming fate.
Self-government was real—office sought
The man, not man the office, as it ought.

* * * * *

Sickened, we turn from rulers to the ruled—
Like mass and masters, save the crushed and fooled.
As base and wicked, else why not assert
Their manhood, and rise upward from the dirt
And filth of their condition? Why not be
Freemen in fact as well as theory?
Groveling, debauched, depraved, they only think
Of money-making and the dollar's clink;
Wealth, by all means of fraudulent deceit
In trade and fabrics, glorying in the cheat;
Poison in liquors, shoddy everywhere,
Swindling in all we drink and eat and wear;
Huge combinations to enhance the price
Of stocks and bonds, by every low device
To cunning known, or to depress the same
For purchase by the shufflers in the game.
To break a sacred trust, to bankrupt friends,
To use a public fund for private ends,
Defraud the revenue, or rob a bank,
Gives to the perpetrator fame and rank.

THE LAST TEAR I SHED.

THE last tear I shed was the warm one that fell
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee farewell;
When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy face,
And felt for the last time a mother's embrace,
And heard thy choked accent, most frantic and wild,
"God bless thee forever! God bless thee, my child!"


I thought of my boyhood, thy kindness to me,
When, youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee ;
Thy love to me ever so fondly expressed,
As I grew up to manhood, unconscious how blest ;
Thy praises when right, and thy chidings when wrong,
While wayward with passion, unheeding and strong.

I thought of thy counsels, unheaded or spurned,
As mirth had enlivened, or anger had burned,
And now, when by sickness I lay,
Thou didst nurse me and soothe me, by night and by day,
How much I had been both thy sorrow and joy,
And my feelings o'erflowed, and I wept like a boy.

Years, years of endurance have vanished, and now —
There is pain in my heart, there is care on my brow,
The visions of fancy and hope are all gone,
And cheerless I travel life's pathway alone.
Alone? Aye, alone! though some kind ones there be,
There is none here to love me—to love me like thee.

My mother, dear mother, cold-hearted they deem
Thy offspring, but, oh, I am not what I seem;
Though calmly and tearless all changes I bear,
Could you look in my bosom, the feeling is there,
And now, sad and lonely, as memory recalls
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls.

MY GIRL WITH A CALICO DRESS.


 FIG for your upper-ten girls,
With their velvets, and satin, and laces,
Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls,
And millinery figures and faces ;
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me, instead of them all,
My girl with the calico dress.

She's as plump as a partridge, and fair
As a rose in its earliest bloom ;
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume ;
Her step is as free and as light
As the fawn's, when the hunter hard press ;
And her eye is as soft and as bright—
My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may jeer
At her modest and simple attire ;
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire :
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging, the squeeze and caress,
She is saving all these for her spouse—
My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted, and true,
And kind to her father and mother :
She studies how much she can do
For her sweet little sister and brother.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven, and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife—
My girl with a calico dress.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

HE is modest but not bashful,
Free and easy but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old.
Half inviting, half repulsing,
Now advancing, and now shy;—
There is mischief in her dimple—
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She is schooled in all her arts,
She has taken her diploma
As the Mistress of all Hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh, and when to smile—
Oh, a maid is often charming,
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her smiling face become.
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Drooping, sighing, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out :—
She can love, and catch, and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty!
Who have grown so bald and wise,
Young Americans of twenty!
With the love-look in your eyes :—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you all.



HUGH KERR.

THE earliest literary production of the State is a little volume called *Kerr's Poem on Texas*. It is occupied mainly with a description of the battles, rivers, lakes, streams and animals of the country.

Mr. Kerr came to Texas in 1832, and was one of the great lights of the early colonial settlements in Texas. He wrote and published the first book of poems ever produced in the State. It bears date of 1838, and is among the very earliest works on Texas. In this work, the author displays want of literary skill; yet as a rhyming chronicler, he has accomplished his work with marked success.

Mr. Kerr was a native of Ireland, but came to America about the year 1795. He died in Washington county, Texas, in 1843. He was a friend to Texas in her earliest struggles for freedom, and aided the Revolution in various ways—with the pen and financial means, and by composing patriotic songs and setting them to music.

His book embraces twenty-four chapters. I give the title complete of this unique little volume: "A Poetical Description of Texas, and Narrative of Many Interesting Events in that Country, Embracing a Period of Several Years, Interspersed with Moral and Political Impressions; Also an Appeal to those who Oppose the Union of Texas with the United States, and the Anticipation of that Event. To which is Added The Texas Heroes, Nos. 1 and 2; by Hugh Kerr. New York: Published for the Author, 1838."

As a work of curious worth, this little book is prized by the old Texans who knew Kerr and the troublous scenes which he describes. It is one of the curiosities of literature of which

Disraeli has made no mention, but one that will be sought and read by all who enjoy the strange and peculiar in poetic fields. Illustrative of the descriptive contents of the book, I quote one stanza from book nineteenth :—

“Gonzales and Victoria
Are towns upon the Guadalupe ;
The first is distant from the bay,
The latter, some thirty miles up.”

Section nine is devoted to Fannin at Goliad, and Travis and Crocket at the Alamo. Of the latter see his rhyme :—

“FROM Tennessee, brave Crocket came ;
The cause of Texas he espoused ;
At Alamo enrolled his name,
Each latent spark of vigor rous'd

Heretofore, he was known by fame,
A noted hunter—a statesman too ;
The friend of Texas, we proclaim,
A valiant, active hero true.

But ah ! we note his fate with pain,
For Texas has his valour priz'd—
Surrounded by a *heap* of slain,
His body there is recogniz'd.

His brave companions shar'd his fate ;
They blend in death and share his fame :
Their valour some will emulate,
Though we cannot each person name.”

These lines are as crude as Whitaker's *Good News from Virginia*, 1613. I cannot conceive of anything more crude. This is better :—

To arms ! to arms ! the Texans cry,
We must repel the savage foe ;
We march to conquer, or to die,
Beneath the walls of Alamo.

I close my sketch of Mr. Kerr by a quotation from Part Eighteenth:

ALVESTON Island long and low,
But rising in prosperity;
Small vessels there may safely go,
Find harbor and security.

The bay from there to Anuauc,
A wide extensive lake would seem;
With creeks and bayous tending back,
Where finny tribes disporting teem.

Near Anuauc, in winter time,
Aquatic birds of various sorts,
From northern to this sunny clime,
In myriads do there resort.

The brant and goose do most abound,
In plumage white the brants appear;
For miles in length and all around,
Flock after flock come squalling there.

So vast their number on the shore,
That many persons come to kill;
Preserving feathers—ample store,
With which at home their beds to fill.



MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

IN writing of Statesmen distinguished in literature, Mr. Macaulay said: "The literary men of a State form its most valuable possession. They are its greatest pride, and have the best claims to remembrance. Without them, literature has no hold and commands no respects. Without them, the literary history of a State has nothing that inspires, nothing that kindles the mind with an emulating glow. We should honor them by gathering fragments of their lives and labors, and hand them down to succeeding generations."

Among the great men of our noble State, the subject of this biographical sketch claims an honorable place. He was great in the extent of his capacity, in the vastness of his literary attainments, in his patriotic usefulness, in his elevation and purity of character, and the moral feelings that guided and directed his whole life. It is well to speak of the many virtues of so great and so good a man. He deserves more than a passing notice, and should be honored by the whole State for the noble efforts of his life, for its freedom and prosperity.

Mirabeau B. Lamar was born in Macon, Ga., in the year 1792, and died in 1859. He came to Texas in 1836, about two weeks before the battle of San Jacinto. He served with distinction in the Texas Revolution, and afterwards in the Mexican war. In 1836 he was appointed Major-General of the army of the young Republic. Every one of the army appeared to estimate Mr. Lamar highly, but was disposed to reject him as Commander-in-Chief on the ground that the Cabinet had no right to supersede Gen. Sam Houston. The disposition to object to Mr. Lamar taking command was known, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions to present to him, requesting that



MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

he should not act in the official capacity of Major-General until the subject could be more maturely considered by the officers of the army. Gen. Lamar determined to lay the subject of his reception before the whole army and take their vote. At his request the army was formed in line. Gen. Rusk introduced him to the army, after which he made a short speech, recounting his deeds in a glowing manner. He said that he had been made Commander-in-Chief unsolicited by himself; that he was not ambitious of the office; that the voice of man made generals, but God made heroes, and that if his appointment was not acceptable to the army, he would cheerfully go into the rank and fight by their side, and lead the van to victory or to death, guided by the flash of the sword. His speech was followed by Generals Green and Rusk. Vote was taken and Lamar was rejected. The army was in general agitation, and it was with great difficulty that the friends of Lamar were reconciled.

October 22nd, 1836, Gen. Houston was installed first Constitutional President and Mr. Lamar Vice-President. In 1838, Lamar and Grayson were the candidates brought forward by their respective friends for President of the young Republic. A few days before the election, Col. Grayson put an end to his life at Bean's Station, Tennessee. Mr. Lamar was elected President without opposition.

Mr. Lamar proved not to have so fine executive abilities as Houston, though the government was put on a high road to prosperity. He was not the slave of party, but showed himself manly independent on more than one occasion. Col. DeMorse says of him: "Of Mirabeau B. Lamar, another of our heroes, it is proper to say that in conduct, in manner, in presence, he illustrated the courtly chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney, with a similar poetic temperament, and more mental ability. His gallantry and modesty enforced the warmest eulogiums from Rusk and Houston, and by general acclamation of the army, to which he was a new-comer, he won his spurs in one day—the action of the 20th—and on the final day, the 21st, by common

approval, was placed in command of the cavalry. Coming to Texas a Knight Paladin, offering his sword and person in the cause of liberty, as Lafayette did, by a vote almost unanimous, he rose to the highest position in the country."

Mr. DeMorse pays Gen. Lamar a worthy compliment when he says that he had more mental ability than Sir Sidney—a man who could be a gallant and graceful courtier without duplicity, a warrior and a hero without loss of rank in the courts of the Muses: one who was successful in almost every walk of honorable enterprise, without incurring the envy or reproach of his competitors; one in whom the most ordinary affairs of life became invested, in the eyes of his countrymen, with some peculiar fitness; whose very sentiment was a melody, whose every act was rhythmical, whose whole life, indeed, was one continued poem.

Mr. Lamar possessed fine literary attainments and devoted much of his time to the study of the great poets. He had a well trained power to discover excellence, and his mind was enriched by constant reading and hard study. He had a faculty of perceiving beauty in a variety of objects and forms in literature and scenery. He felt the unity of beauty and love amid all nature. He published *Verses Memorial* in 1857, which contains many beautiful tributes. His longest poem, *Sally Ryley*, is full of wit and satire. Hobbs called him the "Texas Rhymer." Weaver called him the "Bard," and when he died, inscribed to his memory the following estimable poem which will live as long as our literature endures:—

THE patriot, the bard, and the warrior is dead !
Mourn Texas, one more of your Nobles has fled !
And the wail of the weepers comes up from afar—
In the bosom of Texas lies gallant Lamar !

The shield of the soldier is broken in twain !
What freeman today will his sorrows restrain

For him who left home and its kindred delights,
To battle with strangers, and bleed for their rights ?

Rusk, Burleson, Henderson, Hunt, and again
Death has severed a link in the bright Hero-chain;
But Time the relentless, or Death cannot mar
The brilliant escutcheon of radiant Lamar !

Oh ! lives there a Texan, so cold and so mean,
Who, today, will remember poor partisan spleen ?
And not mourn o'er the chieftain, the foremost in war,
The noble, chivalric, and gifted Lamar ?

Bathe his tomb with the tears of a Nation's distress !
Let the votaries of Freedom his memory bless !
Let sweet scented flowers deck the turf on his breast !
In the grave of a hero—"rest, warrior, rest !"

Come, matrons and maidens of Texas, come near,
And drop for your fearless defender a tear ;
But drape not our STAR—no, still let it wave
As in battle, all bright o'er the soldier's fresh grave !

Plant there the magnolia, the laurel and pine,
For no "cypress, nor yew" should droop over his shrine,
But *our own evergreen* should unfadingly wave
O'er the last resting place of a Texan so brave !


When the LONE STAR was shrouded in Tyranny's dusk,
'Twas the genius of Houston, Lamar and Rusk
That marshaled and led the victorious band,
Who drove the invader afar from our land !

Bring fresh immortelles and the red Texas plume,
And twine them in garlands to strew o'er his tomb !
Oh ! light lies the green prairie sod on his breast,
In the Patriot's grave let the warrior rest !

Mrs. Lamar is now residing in Richmond, Texas, and it is said that she will soon have a second edition of *Verses Memorial* issued. Any person wishing to see the various workings of a

man's mind while burdened with office of State, will do well to read Mr. Lamar's poems—filled with fire and patriotism. Mr. Lamar was an ardent lover, an affectionate husband, and a Christian patriot.

Mr. Lamar's poem, *The Daughter of Mendoza*, holds a very high place. It is exceedingly musical in its flow, and for beauty of conception and perfect execution, it has seldom been excelled. President John Tyler said of this poem: "*The Daughter of Mendoza* enshrines forever the memory of its author in its melody." I give the poem:—

 LEND to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountain;
And lend to me your cadences,
O, river of the mountains.
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The Daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star,
The evening star how tender;
The light of both is in her eyes—
Their softness and their splendor.
But lashes bright that shade their light,
They were too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night,
The Daughter of Mendoza.


O, ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tone,
The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
Sweet Daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more,
Though our paths of life should sever,

Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever.
For who can see, and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too fair a star to set,
Fair Daughter of Mendoza.

*GIVE TO THE POET HIS WELL-EARNED
PRAISE.*

Inscribed to General E. B. Nichols, Galveston.

IVE to the poet his well-earned praise,
And the songs of his love, preserve them;
Encircled his brows with fadeless bays
The children of genius deserve them;
But never to me such praises breathe,
To the minstrel-feeling a stranger—
I only sigh for the laurel-wreath
That a patriot wins in DANGER.

Speed, speed the day when to war I hie!
The fame of the field is inviting;
Before my sword shall the foeman fly,
Or fall in the flash of its lightning.
Away with song, and away with charms!—
Insulted Freedom's proud avenger,
I bear no love but the love of arms,
And the pride that I was in DANGER.

When shall I meet the audacious foe,
Face to face where the flags are flying?—
I long to thin them, "two at a blow,"
And ride o'er the dead and the dying!
My sorrel steed shall his fetlocks stain
In the brain of the hostile stranger;
With an iron heel he spurns the plain,
And he breathes full and free in DANGER.

When victory brings the warrior rest,
 Rich the rewards of martial duty—
 The thanks of a land with freedom blest,
 And the smiles of its high-born beauty.
 Does victory fall?—enough for me,
 That I fall not to fame a stranger ;
 His name shall roll with eternity
 Who finds the foremost grave in DANGER.

GRIEVE NOT FOR ME.

Inscribed to my sister, Mrs. Amelia Randle, Georgia.

HERE is a sorrow in my heart
 The world may never know—
 A pang that never will depart,
 Till death shall lay me low ;
 Yet light and cheerful still I seem—
 No signs of sorrow see ;
 I wear to all a cheerful mien,
 That none may GRIEVE FOR ME.

My suff'rings soon, I know must end,
 For life is on its ebb ;
 The autumn leaves that first descend
 Will find me with the dead ;—
 I wish my fall may be like theirs,
 From lamentations free ;
 I ask no unavailing tears,
 No friends to GRIEVE FOR ME.

Grieve for themselves, that they are left
 A thorny world to tread,
 But not for him who goes to rest
 Among the quiet dead ;
 For there no dreams disturb the mind,
 Though dark the mansion be ;
 And if in faith I sink resigned,
 Why need they GRIEVE FOR ME?

Oh, if they knew my soul's unrest,
The agonies I bear—
If they could view my inmost breast,
And see the vulture there—
They would not chain me to my woes,
But freely let me flee,
Nor break their own pure heart's repose
By GRIEVING AFTER ME.

Around no brothers bow,
No sisters vigils keep ;
No mother bathes my aching brow,
Or fans me while I sleep.
Alas ! I would not have them near—
Sad would their presence be ;
I could not bear their plaints to hear,
Or see them GRIEVE FOR ME.

But there are those I dearly love,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er,
Called to the shining realms above,
Where sorrow is no more.
I humbly hope, O God to find
A home with them and Thee ;
And strengthen Thou each suff'ring mind
That vainly GRIEVES FOR ME.

THE RULING PASSION.

ALAS ! in all the human race,
We may some ruling passion trace—
Some monarch-feeling of the breast,
That reigns supreme o'er all the rest.
With some, it is the love of fame—
A restless and disturbing flame,
Which still incites to deeds sublime,
Whether of virtue or of crime.
With others, 'tis the lust of gold—
Sad malady of rooted hold,

Which closer round the bosom twines,
 As virtue dies and life declines.
 With many, 'tis [but] the love of pleasure—
 A madness without mete or measure,
 Which never faileth soon or late,
 To plunge its votaries in the fate
 Of thoughtless flies in comfits caught—
 Dying 'mid sweets too rashly sought.
 But woman, always gay and bright,
 Great Nation's pride and earth's delight,
 What is this monarch of thy soul—
 This tryant of sublime control,
 That tramples with despotic force
 All other feelings in its course?—
 Thou needst not speak—thou needst not tell,
 For all who know thee know it well:--
 We read it in that downcast eye,
 We learn it from that stifled sigh.
 We see it in the glowing blush
 That gives thy cheek its rosy flush;
 And though compelled, by shame and pride,
 Deep in thy heart its sway to hide,
 Still do we know it as a fire
 Which only can with life expire—
 Sole inspiration of thy worth,
 And source of all that's good on earth.
 O Love! all-conquering and divine,
 We know where thou hast built thy shrine.

IN LIFE'S UNCLOUDED, GAYER HOUR.

IN life's unclouded, gayer hour,
 I bowed to beauty's sway;
 I felt the eye's despotic power,
 And trembled in its ray;
 But beauty now no more enthalls—
 Its magic spell hath flown;
 Upon my heart it coldly falls,
 Like moonlight on a stone.

The chords of feeling soon were broke,
Where love delighted played ;
Afflictions dealt too rude a stroke,
And all in ruin laid ;
Yet, lady fair, there was a time
I might have worshiped thee ;
Thy beauty would have been the shrine
Of my idolatry.

That time is past, and I am left
A sad sojourner here—
Of hope, of joy, of all bereft,
That makes existence dear.
Despair hath o'er my bosom cast
The gloom of starless night—
A darkness which through life must last,
Unpierced by beauty's light.



MRS. WELTHEA B. LEACHMAN.

MRS. LEACHMAN is the daughter of Col. C. G. Bryant. She was born in Galveston, December 25th, 1847. While she was an infant, her parents moved to Corpus Christi, where her early life was passed. In 1860, she was placed in Orleans Academy to complete her education. The next five years were passed amid scenes of war. It was during this period that her first poems were written. When scarcely fifteen years of age two of her poems attracted much attention. They developed in the young author the budding of poetic genius. Though the efforts of the school girl, yet they possessed evidences of real merit. The closing years of the war, being separated from home and friends by the blockage, she was placed under the care of an aunt residing in Boston. While in this city, she wrote *Not Dead*, which elicited many kind criticisms. Especially was this true, when it was known that a school girl had written it.

She was married to a Mr. Graham, in 1863. This marriage did not terminate happily, and she was divorced in 1874. She married her present husband—an elegant gentleman—Mr. J. S. Leachman, in May, 1875.

The loss of several children and subsequent ill-health have so preyed upon her mind, as to almost paralyze any desire for literary notoriety. She is a lady of indomitable courage and indisputable genius. She exhibits both fire and energy. Her poems are pervaded with all the tenderness of which her subjects were susceptible. Her education is ample, and her talent is of the most commanding nature. She excites the admiration at once.

It will not require much to convince the reader that the two

poems presented here possess merit of a high order. *Bitter-Sweet* is a natural study, but does not possess the metrical beauty of *The Hollow by the Flare*.

I understand that Mrs. Leachman is collecting her poems with a view of publishing them soon. I hope it will be done.

BITTER-SWEET.

UNDER the stars that mildly shine,
Under the dark night's cover,
Down in a quiet shadowy glen,
Where the soft breezes hover,—
Two tarry where the shadows meet,
Learning love's tale of Bitter-Sweet.

Hand clasped in hand, cheek pressed to cheek,
Two hearts, both wildly beating,—
Arms closely twined round twining arms.
And lips too fondly meeting;
While love knows naught but love's deep bliss,
Sealed by its signet seal—a kiss!

And dark eyes gaze in darker orbs
Lit up with sweet beguiling.
Within whose hazel depths, the deeps
Of love's own dream is smiling;
While pass the moments swift and fleet,
And hours steal by with noiseless feet.

Ah! me, what matter how they flee?
For time hath many hours,
But none so sweet as those that pass
Them by like summer showers;
For though they flee all swift and fleet,
Love heads the chase—and love is sweet!

But then—oh! *then* the parting comes,
And two fond hearts are bleeding,

And darker grows the dark night's fall,
As the swift hours are speeding;
While love gives place to sorrow's spell,
And bitter is the sad farewell!

Ah! bitter-sweet, indeed, to some
Comes love, and love's beguiling,
When hearts must smother fondest dreams
And lips know naught but smiling—
And hand that should be clasped in hand
Meets only in the summer-land!

“THE HOLLOW DOWN BY THE FLARE.”

SITTING alone in my darkened room,
Alone by the fitful fire,
A deepening gloom on the sky without,
While within the flames leap higher,
As the night-bells clang with a noisy din
On the lusty midnight air
And the shadows grow weird and vague, far down
In “The hollow down by the flare.”

I press my brow with my burning hands
’Till my dark eyes fiercely shine,
One loosened tress of my hair creeps down,
And my pale cheeks flush like wine.
The embers glow with a sullen red
As the blaze grows bright and fair,
And a host of forms go hurrying by
In “The hollow down by the flare.”

I see a maid with a soulful eye
And a red lip full of glee,
Go tripping past with a lightsome step
And I dream that maid was me;
She skips along with a half-breathed song
To the wind flings every care,—

She dreams that a roseate future lies
In "The hollow down by the flare."

A woman with sobered step then comes,
Her eye on a distant star,
She sighs in vain for a nearer gleam,
But it only shines from far
And fades. Fame's "will-o'-the-wisp"
Brings little but woe and care,
And she weeps as she watches her vision fade
In "The hollow down by the flare."

I can look no more, for the embers red
Have left not a spark behind,
While the vague "to be" of that woman's years
I must ask of the passing wind;
And oh! must her dreams all blaze and burn
And fade into ashes there,
As she gropes alone 'mid the hurrying throng
In "The hollow down by the flare?"

Or, will there be one who shall read her soul,
And grasping her trembling hand,
Shall strength'n her heart for the struggle fierce
'Mid the selfish worldly band;
Some kindly friend who shall soothe her sobs,
With their sound of dull despair,
And lead her on to the goal she seeks
Past "The hollow down by the flare?"



MISS WILLA D. LLOYD.

THIS gifted young writer is a native Texan. She was born in Houston, September 17, 1866, and is a constant contributor to current literature, of poems and sketches. She was educated in Miss Brown's School, Houston, and Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky. From the latter she was graduated in 1881, and was elected to read the class poem of the year.

The longest poem I remember to have seen from Miss Willa, is *Christmas Chimes*, published in that elegant volume, *Gems from a Texas Quarry*. It is written in the negro dialect, and is very creditable, too. *Christmas in Camp*, which I give, has been published before, but it is not out of place here:—

’ **T** WAS Christmas eve and the camp was gay,
With song and laughter, wine and jest,
While the guns were hushed and muskets
stacked,

The god of war lay down to rest.
The campfires gleamed with a ruddy glow,
Their crackling pleasant music made,
While red-cheeked apples roasted near,
The booty of some orchard raid.

The picket with his measured tread
And ready gun marched to and fro,
Alas, that in the Christmas time,
To guard against some subtle foe !
And then when suddenly a lull
Fell on the merry, laughing throng,
A soldier rose and volunteered
To sing the crowd a song.

He sang of Dixie, and each voice
Joined in the chorus loud,

And patriotism burning bright,
Inflamed the martial crowd,
But when the last notes died away,
And all once more was still,
Another rose and sang of love,
"Her bright smile haunts me still."

And every heart to dreaming fell,
Of some fair face well loved,
And by the hush that fell on all,
The power of love was proved.
But war is but a transient thing,
And love is apt to roam,
But all hearts joined in brotherhood
When singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Oh ! eyes were dim, and husky throats
Sang that old song sublime,
Each heart was filled with yearning pain,
As throbbing it kept time.
And thus wherever men may be,
On land or ocean's foam,
The heart still turns with strong regret
And love to "Home, Sweet Home."

Beside the Dead evinces a true simplicity of style, which, a critic says "is another word for sincerity." It is a poem of undoubted merit and is a fair index to what will follow. It is a simple expression of love for the dead friend, and may represent an aching heart's last tribute:—

Within this darkened room he lies,
In death's long, dreamless sleep,
I calmly watch beside him here,
I have no right to weep.
I will not kiss the frozen lips,
I never pressed in life,
I leave that for the woman
Who bore his name—his wife.

I hear her sobbing overhead,
While I am dumb with pain,

A leaden weight is on my heart,
Another on my brain.
She weeps for him who loved her well,
He never thought of me,
He never dreamed I loved him, too,
I could not let him see.

My poor, plain face possessed no charms,
To make his heart my own,
And all the friendly words he gave,
Were courtesy alone.
And when at last he wooed a bride,
I loved her for his sake,
And blessed her in my prayers, altho'
My heart was like to break.

But now—He lies so quiet here,
His hands crossed on his breast,
Those strong, brown hands I never clasped,
Are helpless and at rest.
Good-bye! Oh, Love, a long good-bye!
I dare not touch your hand,
But when you wake, perhaps, ah, me!
You'll know and understand.



JOHN HILL LUTHER.

REV. J. H. LUTHER, D. D., is the honored President of Baylor College, Independence, Texas, and has occupied that position since 1879, when he was chosen as the successor of that eminent divine and ripe scholar, William Royall, A. M. D. D. He was born of Welsh and Huguenot parents in Warren, R. I., June 21, 1824. He graduated from Brown University in 1847, receiving a diploma for the full college course. He received his theological training at Newton Theological Seminary, graduating from that school in 1850. He has had a varied experience as preacher, teacher and editor, and a rare versatility has enabled him to fill every position with distinguished success. Of his success as editor and college president, J. Alleine Brown, the accomplished and talented musician in Baylor College, writes: "His [Luther's] creation of the *Central Baptist*, and his consummate ability as its editor-in-chief for ten years, at a time when extraordinary talent was requisite in moulding and directing a chaotic state of affairs, in general society, and in denominational work, was, perhaps, his most important achievement in the past. For editorial work, his unusual scope of literary power gives him a very great advantage. His uniformly pure English, together with the gift of an infallible perspicuity, will always awaken interest in the reader. As a preacher, he is always interesting and instructive. A sound theologian and expositor; in style imaginative and electrical, and had his life been devoted to the pulpit alone, no doubt he would have been one of the most distinguished preachers of the denomination to which he has been so devoted. His strength as a teacher and manager of college work is amply attested by his present position and success at Baylor."


Dr. Luther's life has been a studious one and he has given a very small share of his time to the cultivation of the Muses. What he has published was written for the amusement of some favored one.

In 1885, he collected his verses and issued them in an unpretentious little volume which bears across its face these simple words: "MY VERSES." It contains about all he has written in verse and is encompassed in sixty pages. It was printed for private distribution, only. He makes no effort at studied style, but has expressed his emotions in simple rhyme which is in consonance with his daily life.

In personal appearance, Dr. Luther is small in stature with a keen, bright eye and dark hair, with sprinkles of silver gray. His vivacious manners and ready wits, combine to make him a most agreeable companion, while his child-like simplicity, and christian forbearance, win all with whom he is brought into contact.

Doctor Luther has a poor opinion of his poems and in a letter written just after he published *My Verses*, he says: "I have marked a few that I am willing to leave to my children. I wish the others had never seen the light."

BATTLE HYMN.

HEY are rising—they are marching
From the mountains and the glen,
From the prairies and savannas,
A determined host of men.

They are rushing to the seaside,
They are forming on the plain,
Whole brigades of daring spirits—
Men too proud to wear a chain.

They are hastening to the contest
With a faith that Heaven inspires,

To protect the home and altar,
And the rights God gave their sires.

Onward, Freemen! till that banner
Waves alone in every field:
Onward till the hand of Justice
Makes the maddened foeman yield.

What if many a brave heart bleedeth
Ere the day's hard work is done,
What if many a hero sleepeth
Ere the victor's wreath is won.

Songs of love and hymns of glory
Shall await the true and brave,
And the millions free and grateful
Guard the fallen soldier's grave.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

† **T**HERE are brave ones at the homestead,
Brave as tread the tented plains,
Women toiling hard and waiting—
Waiting for their scanty gains;
Toiling till the day is ended,
And the cradle hymn is sung,
Watching, praying till the morning—
Watching o'er the sleeping young.

There are brave ones at the homestead,
Sentinels who never fear;
Round the hearth-stone oft they rally,
Met the bleeding heart to cheer;
Sisters, maidens, wives and mothers—
Meeting in the watch-fire's light,
To rehearse the battle's story,
And to pray—"God speed the right."

Oh the hopes that warm the bosom
Of the mother all alone,
Though she feels the winter coming,
Hears the night-wind's plaintive moan.
Oh the faith that nerves the maiden,
While the foeman lurketh near,
While she dreams the snow-clad prairie
Buries all her heart holds dear.

Ah the brave ones left behind us,
They are falling, falling fast ;
Though no lead nor steel come near them,
War and Want will kill at last.
God protect them in the household,
Let their watch-fires brightly burn,
Till the olive branch appeareth,
And the absent ones return.

NOW—THEN.

§ I KNOW not what may come, ere life
Runs to its close—
Defeat or triumph, 'mid the strife
That brings repose.

Fresh burdens may await the heart,
Now faint and worn ;
And honors, deemed mine own, depart,
By others borne.

A gentle hand is holding mine
By day—by night ;
And paths, untrod before, now shine
With glorious light.

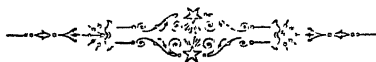
Oh, soul, thy lot is princely now,
And ever more—

To toil, to wait, and then to know
Him gone before—


To watch and listen till He come,
To bear me where
The loved ones are, my Heaven, my home,
My Eden fair.

I only ask to share while here
The toil divine ;
To crushed and wounded ones to bear
The oil and wine ;

Then 'neath the cross to lay me down
To take sweet rest ;
And wake to wear the promised crown,
Forever blest.



SALLIE BALLARD MAYNARD.

RS. MAYNARD was born in Eatonton, Georgia, in 1841. She is a daughter of Dr. J. D. F. Hillyer, who came to Texas in 1847.

At nine years of age she was carried back to Georgia to be educated, and was placed in the family of an aunt. Her mother died soon after she was placed at school. In a few years her father married a second time, and she was brought back to Texas.

At a very early age Mrs. Maynard evinced a strong desire to write verse, and her friends claimed for her a great originality of poet-narrative. At school she was the champion story-teller. She held her audience of schoolmates spell-bound for hours at a time. She possessed a romantic imagination, a vivid fancy, and a constructive faculty, in a remarkable degree. These powers remained with her till the last; and even then, though worn by the battle of life, she delighted to revel in the fields of romance and poetry. She was possessed of a most cheerful disposition, and said that she never spent a lonely moment. "To be alone is a positive luxury," she writes to a friend. "especially if I have time to pen the teeming thoughts that flit through my brain."

She wrote with ease, and often became enthusiastic upon a subject which acted like a stimulant upon her system. She felt the inspiration to her fingers' end. Her uncle once said of her: "Sallie don't deserve any credit for writing poetry. She just fires up on a subject, sits down, puts her pen to the paper, and it writes itself." This was a quaint but true description of her mode of proceeding. I will illustrate her readiness for composition further by quoting from a writer, who said: "As

an instance of the facility with which she (Mrs. Maynard) wrote, we will relate an incident which occurred a few years since. Being in Austin at the time of Jeff. Davis' visit to that city, she gave vent to her enthusiasm at beholding the great Confederate chief in a stirring, patriotic poem, addressed to him, which was published in the morning *Statesman*. We were on the train, and saw some one hand Mr. Davis the poem. He read it, pronounced it beautiful, and placed it in his pocket, to be preserved as a souvenir."

At the age of fifteen Mrs. Maynard took charge of the music department of Mrs. Covey's school, at Hallettsville, Texas. At the close of the first session—June, 1857—she was married to Mr. J. J. Ballard, of Kentucky. Mr. Ballard was a man of fine literary attainments, and he fostered, with strong though tender hand, her young Muse, and caused her to publish many of her early effusions. Literature was her passion, literary distinction her only ambition. But the hard fortunes of life have trampled under foot her Muse in a manner that would have discouraged a less hopeful and less willful mind.

About four years after this marriage her husband was killed by an enemy. Thus, at the age of nineteen, she was left a widow with one little daughter to remind her of all she had lost. Then the war impoverished her, and she resorted to music teaching for sustenance. During a number of long and tedious years, she wrote and published many short poems, and a countless number of short stories, which were scattered promiscuously among her friends. She also wrote two novels, which have never been published.

In 1871 she was married to Mr. B. Maynard, who survives her. She resided with her husband for some years in Bastrop, Texas, where she prepared for the press a novel, *The Two Heroines; or, Valley Farm*. Poor and unable to command the means to publish this novel, it remains in manuscript. In a letter to me, January, 1878, she pens the following lines:—

Home !

I have none.

There is no spot on earth

Where I may bide, and say : " Here will I rest

The sacred joys that grace this genial hearth

Shall find sweet echo in my peaceful breast."

No place for me, when wearied with the strife,

The care and discord of the world to come,

And lay aside the burden of my life,

Saying : *Here will I rest, for this is home.*

During her early life, Mrs. Maynard wrote under the pseudonym of HALOOLOH. A sketch of her life, with extracts from her writings, appears in the *Female Writers of the South*, by Ida Raymond.

She died October 6, 1882, while on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Graves, in Milam county, Texas.

The poems presented here show a fine cultivated taste. Had the South a literary publisher of her own, with facilities for publishing, Mrs. Maynard would have been recognized throughout the realms of American poesy as a writer of distinguished merit. Very few American poems excell in fine poetic imagery, in subtle succinctness and historic accuracy her poem *Aradates*. A distinguished Southern author says of it : " It is *substantially* a poem that will bear the most scrutinous criticisms, and will emerge from the inundation unaltered and unimpaired."

Had her novel, the pride of her heart and the petted child of her brain, been given to the world, her reputation would have been established, and her name made familiar to every reader of Southern literature. I understand that there is a move on foot to combine together the *la creme* of her prose and poetry, and issue them in book form. The literary world will gladly welcome such a book.

*ARADATES, KING OF SUSIANA AND HIS
CAPTIVE WIFE.*

THE morning dawned on Lydia's smiling plain
Where Cræsus' host, and Persia's had reposed ;
And now, uprisen with the morning's beam,
T'arm and fit them for th' impending strife.
In solemn majesty the sun arose,
(His pomp and splendor fitting for the day)
When Persia's Victor Prince his host arrayed
In battle plight, near Tymbria's gleaming walls,
'Gainst haughty Babylon's imperious King.
Whose name proverbial for all wealth and pride
O'er towered the mightiest Kingdoms of the East.

Near Aradates' rich pavilion door
A chariot waits for Susiana's King.
Four jet black steeds, Arabia's fleetest race
Pawed the green earth and champed the golden bit,
And clothed with power arched each haughty neck,
When pride was beauty, motion, matchless grace.
A charioteer firm handed grasped the reins,
To stay or guide them in their destined course,
The sounds of battle wooed them from afar,
And loud impatient neigh their answer gave.

The King came forth, his towering form arrayed
In battle guise by Panthea's loving hand.
With helmet, bracers, bracelets all of gold,
Coat armor shielding every perfect limb,
While plumes of Tyrian dye, surmount his crest.
Fond tears would dim Panthea's mournful eyes ;
She could no more embrace that mail clad form ;
Or press those lips hid by the guarding gold ;
But knelt, and kissed the scythe-armed charriot wheel,
And bade him "speed to danger's great renown ;
"To grace the front, in terror's beauty clad,
"Till death, or glory, kissed his princely brow ;

"And thus acquit him of the grateful debt,
"His noble captor, by his acts imposed."
The last proud words died on his paling lips :
The King bent low to breathe some parting vow.
Then gave command, and forward dashed the steed
And bore him strife-ward like a bolt of Jove.

* * * * *

The sun hung low, on Lydia's sanguine plain
The awful strife had ceased ; the last dire sounds
Fell few and echoless from distant hills.
Panthæa bent above her fallen lord,
Like Niobe. Not wild in tearful mood;
But calm as Sippilus' unchanging rock
In dark and stony grief ; for mortal wounds
Disdain the petty pang and anguished throb,
And crush, but torture not. She turned away
With cold hands clasped above a colder heart.
The proud but gloomful eyes which heavenward turned
Gave forth no conscious ray. Her mournful voice,
Whose every tone was eloquent of pain,
Gave words to anguish that denied her tears.—

"And art thou dead? How madly have I striven
To cheat my wild heart with the vain belief
That thou still liv'st. That in thine eye the heav'n
Of love and beauty is unchanged. Oh, grief!
I strive to think that still the matchless smile
Wreathes thy proud lip as brightly as of yore
And beams as freshly. And I would beguile
My phrensied soul with thoughts that once—once more
Thou'lt waken. O! I cannot, dare not, think
That I am severed from thy side forever;
That no more thy gentle looks and tones I'll drink,
As the wild roe drinks the breath of morn. Never
More hang on the loud accents of thy tongue
As the rapt priestess bends at Delphi's shrine,
'Til every heart-cord too intensely strung
Quivers and breaks. Thus hath this heart of mine
Worshiped too madly at thy ruined shrine.
The stateliest cedar on high Lebanon
Was not more glorious in its pride than thou :

And thou hast perished ere the field was won,
Where glory just one moment lit thy brow.
Now Lebanon's proud cedar little prone
Withered and blasted by the storm king's breath,
And thou! my royal love! my glorious one!
Art ruthlessly stricken by the hand of Death.
The wind that sweeps o'er Lebanon's proud brow
Waileth a requiem o'er the lordly tree,
And the wild breathings of my spirit now
Is my soul's mournful requiem for thee.

She ceased, for soft intrusive steps draw near.
She starts! to meet a monarch's pitying eye
Upon her turned: For Persia's conquering King
Bore in his dauntless breast a noble heart.
That brow, now flushed with glory and renown,
Well knew to sadden with another's woes.
That eye, which never quailed in peril's hour,
Now softens at the sight of woman's tears.
That voice, whose silver clarion tones rang out
In signal song, now breathes to that lone one
With tenderness the sympathetic thought.
Panthea heard while seeming scarce to heed
(As one coerced by love's sweet conquering force
Yieldeth half consciously to stronger will)
Sat down in silence abject and serene,
And Cyrus left her with her dead. Her grief,
Like tropic storms in sudden calm subdued;
And thus she sate all passionless as stone,
With head bowed low upon her nerveless hand.
Marble in form, in face, and attitude—
'Til starting up in Phrensy's fiercer mood,
A maniac glitter in her tearless eye,
And some new purpose quickened in her mind
By direst woe, approached her husband's bier:
Intensely calm, she gazed upon his pallid face,
Probing her soul with love's last agonized adieu;
Then, fiercely calm, plucked from her girdled waist
The glittering blade—and *sheathed it in her heart!*

HOPE.

YOUNG Hope and I were bosom friends ;
And she was false, and I believing ;
Alas ! how soon such friendship ends,
When one is fond and one deceiving.

When first she met me fair and smiling,
Her aspect full of truth and grace ;
How could I dream such false beguiling,
Could mate with such an angel face ?

With subtle sweetness in her words,
Which swayed my soul with matchless power,
She touched my spirit's finest chords,
And set them thrilling from that hour.

Young Hope I ween is no patrition,
She walked with me my humble way.
The lovely, false, profound magician,
Bade gleams of glory o'er me play,

Fill full of joy, earth, sky, and air
And tuned my heart in gladsome keeping.
My soul felt little need of prayer,
For sorrow had not taught her weeping.

But when a threat'ning cloud appearing,
Draped all my sky in gloom of night,
The timid sprite grew faint and fearing,
And plumed her errant wings for flight.

And sad and lone amid the storm,
My bosom filled with pain and terror ;
I sighed in vain for that fair form
To guide me forth from gloom and error.

But when the sunshine breaking o'er me
Re'lumed my life with joy and light,

The lonely Nymph appeared before me
As tho' she ne'er had shunned my sight.

And then I said "Fair trifter go !
Thou art a friend of summer weather."
But smiling still she answered, "No,
I will not leave thee all together."

"Thou vain, thou weak, thou sinning mortal !
Spurn not a boon thy God has given !
I'd lead thee to Life's shining portal
And point thy erring soul to Heaven."



MARY HUNT M'CALEB.

MRS. MARY HUNT McCALEB is a native of Kentucky, but was reared and educated in the State of Mississippi. Her father, Col. Harper P. Hunt, located in Vicksburg and commenced the practice of law when quite a young man. He was also a native of Kentucky, and soon after settling in Vicksburg married Miss Margaret Tompkins, of Brandenburg, Kentucky, who was at that time visiting her brother, Hon. P. W. Tompkins, afterwards representing his district in the Congress of the United States. Mary is the eldest daughter of this union. She was born at the old homestead of the grandfather, in Mead county, Kentucky. When only a few months old she was carried to Vicksburg where her father grew to be one of the most wealthy and influential citizens of that place.

She claims to have inherited her poetic taste and talent from her mother's family who were all gifted in this way. Her father was a man of sterling worth, fine, clear, practical mind, and indomitable perseverance and energy. His love and admiration for his wife knew no bounds, and while he was a devoted father to all their children, he spoiled his daughter Mary who loved him in return with a love that even her own heart-inspiring language could never portray.

When she was a child she wrote many little poems for her friends, and frequently published them in the Vicksburg papers.


About the close of the war she was married to Mr. D. McCaleb, of Claiborne county, Mississippi. They had been betrothed from childhood, and some of her earliest verses were inspired by her boyish lover. Soon after this marriage her old friend and teacher, Major W. C. Capers—himself a talented writer—collected her manuscripts and published poems, and



MARY HUNT M^CCALEB.

issued them in a small 12 mo. volume, under her girlish *non de plume*, L'Eclair. The principal poem in this collection is a tale of the war, entitled *Lenore*.

In 1873, she moved to Texas and settled in Dallas, where her husband became editor and one of the proprietors of the *Herald*. She contributed to it prose and poetry. They soon left Dallas and went to Galveston, where Col. McCaleb was employed in the editorial department of the *News*. Here for the first time, and at the earnest desire of her husband, Mrs. McCaleb published her poems over her real name. She soon won for herself a warm place in the affections of the people of Texas. The first poem I remember to have seen over her name was published in the *Galveston News*, about 1877 or 1878, and is entitled *Just So!* I remember well the *furor* it created, and how Mary Hunt Afflick was accused of writing it, and how strenuously she disclaimed it. The author, Mary Hunt McCaleb, was unknown, but her *non de plume* was the *real* character; and when she began to publish over her own name, the casual reader thought a new poetic star had risen, and it took some time to fairly settle the mind of the people upon the fact that "L'Eclair" and Mary Hunt McCaleb were one and the same person. There is something about this little poem that attracted. It may have been the theme. I give it in full as illustrative of the simplicity of the author, with her doting tenderness of soul:—

OU may talk of the wise, prudent lady
Who never was known to be kissed;
But give me the dear little maiden
Whose lips I can never resist.

'Tis little I'd care for a woman,
Who frowned at the touch of her hand;
But the pressure of soft rosy fingers
I swear I could never withstand.

I've heard of lovers who never .
Their haughty Dulcineas embraced—
That is all well enough—they are suited —
But 'tis not at all to my taste.

Engaged to a girl and not kiss her,
Is something I don't understand ;
Why, I never can sit by my darling
Without slyly squeezing her hand.

Just think of it, boys, for a moment—
The rapture, the exquisite bliss
Of two rosy lips lifted up to your own,
And you bending down for a kiss.

A kiss is so very entrancing,
It bears such a marvelous charm ;
Don't tell me anything so delightful
Could possibly be any harm.

Mrs. McCaleb was publishing a great deal about this time, although no domestic duties were neglected, and her two little ones born in the Island City, lacked none of a mother's loving care. With all the romance of a poetic temperament inherited from her mother, she combines the methodical, practical disposition of her father. She possesses a keen sense of the ridiculous and an almost inexhaustable fund of humor and wit, that even the longest and most severe illness has failed to subdue. Generous and devoted in all her attachments, from its thorns she has always sought and found the roses of life turning steadily aside, obtaining her chief pleasure in the happiness of those she loves.

Many sorrows have thrown their shadows across her life—the loss of her infant children, the reverses of fortune, the death of her father, and the lingering illness and death of her husband. She spent some months after Mr. McCaleb's death traveling and preparing her poems for publication. Hon. T. L. Odom, one of the wealthy cattle kings of Texas, was greatly attracted

by one of her poems which a mere chance threw in his way. Then followed one of those strange chains of circumstances more romantic than real. A correspondence ensued which resulted in the ultimate acquaintance of two parties previously unknown to each other. And after a time Mary Hunt McCaleb stood in the same parlor that had witnessed the marriage of her parents in Vicksburg and pledged her bridal vows for the second time. She thus became Mrs. Mary Hunt McCaleb Odom.

Soon after her second marriage her poems were published in book form by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

In deference to the wishes of his wife, Col. Odom purchased her old home in Galveston, and erected a handsome residence upon the same lot on which was, according to her own statement,

Just a tiny little cottage
In its nest of clinging vines
Where the shadows linger softly
And the golden sunlight shines.

Here they reside with the youngest children of father and mother; husband and wife. She has three sons of her first marriage. The eldest, a bright young man of nineteen, is casting his fortune in Mississippi. The two little ones find a happy home in their stepfather's house. Mrs. Odom still writes, and her daily life is quite unpretending and happy.

Among Mrs. Odom's poems, *Lenore* is one of singular beauty and power. It is too long for quotation, and the reader must be content to read only excerpts from it. The others which I present evince an exquisite taste for the tender and touching in poetic art. *The Picture on the Wall* is childlike and touching—indeed poesque—though tender, passionate and fond. It is full of pathos and affection, and describes just such scenes as are to be found in numerous Southern homes. Such words touch the heart of many, and I give it entire:—

JUST between the curtained windows
Where the shadows softly fall,
Leaving there a touch of sadness,
Hangs a picture on the wall—
Our sainted father's picture,
Hanging there upon the wall.

And the curtains as they waver
In the breeze, and half unfold,
Letting sunlight on the picture,
Lay a band of purest gold.
Make the dear eyes beam upon us—
Beam and sparkle as of old.

Softly on the noble forehead
Lies the shining silver hair,
As though the light of heaven had
A moment rested there—
Like a gleaming saintly halo,
Just an instant lingered there.

But the hot and bitter tear-drops
From our orphaned hearts arise,
When the picture looks upon us
With such tender, loving eyes—
For Death has laid his fingers
Coldly on those loving eyes.

How we linger there before it,
As our tears in silence fall,
While the curtains waver sadly,
And the shadows, like a pall,
Fall about our father's picture
As it hangs upon the wall.

In a gentler vein is *Little Relics*. It has the tender pathos of Mrs. Shindler, and something of the gracefulness of Nettie Power Houston in it. Hear her refrain:—

ONLY a baby's picture,
With dimpled shoulders bare;
Large blue eyes softly beaming,
And rings of golden hair.

Only a faded relic,
All wrinkled, soiled, and torn ;
'Tis but a tiny stocking
My little girl had worn.

Only a knot of ribbon,
More precious far than pearls ;
It slipped, just as you see it,
One evening from her curls.

Only her broken playthings—
Little dishes and her doll,
Her pretty cups of silver—
You see I keep them all.

Only a little slipper
That my pretty darling wore
The first time that she tottered
Across the chamber floor.

Why do I keep and love them,
When so many years have fled ?
Don't you know ? They were my baby's,
And the little one is dead.

Mrs. Odom loves her sex and has peculiar ideas of their station. The following lines, written in a friend's album, will give one an idea of the estimate she places upon man who pays homage to woman. They are four—as follows:—

The best and noblest part of man's life here
Is that wherein he loves and honors woman ;
'Tis there his soul is lifted to a higher sphere—
In all things else his nature is but human.

The following extract is taken from *Lenore*, Mrs. Odom's earliest and longest poem. It describes *The Battle*. It is a difficult matter to give part of a poem like this without injury to the author, but the poem is too long to give entire, and I feel impressed that I must not omit it altogether:—

THE cannon's roar booms on the air,
It tells that strife and blood are there;
Where foemen meet and deeply feel
The deadly thrust of foemen's steel.
There brothers meet in mortal strife,
And loudly cry, "now, life for life."
Now clears away the battle smoke,
It shows the Northern columns broke,
While Southern valor dashes on
To make secure the vantage won.
The Northmen rally, charge again,
Again they are by thousands slain.
'Tis vain to cast more life away,
The Southern arms have won the day.
Defeated, foiled, compelled to yield,
The Northmen leave the gory field.
The Burg of Frederick long shall be
Bloodstained in Northern memory.
Night closed upon the gory scene,
And quiet all, where late had been
Such deadly and such murderous fray,
That friends were glad to turn away.
Extended far o'er hill and plain,
Lay thousands of the ghastly slain,
Their rigid forms now cold in death,
Their heart's blood crimsoning the heath.
What sight for human eyes to view!
Great heaven! can such tails be true?
Can brothers meet as mortal foes,
And strike such sure and deadly blows?
See! weltering lies, bathed in his blood,
The young, the gifted, and the good;
A widowed mother's darling son
Lies cold in death—her only one—
The life tide ebbing from his side,
Alone upon the field he died.
A youthful Northman, too, is there,
Deep dyed with blood his flaxen hair;
The hissing lead had pierced his brain,
He ne'er will meet the foe again;
The silver cord of life is riven,
He stands before the courts of Heaven.

Hark! what low sound falls on the ear?
Is it a dying groan we hear?
Some wounded soldier's feeble moan,
Who scarce has strength enough to groan?
There, where most deadly was the fray,
Upon the ground poor Walter lay;
A bleeding wound upon his brow,
As pale as marble was it now
Save where the blood oozed from the wound,
And dripping, clotted on the ground.
"Oh, give me water!" is his cry,
"One cooling draught, or else I die!"
Stealing along with coward tread,
A Northman, who in strife had fled,
Came creeping to that gory field
To find the booty dead men yield.
'His watch, who feared the light of day,
Now neared the spot where Walter lay;
His feeble moan fell on his ear,
He started back, and then drew near;
Stooped o'er the young and fallen brave,
To steal some trinket from the grave.
There shone upon the nerveless hand,
A gift of love—a golden band
Of little worth, save as a token.
With beating heart, and trembling grasp,
He seized the circlet in his grasp,
Then turned to go—but paused again—
What might that other hand contain?
'Twas gathered closely to his breast,
Within its pallid fingers pressed,
Something the darkness had concealed,
But which a rough grasp now revealed.
Oh, Walter! rouse thy swooning sense,
And spurn that thieving minion hence!
Reclaim that face, so passing fare,
The worshiped image of Lenare!
That nerveless hand and swooning brow
Can offer no resistance now.
Hark! who comes there, with heavy tread,
At this lone hour to seek the dead?
Some find, perchance to seek again

A comrade 'mong the gory slain.
The Northmen trembled now with dread,
He grasped his sinful gain and fled.

He who would rob the dead by night,
Must hide the guilty deed by flight,
Nor stay to face an honest foe,
But deeper still in darkness go.

I close my notice of Mrs. Odom by calling the reader's attention to one of her choicest subjects—*Hood's Last Charge*. The closing stanzas are particularly pleasing. I reproduce the poem in full:—

THE twilight of life is beginning to fall,
Death's shadows are creeping high up on the wall;
Eternity's waters are plashing
So close I can hear the wild waves as they roar
And sullenly break on the surf-beaten shore,
Their silver spray over me dashing.

The old camp is fading away from my view;
I hear the last stroke of life's beating tattoo,—
The sounds wear the muffle of sorrow.
My campaigns are ended, my battles are o'er,
My heroes will follow my lead never more,
No roll-call shall break on my morrow.

But now I am fighting them over again;
On fields that are gory, 'mid heaps of the slain,
The enemy swiftly are flying;
The shrieking of shell and the cannon's deep boom
Are thundering still at the gate of the tomb,
The rattle of grape-shot replying.

But ah! the last enemy conquers tonight,
And death is the victor—in vain is the fight
When God and his creature have striven;
The struggle is over; life's colors are furled—
Are lost in the dark of the vanishing world;
The bonds of the spirit are riven.

But ere I go down 'neath the conqueror's tread,
And lie white and still in the ranks of the dead
Through silence forever unbroken,
To you, my old heroes, my TEXAS BRIGADE,
From the dimness of death, from the cold of its shade,
One last solemn charge must be spoken :

“ My faithful old followers, steady and true,
My children are orphans,—I give them to you,
A trust for your sacredest keeping.
By the shades of the heroes who fought at your side,
By the few who have lived, and the many who died,
By the brave army silently sleeping,

“ By the charges I led, where you followed so true,
When the soldiers in gray and the soldiers in blue,
And the blood of the bravest was flowing,
Be true to this last and this holiest trust,
Tho' the heart of your leader has crumbled to dust,
And grasses above him are growing.”



R. B. M'EACHERN.

ROBERT BRUCE M'EACHERN was born in Lawrence county, Alabama, and has been blind from infancy. When quite young, his father moved to Texas, and settled in Rusk, Cherokee county, the present home of the poet. Here among the classic hills of old Cherokee, he rambled with flute or other musical instrument in hand; and here among the forest oaks the Muses found him, and he tuned his harp to sing the simple melodies which in his mature years were followed by those rich gems of poesy which have made his name a household word in Eastern Texas.

Mr. McEachern, as his name indicates, is of Scottish descent, and it seems that he has imbibed some of the spirit of his kindred countryman, the "sweet singing Bard of Caledonia."

When about sixteen years of age, the Legislature of our State made an appropriation for an Institution for the Blind, at Austin; he was among the first to avail himself of this, his first opportunity, to attend a school suited to his misfortune, and his name today is upon the records of that noble institution as its first matriculate. He remained in Austin four years, and his preceptors, were they all remaining, would bear witness that his efforts in pursuit of knowledge were ever energetic and untiring; his sole and only aim being to place himself above the common herd of men, and make a name that would reflect credit upon himself, his family, and his State.

After his sudden call home by the death of his father, who lived but a short time after his return, he, despising the idea of being a dependent upon the labors of others, availed himself of the most excellent thorough training he had received in his favorite study—music—in Austin, and opened a school in Rusk,

at which place, and one or two others, he has since constantly taught, making a most enviable reputation for himself by his apt and comprehensive system of training, and his own thoroughness and capability in that department of education. But during all these long years he has written much and it is only recently that he has concluded to give to the world, in book form, what he has written.

Youthful Days and Other Poems speak much more for its author than any praise which I can give Mr. McEachern. Throughout that volume his thoughts are expressed with culture, force, and eloquence. This is the goal for which he has so long toiled, and the success with which everything he has written has met with, is due to the refined language he uses, with the moral he seeks to inculcate in all he writes. Mr. McEachern is yet a young man—of indomitable energy and perseverance—he has yet a useful life before him, and should he still continue to court the Muses, I anticipate much pleasure in reading anything he may write. May he be long spared to all true lovers of poetry.

Since the above sketch has been put in print, I have learned that Mr. McEachern's mind is detroned and that he is an inmate of the asylum at Austin, with poor prospects of recovery.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

WE were friends in the palmy old days of the past,
When the present was hid from our view;
But we know that the chill of a wintry blast
Is the prelude to summer and dew.

We were friends in the beautiful morning that broke
O'er the pathway we traveled so long;
And our parting is sad, but the heaviest stroke
May be lightened and turned into song.

We were friends in the evening that brought a respite
To the sick and the suffering and poor ;
And you told me of worlds, in the sky of the night,
As we sat on the step at the door.

We'll be friends till the friendship of earth has grown cold,
And our forms have been laid in the dust ;
For a heart that is faithful is better than gold,
And I know you are true to your trust.

We'll be friends in that beautiful haven of rest,
Where these tears shall be wiped from our eyes ;
And we'll sing with the angels and dwell with the blest,
Where the love of the soul never dies.

WAITING.

I AM waiting for Jimmie to come,
And I know not how long it will be ;
But the angels that wafted him home
May be patiently waiting for me.

In his life, he was loving and kind ;
And in Heaven methinks he will say :
" I've a brother on earth who is blind.
Send an angel to show him the way."

And the Father will grant the request
For the sake of His son, Who was slain,
That the weary might enter the rest
Of the righteous, in glory to reign.

When the beautiful messenger flies
On the wings of the morning to me,
From his radiant home in the skies,
He will bear me, dear brother, to thee.

And the portals behind me shall close,
As I stand, with astonishment dumb.
In the sanctified presence of those,
Who are waiting for others to come.

I shall hear the refrain of the Choirs,
And be clothed with a garment of white,
While the song of Redemption inspires
All my soul with ecstatic delight.

And I'll treasure the tone and the time,
And remember the pitch of the bars
Till the marmony, grand and sublime
Is sustained by a chorus of stars.

Then I'll wander along the bright shores
Of that Beautiful River above,
'Till the Savior my vision restores,
And my heart is renewed by His love.


I shall look on the features of those
Who have led me so tenderly here;
And forget that I ever had foes
Who could smile at the fall of a tear.

Thus, I'm waiting for Jimmie to come,
And I know not how long it will be;
But the angels that wafted him home,
May be patiently waiting for me.

Oh, the riches of heavenly grace,
What an ocean without an alloy!
I shall rise from the icy embrace
Of the grave, to a mansion of joy.



JOHN ALBERT MURPHY.

N the eastern slope of the ridge dividing the waters of Abbott's Creek and Rich Fork, in Davidson county, North Carolina, stood a little wooden cottage, the birth place of the author of *Cosmostoria*. If there is a poetry in nature that inspires some favored genius, born in the midst of its charms with the spirit of its sweetness and beauty, it is but just to say that in this land, this 'gift divine has been uncharily bestowed. The mountain grandeur of the Appalachian Highlands, the ocean majesty of the Atlantic, and the wild variations of romantic scenery, were powerful agencies, moulding and inspiring the young mind that in after years should take rank with the sweet singers of the South. The laurels that grew indigenous on the banks of the limpid streams are the fadeless emblems of the honors that endure upon the name of the hero of New Orleans and of the Bismarck of America, who were born there, as well as upon that of the gifted author of *Cosmostoria*. His parents, John and Mary Livengood Murphy, were only well-to-do in worldly resources, pursuing husbandry as the business of their life. To this, their children, two brothers and two sisters, of whom John Albert is the youngest, were brought up. They possessed a degree of intelligence above the average of their day. Mr. Murphy having taught school at a time when, in the rural districts, graduation took place at the end of Scott's Lessons and Pike's arithmetic.

Not until he was ten years old did the golden haired boy enter the little log school house at Reedy Run, which was three miles distant from the homestead. But it must not be concluded from this that he began at this time to take the initial steps to education, for he does not remember, it is said, the time he could not read. Reedy Run might be called his *Alma Mater* in the



JOHN ALBERT MURPHY.

rudimentary branches of education. Having a sprightly and vigorous mind and an indomitable ambition to excel, he always stood at the head of his class. In the fall of 1853 he entered Catawba College, in the town of Newton of that State, where he maintained a most enviable reputation for those embryonic elements, which, in after years, made the staple of his character. His collegiate course did not conclude in graduation according to the regular curriculum, but laid the foundation for a development of mind broad and critical.

He was married in early life to Miss Louisa Jane Yokley, the daughter of David Yokley, Esq., of Davidson county, North Carolina, and in the fall of 1857, joined the St. Louis Conference of the M. E. Church South. For twenty-two successive years he served as pastor in honored positions—in charge of circuits, stations, and on districts as Presiding Elder. In 1879 he was transferred to the Northwest Texas Conference, and at the end of five years located at and is now a citizen of Austin.

Cosmostoria is by far the most finished and polished poem Mr. Murphy has ever written, and ranks high with *Paradise Lost*, the *Messiad*, and the *Angel in the Cloud*. When a student sits down to read an epic, it is generally a task, or from a feeling of duty. No doubt Waller felt this when he says of the *Paradise Lost*: "The old blind school-master, John Milton, has published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other." Waller was not as generous as the Grecians. We are told that Tasso and Homer were not admired for their poetry alone, but the moral tone of their writings was talked of and rehearsed from family to family, and thus the critic was unarmed. As long as one of their masters kept within the bounds of reason, justice and morality, so long was he toasted, loved and venerated; but the very first departure from these, brought with it condemnation, envy and final *abandonnement*. On account of the looseness of Archilochus' poetic numbers, he was banished from his ances-

tral home, where his genius found no favor. His writings, though full of fire and vigor, were exceedingly biting and licentious, and more likely to corrupt the youths than become useful in cultivating their understandings. Thus he passed a life of misery. Reproach, ignominy, contempt, and poverty, were the ordinary companions of his person; while admiration, glory, respect, splendor, and even magnificence, were the melancholy attendants of his shades. There is a tendency toward the moral in poetic numbers. This may be owing to the demands of the times, but we think it owing to the fact that man is always inclined to religious reflections, even in the midst of great adversity or prosperity.

The author of *Cosmostoria* is a poet of very great genius. In the poet's flight from region to region, between heaven and hell, he feels what Milton felt when let down into "chaos and old night." The style of the author is admirable, and the poem rich in imagery and sublime pathos. He combines scholarship with ability, cultivated taste with industry. He is pure, clear, vigorous, direct and impressive, and in his sphere of labor, is as fine, as polished, as ornate, as that of any American writer. The beautiful phraseology of the strictly faultless rhyme in which the author has chosen to clothe his poem throughout, is bright to gorgeousness and decorative display—varied, profuse, and effervescent, and seems at times to constitute an array of ornamentations creditable indeed to the designer for ingenuity, arrangement and elaborate skill. The very evident conciseness, the succinctness of the design, not satiating with long-drawn digressive descriptions, unincumbered with the slow march of the Miltonic poem, is truly wonderful, considering the magnitude of the theme. It abounds in beautiful expressions and felicitous phrases. The following beautifully expressed confidence, being an episode on woman, illustrates the author's feeling. It is a most magnificent tribute, and is taken from Ninth Part, after Eve had induced Adam to eat the forbidden fruit:—

FAIR woman, thou art in thy ruins grand ;
And, like the autumn leaf, art lovely still,
Though changed ; thy very weakness doth command
Thy lord's divinest love, and rules his will.
Unseen, though felt, the scepter of thy power
Rules as it is, the world, or might have been ;
Thy gallant husband owned it in the hour,
When for thy sake alone he dared to sin.
Thrones weaken at thy love's bewitching art,
And conquering armies march in thy employ ;
Bathsheba's charms imprisoned David's heart,
And Helen's beauty caused the fall of Troy.
In secret power thy fingers touch the spring
That bares the treasured wealth of mammon's store ;
Thy graces to the halls of pleasure bring
The sole resistless charm of value more.
For thee thy smitten lords all fears dismiss,
And pour the crimson flood in deadly strife,
That some strong lover might, in nuptial bliss,
Embrace thy charming hand, and call the wife.
The stalwart arm its ready strength expends,
From dewy morn till starry eve, for thee ;
And mighty mind its willing tribute lends,
And at thy feet bestows its homage free.
All oceans have for thee been bravely sailed,
Nor pilgrimage of peril deemed too great ;
The dangers of all mountains have been scaled
To witness to thy worth and on thee wait.

About thy husband's care thou dost entwine,
As like a cheerful wreath of evergreen ;
And in his household art a fruitful vine,
Whose branches cluster in a living screen.
When trials thicken on his weary path,
Thy strong devotion strengthens with each stroke ;
And fiercer blasts of the devouring wrath
Inspire thy zeal and new thy aid invoke.
Thy gentle hands oft soothes his fevered brow,
Nor tires beneath the languid flight of years ;
As fragrant bloom adorns the thorny bough,
Thy presence sweet his wasting sickness cheers ;
Thy touches warm melt off the gathering frost,
And kisses mark his slow receding breath.

Thy flowing tears embalm the treasure lost,
And, true in life, thou lovest him in death.
Untaught the better way, where idols reign,
Thou mountest bold thy husband's funeral pyre,
And, to attest thy love, thou dost disdain
All fear to burn in his cremation fire.

The rank that *Cosmostoria* will occupy in the literature of this century is not difficult to tell. Its modest form and limited circulation cannot always keep it in the back ground. It will make itself known and felt when the world knows of its existence. It may require the pen of a Macaulay or the learning of a Masson to bring it to that pictured eminence upon which its author has so long delighted to gaze.

Mr. Murphy's best short poems are *Our Silver Wedding*, *Progressive Perfection*, and *Texas*. *Our Silver Wedding* was written on the celebration of his silver wedding, June 30, 1881, and contains some very tender and touching tributes to his wife.

Progressive Perfection was read before the Clionian Society of Marvin College, June 14, 1881. It was well received and elicited quite an applause. Of this poem a writer says :

"The subject of the poem was *Progressive Perfection* and of his deep inspirations, sublime flights, flowery conceptions, and rich and chosen figures, the poet seems to have combined the beautiful imagery of Moore, the sublimity of Milton, the fire, energy, and condensed brilliancy of Gray, and the inimitable melody, tenderness, and simplicity of Byron. Any effort to abridge the lofty sentiments contained in that beautiful poem would be as vain as an attempt to portray upon canvass the rich golden colors of sunset."

I select one passage alone from this poem as its length will prevent its publication complete :—

Warmed by deceptive sunshine into life,
Some flowers try to blossom in the snow,
But frozen early, cease unequal strife,
And wrap themselves in mantling whiteness low.

Thus oft does struggling genius strive to rise,
At first by friendship lured to soar alone,
Then hurled by adverse storms from tempting skies,
And early doomed to live and die unknown.

Texas is the longest of his short poems. It was written on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the capitol of the State of Texas, March 2nd, 1885.

On the 11th of June, 1885, Trinity College, North Carolina, conferred upon Mr. Murphy the degree of Master of Arts—an honor not at all inappropriately bestowed.

THE FIRST FALLEN SOLDIER OF 1861.

THE bow is in the clouds
Whose arch lies in the sky and spans the race,
With peace, slain hero, it enshrouds
Thy resting place.

The star is in the sky
That once illumed the sepulcher divine ;
Now, in the march of centuries by,
It shines on thine.

There's sweetness in the air,
Lent for perfumes to constant nature's claim,
That she may, with her latest care,
Embalm thy name.

There's beauty on the lea ;
Its myriad charms their ample wealth combine,
And closing round, thy memory
And dust enshrine.

There's music everywhere,
In earth and sky, and in the ocean surge ;
'Tis nature's mournful way to share
Thy funeral dirge.

There's light in heaven above;
Its burning lamps their shining stations keep ;
And day and night while cycles move,
They guard thy sleep.

There's love in human hearts
That over death achieves the victory,
And will, as hoary time departs,
Remember thee.

The gold-winged butterflies
In pensive groups display, like living bloom,
Their blended beauties e'er they rise
From off thy tomb.

Beneath the sod to lie ;
If thus, perchance, thy comrades dared to pause
To put thee there, who dared to die
For freedom's cause.

Death brought thee late renown ;
But gave thee not the soul the patriot bears ;
Nor put upon thy head the crown
The hero wears.

Thy bed of clay unknown,
The bitter tears of solitude receives,
And of the flowers by nature strown
A garland weaves.

Her deepest mourning wears ;
Her brow and breast with flashing diamonds spread,
The sable virgin Night her tears
Weeps o'er thy head.

And Day, with vesture bright,
And lavish smiles upon the good and brave,
Awards to thee the soldier's right,
An honored grave.

No midnight bugle blast,
From peaceful sleep shall rouse thy valiant soul,
Till heaven's Commander calls at last
The Judgment-roll.

Then, in the great review,
When uniforms and crowns shall never fade,
Hero, receive thy honors due
On grand parade.

LOUISA, OR OUR SILVER WEDDING DAY.

As soft as the snow-clouds have fled,
The roses have bloomed on our way,
And the winter's crisped locks have as often
outspread
Into gold-flowing streamers from summer's gay head,
Through the twenty-five years to this day.

Louisa, we're husband and wife,
And started in love's early cheer
From the dew-glistening hills of the springtime of life,
And we've reached in our journey the summer-land strife,
And the autumn and winter are near.

Our love has been brought to the test
By fires that have burned in the race,
But our virtue as pure as in childhood possessed
We have kept and will lay at the borders of rest,
As a trophy of mightiest grace.

My darling, just twenty-five Junes,
Like roses with snow drifts between,
Made immortal with notes of the mocking-bird's tunes,
And the silvery hair of as many full moons,
Now imborder the marital scene.

In memory I linger a while,
Lost roses of youth to regain,
For I seem to be watching that Venus-like smile,
That bewitchingly strayed from the sweet fairy isle,
Where the honey-moon fulls to remain.

I linger, and over the field
Will ruminare, blithesome and free,
Whence the broad-breasted mountains of care were concealed,
And our fortune hung low like a fancy-wrought shield
On the walls of the West, we now see.

My darling, the Heavenly Dove,
For us has the greatest things done ;
For the life-giving angel has come from above,
And has twelve times ignited the altar of love,
With the sparks from eternity's sun.

I know you remember the hour,
One, flickering, went out in your arms ;
And a palace was there, which the lilies embower,
And sweet roses immortal encircled the tower,
And it rose and was lost in the charms.

The sight of those morning-lit lands
Remains with their dew-burnished sod,
Where our shoulders were studded with ivory bands,
Being pressed with the touches of wax-fingered hands,
As we passed 'neath the chastening rod.

I hear now the cadences break
Of the love-bearing wavelets below,
When we started the haven of glory to make,
As we launched our canoe on the nuptial-sailed lake,
Only twenty-five summers ago.

Their feet still resound on the bar,
As, floating, we left the shore-light,
And have followed the gleam of the fate-guiding star,
Until now we have rowed down the river so far,
That the isle of the blest is in sight.

My love, as the storm-clouds have come
And angrily blacken the sky,
You have balanced our bark as it cut through the foam,
And discerned through the spray the sweet groves of the
home,
Where the blossoms and leaves never die.

What tumult of rapture is this
That roars in the infinite gleam ?
Oh ! the friends that we meet and the lips that we kiss
As we float tow'rd the coral-paved haven of bliss,
Down the laurel-fringed banks of the stream.

We, under the willows, have laid
Our treasures wrapped up in the sod.
And abiding with them we would gladly have stayed ,
But they told us they were by the angels conveyed
To the nectar-laved gardens of God.

The milestones that mark the green shore
Like soldiers with banners of gold,
Are retreating so fast we can count them no more,
For the current seems swifter than ever before
As the sunset's red glories unfold.

My love, when the sun gets low down,
You, toil-worn will row with much pain,
But the beacon-light guiding to life and renown
Will sustain you, when summer surrenders the crown
To our life's purple autumn to reign.

Already the breezes we feel
Blow soft from the bright summer land,
And they sometimes echo on the bow of the keel
The fragments of tune, which the water-waves steal
As they splash on the limitless strand.

"So tired !" Did I hear you complain
As feebly the oar strikes the wave ?
In the island of light, we are hoping to gain,
There is rest under roses, life's waters sustain,
While the coasts, they eternally lave.

The perils of voyage we spurn,
Though storms down the river affright :
For we'll hold to the oars till the pale waters turn,
And the fringes of life's sinking shadow shall burn
In the rays of eternity's light.

Ere long one must row without mate
Down stream, a frail fragment of love ;
But the other will watch at the bridechamber gate,
Till both have arrived to be wedded in state
In the holy cathedral above.

The High Priest regaled with the sun
Will at the white alter appear,
And of twain will pronounce us eternally one,
While the strands of orange bloom over us run
Through the June of the winterless year.



R. M. POTTER.

THE condition of a country is generally completely and faithfully represented by its literature. The early poetry of Texas belongs to a period when the people were pregnant with grief. It rose in the most stirring and agitating times which accompanied the development of a Republican form of government in a new State—times in which each individual gave vent to his desires and hopes, and all the depths of the human heart were unlocked by poetic inspiration. We feel an interest in what they said, and what they suffered, but only such an interest as we should feel. The traces of incident did not follow one another in calm, quiet, and regular order; the action stopped at intervals, and the scenes and localities were continually undergoing changes. Yet there is much of unity and simplicity; the figures stand out more boldly, and in strong relief; they draw largely on the imagination; they present scenes to the eye, make palpable to the touch; they are steeped in the rainbow hues of fancy. The poems of Mr. Potter belong to this period. He associated his name and history with so many places and persons, that almost every Texan, at some time or other, is drawn into an ideal acquaintance with him. He is well known in Texas, and indeed throughout the United States, by his poem, *The Hymn of the Alamo*; and had he given to the world nothing more, this one poem is sufficient to place him among the greatest writers of our dear Southland.

Mr. Potter was born February 15, 1802. He is a native of Woodbridge, New Jersey. In the winter of 1827 he went to Mexico to seek his fortune. He remained there till the spring of 1837, omitting one year spent in the North. During this residence in Mexico, he was occupied mostly as the interior

agent of a commercial house in Monterey. While residing in Mexico, the war for Texas independence was begun, and was decided, but not ended. In the spring of 1836, about twenty Texan prisoners of war, captured in and near San Patricio, were brought to Matamoras, and condemned to be shot as rebels. Though the execution of their sentence was announced to take place on the 16th of April, three days grace was allowed by law. Mr. Potter drew up a petition and had it signed by the prisoners, praying for the three days grace. The respite was granted. This act of Mr. Potter's proved the means of saving life. It gave time for sympathy to work, and an effort, in which all the leading residents—native and foreign—joined, succeeded, late at night of the third day, in securing a further respite of twenty days. Before the twenty days had expired, the general received from the City of Mexico a decree of amnesty relieving from the death penalty all captured rebels, who had not been executed. Five months later these prisoners were released on parole by Gen. Bravo on the petition drawn up and presented by Mr. Potter, after having obtained their signatures; but before this occurred the interest he had evinced in their fate brought him into some danger.

These prisoners were so shamefully neglected by their custodians, that they were, during the early months of their captivity, in danger of starving. They were for some time supplied by a contribution of the American residents; but at length circumstances threw upon Mr. Potter, solely, the duty of advancing their rations for the Commissariat, which promised to reimburse him, but never did. (This claim was, however, afterwards paid by the Government of Texas.) It was this circumstance, more than any other, which directed to Mr. Potter the attention of the military authorities, and he was suspected of being in communication with the insurgents of Texas, and of aiding prisoners to escape. While Gen. Urrea was in command at Matamoras, after the invading army had retreated thither from Texas, the suspicion against Mr. Potter became so

rife that there was a possibility of the accusation being proven by testimony not altogether false. He was warned of the approaching danger by an officer of rank with whom he was intimate, and who advised him to close his business, and be in readiness for a sudden *exit*, in case of necessity. He accordingly brought what was a losing business to an end as soon as it could be done; but the suspicion passed off, and he did not leave Mexico till the spring of 1837.

After a brief sojourn in Pensacola and New Orleans, Mr. Potter came to Texas, landing at Velasco, July 20, 1837. His residence in Texas as a citizen continued till December, 1846. During most of that time he was in the service of the revenue department, being Deputy Collector, and afterwards Collector of Customs at Velasco, from 1838 to the end of 1844. In the summer of the latter year, and while holding the last mentioned office, he was sent by the Secretary of the Treasury as a secret agent to Vera Cruz, to find means for conveying to the Meir prisoners, then confined in the Castle of Perote, a sum of money which had been appropriated for their relief. The sending of special agents had become necessary, the Secretary thought, because his correspondence had failed to secure the services of the only resident of Vera Cruz whom he knew well enough to risk with appropriations. Mr. Potter went at once to New Orleans, where he procured passport as an American citizen, and sailed thence to Vera Cruz on a Mexican steamer. He soon saw the merchant to whom the Secretary had written, and found no difficulty in inducing him to accept the agency. This obviated the necessity of Mr. Potter's proceeding to the interior, which his instructions required him to do, if needful. The funds placed at the disposal of the agent could not be immediately conveyed to the prisoners, as he had to proceed with caution. But they served to relieve their later wants, and to procure homeward transportation for the few of their number who were so fortunate as to escape being shot, and who were liberated about five months later.

Mr. Potter was in Austin when, in February, 1846, the Republic of Texas made its final exit from the stage of nations. He was offered, and accepted, the chief clerkship of the State Comptroller's office. In about a year's time he resigned and accepted a place with General Jesup, at New Orleans.

In March, 1848, he was appointed by President Polk a military storekeeper of the quartermaster's department. He was not assigned to regular duty till 1849, when he took charge of large depots of army clothing and equipage in New Orleans, Philadelphia, and San Antonio. He was at San Antonio when the war between the States broke out, and had the misfortune of being one of the victims of Twigg's surrender.

In 1875 Mr. Potter received an injury which, for a time, crippled him, and justified him in obtaining a leave for disability, a leave which the infirmities of age are likely to render permanent, as he has lately completed his eightieth year. The end of this month (March 1885) will complete the thirty-sixth year of his service in the army, and he has only once had the mortification to stand before a court martial.

His domestic relations did not commence early in life. He was married at Austin in 1853, when his post of duty was New Orleans.

Mr. Potter's desire for literary glory has not been strong, and he has never performed any literary labor, when other duties demanded his attention.

The only book ever published from his pen was an old-fashion five-act tragedy in blank verse, which was performed with tolerable success at the old Park Theater of New York, after which it went to the limbo of dead works.

His account of the Fall of the Alamo, as published in the *Magazine of American History*, is by far the most accurate, and at the same time the most authentic account of that bloody tragedy, though he makes the common error in regard to Lieut. Dickerson's leap from the building. Anything like a history of the affair would occupy too much space, and lead me from

my object. For a graphic account of the Fall of the Alamo, I refer the reader to the little pamphlet edited by Col. R. M. Potter.

The poems introduced here will illustrate his genius, and give him the reputation of a writer of no mean ability.

HYMN OF THE ALAMO.

“**R**ISE, man the wall, our clarion's blast
 Now sounds its final reveille!
 This dawning morn must be the last
 Our fated band shall ever see:
 To life, but not to hope, farewell—
 Yon trumpet's clang, and cannon's peal,
 And storming shout, and clash of steel,
 Are ours, but not our country's kneel.
 Welcome the Spartan's death—
 'Tis no despairing strife—
 We fall, we die, but our expiring breath
 Is Freedom's breath of life!

Here, on this new Thermopylæ,
 Our monument will tower on high,
 And Alamo hereafter be
 In bloodier fields the battle cry!”
 Thus Travis from the rampart cried,
 And when his warriors saw the foe
 Like whelming billows move below,
 At once each dauntless heart replied,—
 “Welcome the Spartan's death—
 'Tis no despairing strife—
 We fall, we die, but our expiring breath
 Is Freedom's breath of life!

They come; like autumn's leaves they fall,—
 Yet, hordes on hordes, they onward rush;
 With gory tramp they mount the wall,
 Till numbers the defenders crush,—

Till falls their flag when none remains !
Well may the ruffians quake to tell
How Travis and his hundred fell
Amid a thousand foemen slain.
They died the Spartan's death,
Rut not in hopeless strife,—
Like brothers died ; and their expiring breath
Was Freedom's breath of life.

THE OLD TEXIAN HUNTER.

HERE murmurs Guadalupe's stream along its rocky bed,
Embowered in live-oak grove, there stands a lonely shed
All mossy grown, for cold hath been its hearth for many a
year—

God rest his soul who once abode all in that cabin drear ;
A fine old Texian hunter he, all of the prairies wild.

A lonely, strange, untaught old man—no care or fear he knew,
So happy in his solitude, so guiltless, kind and true,
With a heart that like his rifle good, ne'er wavered in its aim ;
In weal or woe to friend or foe, its truth was aye the same ;
For a fine old Texian hunter bold, was he who roamed the wild.

He seldom sought the busy scene where men together dwelt,
Yet kindly towards his fellow-man this mateless woodman felt ;
With iron smile and open hand, the Arab part he played,
Whenever to his greenwood home a wandering footstep strayed,
Like a good old Texian hunter bold, all of the prairies wild.

When ruffian war dismay'd the land in Freedom's darkest hour,
Up rose this single-hearted man to brave the invader's power,
And sought those battered ramparts where a fated few opposed,
With stern despair the impending shock of legions round him
closed ;
And the stout old Texian hunter burned with feelings strange
and wild.

Said he, "of laws and governments I naught can understand ;
But I will fight for the greenwoods of my adopted land ;
Though I'm a lonely forest man, nor kindred round me knows,
Yet for my native tongue and race my blood shall freely flow,
As a true old Texian hunter ought, who loves his prairies wild.

One night, while round the Alamo beleaguering thousands lay,
With thirty men he through them charged and inward won his
way.

Said he, "I'd hoped to lay my bones beneath my live-oak tree ;
But now those walls shall prove a nobler tomb for me."

And the grim old Texian hunter sighed, "Farewell ye prairies
wild."

At dawn, with shout and cannon's peal and charging escalade,
In pour'd the foe, though rank on rank their bravest low were
laid ;

'Mid booming shot and bayonets' clang expired that Spartan few ;
And there an hundred, ere they sank, a thousand foeman slew ;

There the tough old Texian hunter died, no more to roam
the wild.

But in the Elysian hunting ground he dwells among the brave,
Souls of the free of every age who died their land to save ;
And thousands have, when comes the hour, a fate like his to
dare,

For hands and hearts as stout and true, hath Texas yet to spare,
As the brave old Texian hunter bore, all on his prairies wild.

A SPANISH ODE TO TEXAS.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

The following ode, the earliest poem I know of which has Texas for its subject, was penned about the beginning of the present century by the Right Reverend Diego Marin, a Spanish Bishop of Monterey, while on a pastoral tour to the aforesaid province, which then belonged to his diocese. The description

contained in the original may be somewhat applicable to certain parts of Texas, but has an air of poetical exaggeration when applied to the best known sections; and this feature may be increased in my translation, for I have been unable to preserve the simplicity and brevity of the original. If the author idealized and grandiloquized a little, it must be remembered that he was a Spaniard, a priest and a poet, and if I have not done him justice, it is perhaps as good an excuse that I am neither.

AIL Texas, fraught with charms unknown
To every land beside,
By Nature fairest traits are shown
In thee, Creation's pride;
As if the latest touch essayed
By Him, whose hand yon planets made,
Thy region beautified;
When resting to pronounce it good,
Complacently this work He viewed.

I see thy plains of waving green,
All flower-enameled spread,
From whence the morning's ruddy beam
To thence upon them shed—
It awes my soul as when I view.
The summer sea's expansive blue,
While ruffling winds are dead—
So calm, so vast, so grand to see
A type of God's Immensity.

But ere the day-beam meets the eye
Upon the prairie's breast,
An earlier glowing gilds on high
The Sierra Madra's crest.
To him whose feet the cliffs explore,
Out peeping veins of precious ore
That region's wealth attest;
And grey embowered rocks unfold
Their specks and winding threads of gold.

Exulting in their purity
Thy countless limpid rills;

With joyous bound and gladdening sound,
Rush from a thousand hills;
And parting wind with wandering flow,
That with a bloom like Eden's glow,
That broad wild garden fills
Where Nature craves no human toil
To beautify the virgin soil.

Thou dear enchanting solitude,
Unknown to grief and pain,
To woe and want and wrath and blood
Of mortal steps the train—
In such an undisturbed abode,
Where war his course hath never rode,
How blest could I remain.
And hear no sigh, save that alone,
Which woos in Zephyr's melting tone.

My mitre well might I forego,
Forget the scholar's pride,
Amid the freshening sweets that grow
Unprun'd on every side,
Like man in Eden ere 'twas trod
By sin, communing with my God.
In peace would I abide,
Nor envy wearied grandeur's care,
Nor wisdom's laurels long to share.



AMELIA V. PURDY.

MRS. PURDY, one of the most voluminous female writers of Texas, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in the year 1815. Her maiden name was McCarty. Her parents were of English and Irish extraction. At the time of her birth her father was in affluent circumstances, but when she was four years of age he failed in business. He remained only a short time in Pittsburg after this sad occurrence, and soon went with his family to Cincinnati. Soon he was on the high road to prosperity; but through the influence of friends was induced to move to Texas. In 1857, he landed at Galveston. He early became dissatisfied with his change of latitude, which proved every way unfortunate for him.

Almost from infancy, Mrs. Purdy showed an insatiable desire for knowledge. Such was the wonderful facility with which she acquired knowledge, that before she had reached her eighth year she had become familiarly acquainted with the great historian:—Rollin, Gibbon, and Hopkinson—and read, intelligently, *Plutarch's Lives* and French history, and was not unacquainted with the great poets. Her parents possessed more than ordinary culture and nice discrimination, and such works as they furnished her were those best calculated to strengthen and whet and brighten the intellect. Nor did she confine herself merely to the study of history, but cultivated rhetoric, divinity, music and poetry, and, indeed, everything that would have a tendency to improve and adorn her mind. In her girlhood she read fiction only in the absence of other reading, but before her death she considered it the best vehicle to reach the popular heart—to instruct and benefit.

Her first effusion was sent to the *Galveston News* in 1862.

Soon afterwards she began to contribute to the *Houston Telegraph*. These fragments were well received, and encouraged her to nobler efforts.

In 1868 she was married to Major L. Purdy, at Bryan Texas, who was at that time a very prominent business man at that place. He soon failed in business, and consumption developed rapidly, from which he died December 5th, 1875. After her husband's death, care, sorrow and disease, bore heavily upon her. Her pen, once only a source of pleasure to relatives and friends, became her anæsthetic and all potent to comfort and soothe her, even when the storm was at its worst. She prepared *First Fruits* for the press under adverse circumstances—she being in feeble health, while her husband was daily losing strength. The stormy and turbulent times, while they would oppress ordinary powers, were such as only contributed to give additional energy to a mind like hers. "Indeed," says Mill, "it is evident that such times are more favorable to poetry than those which are more quiet and peaceful. The Muse catches fire and inspiration from the storm, and genius rides upon the whirlwind, while, perhaps, it would only slumber during the calm."

Mrs. Purdy is a regular contributor to the *Sunny South*, a popular and widely circulated literary journal. The matter she furnished has been humorous articles, stories, poems, and serials.

She was a lady of fine judgment, and promised to win literary celebrity. She always had something to say, and said it in a very efficient and pleasant style. She learned that there was no royal road to success without labor.

I admire the directness of thought and the naturalness of style, the rich abundance of genuine poetic feeling and imagery which distinguish Mrs Purdy's writings from any other Texas writer.

Of Mrs. Purdy's ability, Major Lorence says: "Scenes and passages of terrific grandeur and the most thrilling agony are often mixed with good humor from her pen."

Mill says: "The life of poets is, if we judge of it from the light it lends to others, a golden drama, full of brightness and sweetness, wrapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like vapor, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sands of common mortals have run out." This is the common idea of the poet's life, but with this the testimony of Mrs. Purdy does not accord. It is true that her early life was quiet and unmarked by any striking incident of sorrow, but her later days were draped in gloom.

Mrs. Purdy was long a resident of Ennis, Texas, where she married Dr. Jones, an eminent physician of Waxahachie. She died April 23, 1881, of that fearful disease, consumption.

Her little volume of poems, *First Fruits*, lies on my table. I have read each line with much care. Her sentiment is good, but her rhetoric is bad. While following out her train of poet numbers, she forgets her rhetoric, and here she commits her gravest fault. She was very much devoted to her children, and took views very different from others of her sex, in her poem, *Filial Piety*. This poem is one of her best, though faulty and sometimes unintelligible, owing to the redundant isms hinted at and really betrayed.

FILIAL PIETY.

AN Iconoclast,
And the world's gods are numerous, a fine disgust
Fills me and nerves me to go forth to hurl
Them in the dust.
And this is one,
This filial piety—the corner stone
Of old Confucius' creed, and rightly understood,
A pillar of our own.
But as nine-tenth

Of the good people do not think—reflect,
But what their father's taught, receive content,
Too idle to dissect.
And hence,
The popular acceptance and the wrong
Of this command has made our homes accursed,
Makes discord all life long.
For everywhere
I give you life, declares the parent, and
This obligation makes you, all your days,
Mine to command,
Mine to abuse or pet.
I brought you in this world, you must love me ;
What can you give *me* worthy the great gift
I've given to thee ?
It matters not—
Whether I work for you or labor not,
Whether I make you loathe your name and niche
And curse your lot,
I gave you *life*.
You must forever *love* and *honor* me,
The Bible so commands ; bear that in mind,
And grateful be ;
I am your parent—I
Have done my part e'en if I give you blows,
Starve you, and curse you—never let you know
Peace or repose.
Ah God, I've seen
This doctrine poison many a home, and make
The children crushed and bitter—flit away
To still heart-ache ;
Fly forth, or yet
Half fledged but weary of abuse and care,
The tomb-like, sunless home, chilled through and through
With Arctic air.
And so 'twill be,
The callow birdling will essay the air,
Rejoice to leave the old nest set with thorns—
Live anywhere.
This fills the world
With drifting human leaves—that recklessly
Let the winds bear them, where the winds may list,
Over life's stormy sea.

“I give them food and clothes,
See that their wants are cared for, that’s enough,
Why should I make myself a quarry slave?—
My duty! that’s all stuff.”
O fool of fools,
Know this—your child *owes* nothing unto you,
You never, while you live, can do enough,
No matter what you do.
’Tis yours to make his days
Sweet as a flower—to ward off pain and care;
You last—he first, to make his life with you
Serene and fair,
Making his childhood’s home
Beautiful and pleasant, home in fact, as name,
Ruling him graciously with inner light,
With wisdom clear of blame.
That he may afterwards,
When old and grey, look back, through happy tears,
To the sweet home that parent love made heaven
So many years.
The parent who
Makes his child’s happiness a constant care,
Works towards this end with steady eyes and hands,
And daily prayer,
Shall be repaid
By seeing noble sons and daughters grace his age,
Heroes and heroines, with eagle eye and mien,
’To walk life’s stage.
But few, alas!
Few parents do their duty—understand
Wherein it lies, tho’ teachers, preachers fill
And flood the land.
Go forth and view
The homes around you, and you then will see
That “Home, Sweet Home’s” a *satire*, keen and sharp,
And e’er will be,
Till parents feel
The truth of what I sing in simple rhyme,
That *they* who *owe* so much should hourly pay,
And pay thro’out all time.
I heard a child once say,
“I know my mother does not care for me,

She never kisses me nor calls me 'pet,'
Nor sits me on her knee."
Coldness is badness—there
Are many ways to pain a child's pure heart;
When parents do their duty crime and man
Will drift apart.
In the old days,
When it was fashionable to be austere,
The father's coming made the children's hearts
Grow dumb with fear.
We know they sat
Not in their father's presence—gazed on him
With awe-struck eyes, as tho' they gazed upon
Dread Seraphim,
Let this old god be hurled
Down from its altar, give the *child* its place,
And thou shalt find *this* worship fill the world
With wondrous grace.
Let us hear no more
The duty of the child, for that has been
Preached since from Sinai Moses brought the Law,
And the world's foul with sin,
And mourns the time.
Oh, ye blind preachers of the world—declare
In organ-tones what must be done if we
Would have this black world fair.
Preach no more
Of the "children in the furnace," we are tired;
Preach down the errors of the time in which
Feet and soul are mired.
Open your hearers's eyes;
Each day you preach *teach* something that will do
Lasting good; let each one leave the church
Taught something new.
How oft we hear
The idle, senseless, vapid woman say,
"Children are only torments, how I wish
I had no children today."
Only a torment—charge
And kill—joy thinking thus—I here declare,
That this is why infanticide and crime
Reign everywhere.
Why is it bliss,

Passing all language to express, to know
That an immortal has been given to you,
 With soul like snow,
 A little angel child,
With tiny dimpled hands so warm and white,
Eyes full of innocence and deep content,
 As stars of light.
 Who does not feel,
When those soft dimpled arms enclasp the neck,
A deep delicious sense of purity
 Sans any fleck.
 Is bad, all bad,
Woe unto ye, oh women, who disdain,
And murder these, that ye may dress and dance,
 For ye shall dance in pain.

VOCATION.

EACH child born has Nature gifted
 With a talent ; parents pause,
 Solve the problem of this dowry
 In accordance with her laws.

Find the path, then lead the tyro,
 Set him right and all is well ;
He who finds his true vocation
 Lives to prosper and excel.

Not one Poet, past or present,
 Not one man that's made a name
On the shining scrolls of glory,
 But has urged a rightful claim.

To such honor urged and won it,
 By the use of Nature's dower,
While perversion floods the country
 With the feeblest mental power.

Hence arise the shallow legions,
Which we view in sheer distress ;
Doctors, lawyers, merchants, preachers,
Each one reckoning less and less.

What the bent is thither guide it,
Then shall Earth have greater lights ;
Fewer men with sounding titles,
And with minds like Arctic nights.

W. H. RHODES.

SOME of my readers will feel as if confronted by the spirit of the departed when they read the name at the head of this sketch. Many of them have long ago forgotten the stripling boy whose name was so familiar to them during the early days of Texas. Not only was he familiar to the readers in Texas, but throughout the United States. During this period he wrote and published a great many poems. Some of his best and earliest were published in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The first poem by him I ever read was published in this journal. It pleased me, for I discovered in it new beauties. I felt that, whoever the author might be, he was a poet. There was something fascinating about it that startled me, and caused my youthful brain to stagger. But imagine my surprise and pleasure, when I discovered the author to be a resident of Texas. I was but a boy; he a man; yet the beauty of that poem haunts me still. I can only recall these lines of the poem, which were written soon after the death of his mother:—

In a moment of great sadness
I tripped adown the street of Gladness—
My heart was weary,
It pained me so—

William Henry Rhodes was born in Windsor, North Carolina, July 16, 1822. In 1844, his father, Col. E. A. Rhodes, was appointed United States Consul to Texas. William Henry was then just budding into manhood. Possessing a great ambition, and a mind superior to his companions, he became a leader among the young men of Galveston, where his father was located in his office as Consul. Here he gathered around him an



WM. H. RHODES.

association of young men, whose zealous natures were congenial to his lofty ambition.

In 1844, he entered Harvard law school, where he remained for two years. Here, as a home, he was a master-spirit and a leader. He was a great favorite of his instructors and noted for his studious and exemplary habits, while his genial and courteous manners won the lasting friendship of his classmates and companions. After he completed his study at Harvard he returned to Galveston, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. He was measurably successful in it, and won many friends by his gallant and chivalrous advocacy of the causes intrusted to him. He was personally very popular, and in 1847 was elevated to a Probate Judgeship. He filled this office with distinction for one term, at the close of which he returned to his native state and entered upon the practice of his profession. He remained there but a short time when he caught the inspiration of adventure in the new El Dorado, and sailed for California. He continued to the time of his death a citizen of that state. Here he became widely known and respected by all with whom he was brought into contact. He practiced his profession in a disjointed way, continuing to write both prose and poetry.

While a resident of Galveston he published a volume entitled *Indian Gullows and Other Poems*. It also contained a play called *Theodosia*. The heroine being the daughter of Aaron Burr who married Allston, of South Carolina. The story runs that she was lost on a vessel sailing North, and that she was captured by the pirate, Lafitte. I have never seen a copy of this book—it is long ago out of print—but have a vivid recollection of having read notices of it in the newspapers long after the book had been forgotten by most men. Soon after his death in San Francisco, his essays, poems, tales, and sketches were collected and published in a large volume, bearing the title *Caxton's Book*. It bears the imprint of A. L. Bancroft and Company. It is edited by Daniel O'Connell, and contains a

brief memoir of Mr. Rhodes written by W. H. L. Burnes. From this memoir I have drawn largely my material for this sketch.

In 1852, Mr. Rhodes visited his childhood home in North Carolina. In a sketch of his, entitled *The Deserted Schoolhouse*, he gives the following account of his visit to the village of Woodville, where his earliest school days were passed:—

“Woodville was the scene of my first studies, my earliest adventures, and my nascent love. There I was taught to read and write, to swim and to skate, to wrestle and box, to play marbles and make love. There I fought my first fight, had the mumps and the measles, stole my first watermelon, and received my first flogging. And I can never forget, that within that tattered schoolroom my young heart first swelled with those budding passions, whose full development in others have so often changed the fortunes of the world. There eloquence produced its first throb, ambition struck its first spark, pride mounted its first stilts, love felt its first glow. There the eternal ideas of God and heaven, of patriotism and country, of love and woman, germinated in my bosom; and there, too, Poesy sang her first song in my enchanted ear, lured me far off into the ‘grand old woods’ alone, sported with the unlanguage longings of my boyish heart, and subdued me for the first time with that mysterious sorrow, whose depths the loftiest intellect cannot sound, and yet whose wailings mournfully agitate many a schoolboy’s breast.”

This visit was made after an absence of twenty-two years.

As a writer of short sketches and romances, Mr. Rhodes is equalled only by Poe and Arrington. With the latter he was intimate, both having traveled over the same scenes in Texas together. Both lawyers and both poets of acknowledged genius, their lives are similar, and their minds moulded after the same fashion. It is strange to note how they worked together in absolute unconsciousness of their joint mission. The story of their lives is so interwoven with the romantic and weird, that

you can scarcely disconnect it from the mythical. So far as pertains to their success in a monetary sense, they were twin brothers. Born in the same State, drinking from the same perennial fountain, and inspired by the same scenes, their lives stand out incomparably the most romantic in the history of our State. Covering the same field of thought, occupying peculiar stations in life, the romantic history of their successes, their trials, and their labors, fill a page in that volume in which the names of few indeed are inscribed.

Col. A. M. Hobby wrote: "There are few men who possess that rare commodity genius as do Poe and Arrington. Their lives and works are alike illustrative of what genius really is." Add the name of Rhodes, and you have a trio towering like the mountain heights. There is a curious symbolism in these three names, and never since literature began have such strange characters occupied the same stage, traveled the same field of romance, and embodied in their writings such kindred characteristics. The fame of Poe is greater, but his career no more marvelous, nor his labor more enduring. Poe has never given to the world anything that will live longer in the minds of the people than *Summerfield's Case*. Nothing can be more fascinating or more musical than Rhodes' way of telling a tale. I speak of him as a romancer, and in this lies his greatest ability, though his poems are productions of rare power. Few in our country have written with more fire, greater fervor or more individuality. He wrote upon all kinds of subjects with that wit and ready command of language which few possess. His intellect was acute and cultured; his imagination full to overflowing, with a style as clear and distinct as it is beautiful and varied.

The circumstances of his death are highly tragical. He was awakened at night by a burglar in his room, whom he attempted to capture. The bed room of quite a family of children opened into the bed room of him and his wife. A fight ensued between him and the burglar in the dark. His wife and

children rushed around them screaming and terrified. The burglar had a knife, and cut and gashed him very severely, though perhaps not fatally, but the horrors of the midnight encounter in total darkness, amid the terrors of his wife and children, left him bereft of reason, and he died more from the nervous attack than from his wounds.

The poems presented here are not Mr. Rhodes' best poems. They are his best short poems. The long ones are *narrative*, and I cannot extract from them without impairing their beauty and doing great injustice to the author.

THE LOVE KNOT.

UPON my bosom lies
A knot of blue and gray ;
You ask me why tears fill my eyes
As low to you I say :

"I had two brothers once,
Warm hearted, bold and gay ;
They left my side—one wore the blue,
The other wore the gray.

One rode with " Stonewall " and his men,
And joined his fate with Lee ;
The other followed Sherman's march,
Triumphant to the sea.

Both fought for what they deemed the right,
And died with sword in hand ;
One sleeps amid Virginia's hills,
And one in Georgia's land.

Why should one's dust be consecrate,
The other's spurned with scorn—
Both victims of a common fate,
Twins cradled, bred and born ?

Oh! tell me not—a patriot one,
A traitor vile the other;
John was my mother's favorite son,
But Edlie was my brother.

The same sun shines above their graves.
My love unchanged must stay—
And so upon my bosom lies
Love's knot of blue and gray."

POLLOCK'S EUTHANASIA.

HE is gone! the young, and gifted!
By his own strong pinions lifted
To the stars;

Where he strikes, with minstrels olden,
Choral harps, whose strings are golden,
Deathless bars.

There, with Homer's ghost all hoary,
Not with years, but fadeless glory,
Lo! he stands;

And through that open portal,
We behold the bards immortal
Clasping hands!

Hark! how Rome's great epic master
Sings, that death is no disaster
To the wise;

Fame on earth is but a menial,
But it reigns a king perennial
In the skies!

Albion's blind old bard heroic,
Statesman, sage, and Christian stoic,
Greets his son;

Whilst in pæans wild and glorious,
Like his "Paradise victorious,"
Sings, Well done !

Lo ! a bard with forehead pendent,
But with glory's beams resplendent
As a star ;

Slow descends from regions higher,
With a crown and golden lyre
In his car.

All around him, crowd as minions,
Thrones and sceptres, and dominions,
Kings and Queens ;

Ages past and ages present,
Lord and dame, and prince and peasant,
His demesnes !

Approach ! young bard hesperian,
Welcome to the heights empyrean,
Thou did'st sing,

Ere yet thy trembling fingers
Struck where fame immortal lingers,
In the string.

Kneel ! I am the bard of Avon,
And the Realm of song in Heaven
Is my own ;

Long thy verse shall live in story,
And thy Lyre I crown with glory,
And a throne !

A CAKE OF SOAP.

I STOOD at my washstand, one bright, sunny morn,
And gazed through the blinds at the up-springing corn,
And mourn'd that my summers were passing away,
Like the dew on the meadow that morning in May.

I seized, for an instant, the Iris-hued soap,
That glowed in the dish, like an emblem of hope,
And said to myself, as I melted its snows,
"The longer I use it, the lesser it grows."

For life, in its morn, is full freighted and gay,
And fair as the rainbow when clouds float away;
Sweet-scented and useful, it sheds its perfume,
Till wasted or blasted, it melts in the tomb.

Thus day after day, whilst we lather and scrub,
Time wasteth and blasteth with many a rub,
Till thinner and thinner, the soap wears away,
And age hands us over to dust and decay.

Oh, Bessie! dear Bess! as I dream of thee now,
With the spice in thy breath, and the bloom in thy brow,
To a cake of pure Lubin thy life I compare,
So fragrant, so fragile. and so debonair!

But fortune was fickle, and labor was vain,
And want overtook us, with grief in its train,
Till, worn out by troubles, death came in the blast;
But *thy* kisses, like Lubin's, were sweet to the last.



E. A. RHODES.

EDWARD ABESSETTE RHODES, half brother of W. Rhodes, was born in Galveston on the 15th of June, 1861. He was a cadet from California in the Military Institute at Lexington, Ky. He entered the Confederate army at the commencement of the war, and was killed at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, being Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 11th North Carolina (Bethel) Regiment.

He possessed a brilliant intellect, and had he lived would have distinguished himself as a writer of both prose and poetry. The following lines were written by him on a pane of glass in a window of his bed room on the morning of the death of his father, May 24, 1858:—

The lines which on this pane I write,
Though gently touched with diamond bright,
May last through Time's eternal flight.
Thus sorrow's piercing point may trace
A line of woe upon the face,
Which time itself cannot erase.



ROBERT H. RHODES.

ROBERT H. RHODES, a younger brother of W. H. and Edward A. Rhodes, was born in Galveston May 18, 1845. He also entered the Southern army from California, and was taken prisoner twice. He possessed a talent for writing both prose and poetry. Shortly before his death from consumption, in 1874, he wrote the following lines, the last he ever penned:—

FAREWELL, life! my pulses thrill
In the grasp of giant Death,
Heavier is the labored breath,
Keener airs the senses chill.

Press, oh, press thy lips to mine,
That at last my soul may be,
E're it pass beyond the sea,
Thrilled by one fond kiss of thine.

When the other shore is won,
Crowded with its silent ships,
With thy kisses on my lips
I shall know a Heaven begun.

This and the following poems are all I am able to present of his. They were written when he was a young man, just grown to manhood. They show genuine sentiment:

PRAYER.

THE thronging town is silent,
Still is the busy street,
That all day long has echoed
The sound of restless feet.

No sound breaks into the stillness,
That folds the day like a shroud,
And into my brain, and over my soul,
A host of fancies crowd.

"Oh for the light of wisdom !
Oh for the vision bold !
To pierce beyond the valley
That the waters of death enfold."

Breaking through the stillness
And out in the startled air ?
Comes from across the little street
An answer to my prayer.

Calm and unutterable,
Upon my soul it fell,
As I heard a voice from Heaven speak
In the tolling of the bell:

"Come ye that are heavy laden,
Here all your burdens bear,
And lay them at the feet of Him
Who's quick to answer prayer."

UNDER THE CACTUS.

UNDER the Cactus, soft and low,
With many a dimple and quiver,
From a quiet nook the babbling brook
Sweeps down to the swelling river.

Beneath the light of a tender moon,
The silvery tide caresses
The bare, brown feet of a maiden sweet,
And laves the floating tresses.

A footfall steals down the hidden path,
" Say, Sweet, have I come too soon ?"

And love is confess'd, and lips are pressed,
'Neath the light of a tender moon.

* * * * *

Under the Cactus the forked spears
Keep guard o'er a solemn mound,
And a watcher stands with folded hands,
And looks upon the ground.

"Ah! faithful Sentinel, guard her well,
And keep this spot from harm,
For naught can I do but leave her to you,
To the strength of thy barbed arm."

LA MADRE DE LA CANYON.

[At about the center of Temacula Canyon, in Southern California, and three hundred feet above the bed of the river, there stands out in bold relief upon the mountain side, the perfect figure of a woman. A loose robe falls to her feet, one arm is crossed over her left breast, while the other points upward.]

FOR many a weary day my perplexed soul
Had blindly sought to know the right;
Still nearer waves of doubting roll,
And hide the rock of faith from sight.
Despairingly I heard a knell,
And Faith and Hope bade me adieu;
Then thick and fast the shadows fell,
And veiled the face of Heaven from view.

* * * * *

I heard the flow of water in the sand;
Upon its shifting banks my feet were pressed;
While rising upward, near my hand,
The mountain reared its giant crest.

And lo! upon its rocky side, I saw
Unmoved, and still, and sternly fair,
With hand upraised to Heaven afar,
A woman's face, and form, and hair.
And while I stood, with 'bated breath,
I seemed to see the cold lips move ;
"That, mortal, which thou callest death
"Is but the perfectness of love.
"And when thine earthly course is done,
"Thy 'raptured eyes with joy shall see
"The Gates of Heaven in triumph won
"And wake to immortality.
"Behold! around, on every hand,
"The TRUTH still shines with patient ray,
"And all created things do stand
"Unchanged, to point the way.
"Be dazzled not by Reason's glow,
"But cling to an unfaltering trust
"That at the last thou may'st know,
"Man is weak, but God is JUST."



JOHN M. RICHARDSON.

THE life of Col. Richardson has been a very busy one, and consequently one of intellectual advancement. He is one of a line of a distinguished family who has been conspicuous in private and public life since the American War of Independence. His paternal grandfather, Richardson, was a Captain in the Continental Line during the Revolutionary War; and his paternal grandfather, Buford, belonged to Marion's Partisan Corps, during the same period. He is of English and Huguenot-French blood. He was born in South Carolina, March 13th, 1831, and is the youngest of fifteen children. Several of his family have occupied high official positions; his uncle, J. S. Richardson, was for a long time on the bench of South Carolina. One of his brothers, James S. G. Richardson, was, at one time, State Reporter.

Col. Richardson is said to be a polished scholar, having graduated from South Carolina Military Academy, the University of Virginia, and Harvard University. He was graduated from the latter University, taking the degree of Bachelor of Science, July 19, 1854. Soon after his graduation from Harvard, he went to Georgia, and began teaching. He married there, June 14th, 1855. In 1860, he was elected Professor in Hillsboro Military Academy, Hillsboro, South Carolina. The war coming on, he resigned his place in the Academy and joined the Confederate service, July 3d, 1861, and participated in the first battle of Manassas. In 1862, from exposure to rain and cold, he was compelled to leave the army, having been attacked with rheumatism. He did not remain idle, but took a position in the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta. In 1863, he was elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Ala-

bama, but declined, and accepted an appointment on the general staff of the Confederate Army, and returned to battle in the latter part of 1863. In the battle of Winchester, September 19th, 1864, he lost a leg. He returned to Georgia and began teaching, and taught in that State until 1876, when he came to Texas, and located in Sulphur Springs. He taught there and at Leesburg till January, 1885, when he moved to Pittsburg, where he still resides.

He has written a great deal of a miscellaneous nature. What he has written is marked with the spirit of conservatism. He makes no claims to poetic fame, but his quiet, unobtrusive work deserves recognition.

THE WHISKY FIEND.

THE Devil one morning arose in a rage,
And vowed that each city should be a vile cage—
A cage of uncleanness, hate, malice, and strife,
Where cursing and murder should ever be rife.

“ ’Twas God made the country, but I made the town.
I’ll fill it with vices, pollutions—and drown
What little of virtue man’s vain soul has left,
Since him of his Eden and God, I bereft.

“The pool I will open shall spread far and wide,
And o’erflow the country with its turbid tide.
Of earth I would make, in despite, a vast hell,
With ev’ry pollution to seethe and to swell.”

So he put up a whisky-shop, right on the square,
To deal out damnation to all who go there ;
And those passing by he would call and invite
To enter his parlors, by day and by night.

To rope in his victims, the men and the boys,
He garnished his hell-traps with many decoys—

With billiards, and pictures, and dicing, and cards,—
With music, and dancing, and flowery yards.

“Just walk 'round my green blinds, and see how I'm fixed;
My parlors are furnished, my liquors are mixed;
Look there, at that picture; 'twill kindle the fires
Of slumbering passion and Venus desires.

“Come now to the counter and get you a drink;
'Twill banish your cares, nor allow you to think.
A fig for your scruples of silly propriety.
Drink pleasure's full bowl to your perfect satiety.

“Now, won't you play something? Cards, billiards, or dice?
Walk in; never hesitate; never think twice.
Your fortune try boldly; faint heart never won
Fair lady, or riches, beneath the bright sun.

“Have you lost? Never mind! Next time better luck.
Go out in the garden and look for your duck.
That picture—I see you remember it well.
Let music strike up with voluptuous swell!

“Ha! ha! Now I have him! Wife, mother, look out!
Wine, dicing and sirens have fenced him about!
A cloud of pollution stands 'twixt him and you!
To home—life's pure pleasure, he's bidden adieu.

“His soul and his body belong all to me!
For here, from his conscience, for refuge he'll flee!
I'll drug him, and pluck him, and squeeze him till dry,
Then kick him out, hopeless, to curse God and die!

“His children, I'll beggar; his wife's heart, I'll break,
And drive them to curses, their vile bread to make,
That high on hell's gate-posts their names deep will carve!
They'd better, with virtue, in poverty starve!

“'Tis thus I would have it all over the land!
My mark on each forehead, deep scarred, I would brand!
In hatred to God, I would make man forlorn;
Then mock them, and jeer them, and laugh them to scorn!”

* * * * *

Ho! daughters and sisters ! Ho! mothers and wives !
Your loved ones are staking and losing their lives !
The cess-pools of Satan are right at your gate !
Awake from your lethargy, ere its too late !

Sons, husbands, and brothers, save quick from the foe !
Oh! keep them from contact with that overflow
Whose liquid pollution damns body and soul,
By drowning the senses in vile pleasure's bowl !

Oh, strike down the whisky fiend, banish it far !
Its temples destroy, and its juggernaut car !
The makers and victims of liquid hell-fire,
And dealers, all pray you to help them up higher ;

To take their feet out of the miry clay ;
From dens of Acrasia to lead them away ;
To cleanse them, and clothe them, and help them to find
Return to their kinship with God and mankind !

Arise in the God-given strength of love's pray'r !
Arise in the courage that will not despair !
Arise in the might of such courage and strength,
And cleanse our fair land, in its breadth and its length !

So shall the race bless you ! And ever shall rise
The incense of pray'r, all unmixed with sin's cries !
So heaven descending to earth shall remain,
And God from His children depart ne'er again !

THE PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"O Domine Deus,
Speravi in Te !



HOLY and Just God,
My hope is in Thee !
O Jesus, Thou Strong Rod,
I lean upon Thee !

My body with chains bound,
My spirit in pains found,
None love I but Thee !
Knees bending, eyes blending,
Heart rending, soul wending ;
Adoring,
Imploring,
Now take me to Thee !



MISS ROBINSON.

MISS WILLIE BLANCHE ROBINSON, one of the youngest of the Texas poets whom I have under consideration, was born in March, 1857, at which time her father, Major B. F. Robinson, was Indian Agent, and located with his family in Southern Kansas. She belongs to a dignified and genteel family of English-Scotch descent, being granddaughter of Gerard Robinson, an officer of the British Navy, and who married a Miss Menteith, of the ancient house of that name. She is also a maternal descendant of Thomas Marshall, father of John Marshall, long Chief Justice of the United States; also of the well known Gen. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, whose daughter, Miss Nellie, has written of passion-life, earnest, intense, and full of pathos and heroism.

Willie learned to read and write at an unusually early age, and at eight, it is said that she read understandingly the works of Shakespeare. "A wonder of the times," says Boyle "for I have lisped in Shakespearean numbers for nearly a half century, and yet cannot comprehend much in him."

She was not long contented in mere rhyme, but actually abandoned the lighter songs of her Muse, and boldly struck her lyre to the noble strains of the heroic and sublime, and attempted an imitation of Shakespeare's Tragedies, for

"She felt the fire that in her glowed."

Some of her poems, composed at a very early age, were published in the *Kansas City Journal*, under the assumed name of "Persia." They received much attention at that time. She is not a native Texan, but the greater part of her life has been passed here. For the past twelve years she has resided with

her parents, near Dallas. Most of this time she has been engaged in teaching.

Hon. John Henry Brown says of Miss Robinson: "She is author of many beautiful poems. She is young and handsome, with a countenance beaming with intelligence and the milk of human kindness. Had it not been for Dame Fortune, her name today would have been known to the reading people of Texas."

She is full of sympathy for the Southland, and did not hesitate to express herself when that great and good man, Jefferson Davis, visited Texas. Her poem, *Texas to Jefferson Davis*, which I give, was inspired by Mr. Davis' visit here about a dozen years ago. I have never seen this poem in print, but think it worthy of preserving.

TEXAS TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A WELCOME.

HAIL to you !
To you who come not 'mid the mighty tread
Of conquering armies, but with noble crown
Of principle, upon your honored head.
You have no power to fill men's hearts with fear,
No nation waiting at your touch to move,
But better far than this, 'tis left to you
To thrill a noble people's heart with love.
They love you for the memory of those days,
Whose glory still their hearts, a-hungered, feeds ;
They love you for the memory of your deeds ;
They love you for the grandeur of your face,
Where sorrows and wrecked hopes have left their trace.

Hail to you !
You who are mighty in your fallen state ;
From the immensity of my wide lands,
I lift my voice up to call you great.

I from my prairies blossoming forth sweet,
Do give my flowery treasures unto you,
My eager children cast them at your feet—
Small recompense to one so brave and true,
But could I stand the mistress of the airs,
On ev'ry hill that rears, on ev'ry plain,
A grand orchestra of my winds I'd raise,
That to the very stars would lift your praise.

Hail to you!
You who bring us with your presence dear,
The memories of the many battles fought;
The memories of the time when void of fear,
I and my sisters gave you our young throne,
When all the hills shook with our battle cry,
And on the winds our young flag was out-blown;
And memories sad of times, when all the lands,
Were wet with tears, and solemn cries of pain,
Went up like that from Rama long ago,
When Rachel wept above her children slain;
But brave, kind heart your tears were shed for us!

Hail to you!
Oh faithful master of a brave, young host!
A memory holds all Southern hearts to you,
The memory of the noble cause they lost;
For this they beat with love for you, for aye,
For this your laurel wreath is ever bright,
Amid so many crowns of withering bays.
And oh, may He the Master of all lands,
Give peace to you, and multiply your days,
And far off years shall keep your memory—white!

VICTOR M. ROSE.

MR. ROSE is a notable instance of an author who, without neglecting his duties as editor and citizen, has a warm place in the literary history of his State. He has made his mark in various branches of literature and journalism, and is an untiring worker.

He was born in Victoria, Texas, and served in Ross' Texas Brigade during the war between the States. He was admitted to the bar in 1870, but has spent most of his life as editor, and is at this time connected with the *Daily Times*, Laredo.

He has written :—

1. *Los Despenadores, a Spanish Story in verse*,—in one volume.
2. *Ross' Brigade*,—in one volume.
3. *The Texas Vendetta*.
4. *Demara, the Comanche Queen; and Other Rhymes*. Published by Little & Co., New York. This is a neatly printed volume of about one hundred pages.
5. *History of Victoria County*. This is his last publication, but he has in press two volumes, which will be issued soon, one a *Life of General Ben McCulloch*, the other, a poem—*A Legend of Dixie*.

I have seen but one of Mr. Rose's books—*Demara, the Comanche Queen; and Other Rhymes*. It is made up largely of lyrics and sonnets. *Demara*, for which the book is called, is a poem of twenty-eight stanzas of eight lines each. It is too long to include in this collection. To make extracts from it would not do the poem or the author justice; so I have selected two of Mr. Rose's minor poems illustrative of his style.

The following poem—*Death*—according to the author, "being some unconnected thoughts in regard to the undestructibility of matter," is dedicated to A. P. Hope, of Marshall, Texas:—

† HERE is no death, O transitory man,
Contained in all Dame Nature's perfect plan ;
This tenement, of dust create, may go
Rotting back to its kindred dust, and so
With dissolution's sad, expiring sigh,
The jeweled spirit seeks its native sky ;
Thy frame, like some old ghostly household stands,
Where mortmain's tenure holds the ancient lands.
Or, decomposing on the ambient air,
Sends zephyr-ships deep-freighted everywhere,
That countless transmigrating spirits range,
Like commerce carries o'er the flags of 'change ;
Thus round and round the endless circle move,
(As boundless is God's own infinite love).
The myriad effects produced by cause,
Ceaseless creations under Nature's laws ;
Thus, genial Spring, but smiling, comes to greet
The flowers gemmed by dew, and laden sweet.
Each of earth's atoms form'd by will divine,
That decked ere this, perchance, the Delphic shrine ;
Each animated by a single ray
Of light and life, from the "Eternal Day."
Behold the pupa in its prison's womb,
A noxious grub, disgusting to our sight,
Which soon assumes the gorgeous hues of light,
Blended prismatic colors of the sky,
Uniting all to deck a butterfly ;
Thus a Samian, with deep learning fraught,
Of the mystic metempsychosis taught.
And so, he of the "Silver Veil" once dared
To claim the attributes that Jesus shared
In part with Moses and the other few,
Who the awful councils of Jehovah knew.
And thus fair Livia, of a later day,
When her brave lover, in a distant fray,
Fell, with sword in hand, where wildest battle waves,
Strewed wrecks of life on life in soldier graves,
Turned in dejection from the severed tie,
With heart forever crushed, but tearful eye,
To wander from the haunts of all her kind,
And seek in solitude for peace, and find
Nepenthe, self-consuming though it be,
Oblivious to all unto eternity.


His bloody manes a shrine the wildwood took,
And thither she to the remotest nook,
A vested virgin robbed of reason fled,
To pledge her troth again with the immortal dead.
Ah, who can say that reason ever pales;
That the vital sparks of life eternal fails?
We lose yon sun with his departing ray,
But soon again he lights another day.
And when, amid the final wreck of spheres,
When destruction treads chaotic o'er the years,
And darkness hangs a funeral pall above
The silent, sleeping all of earth we love—
The "Sun of Glory," with resplendent ray,
Shall rise to light a never-ending day.
Ministering then, as was her wont, one morn,
The tearless maiden stood with looks forlorn;
Her glossy tresses caught the morning light,
Which paled before her brow of Parian white,
Her hands were clasped, and far above the skies
She poured her spirit through her aching eyes,
And poured forth her weary soul in frenzied prayer,
Though ashen lips pure as the mountain air:
"O queen of heaven!" her hollow voice pronounced,
And soon the rustling of unseen wings announced
Her prayer was heard. "Now but a little while,"
She said, as broke o'er her lips a joyous smile,
"And fairy hands will spread our nuptial couch,
And angels will my constancy avouch."
She feels the death damp settling on her brow,
She welcomes death—her prayers are answered now;
For Juno, waiting on the parting breath,
Said: "Man's true, only happiness is death,"
They sought that eve with anxious feet in vain,
The truest maiden of the lorn refrain;
They shouted the name of Livia o'er and o'er,
But echo answered back mockingly, no more.
But where she stood so long in earnest prayer,
They found a snow-white lily blooming there;
They said its stem had all her matchless grace,
The petals cold and white as her pale face;
So sweet, so innocent, it blushing stood,
That all with sorrow-laden footsteps left the wood.

But, hark!—what preparation sounds on high,
 Where Juno holds her court above the sky !
 What music sounds to ravished mortal's ears
 Like Æolian murmurs down the aisle of spheres !

* * * * *

The lines that follow also appeared in *Demara* :

DREAM OF JOHN D. LEE.

 SAD reality, to wake
 When rapturous visions teem
 Like troops of fairies through our dream,
 And the sweet illusion break !

Last night, methought, in manly pride,
 Life's current flowed with heaving tide,
 And Hope smiled like a waiting bride,
 With sweet promise in her eye.
 The Prophet's will on earth be done !
 The triune Father, Ghost, and Son,
 The one in three, and three in one,
 Wills the gentle crew shall die !

Where valley grasses softly wave,
 Beneath the mountains hoar and grave,
 While in the shade or waters lave
 The weary strangers all,
 Mountain pass gives back the call,
 'T' each avenger from his cave,
 Danite trusty, and Indian brave,
 The cause of Mormon true to save,
 Or in the attempt to fall.
 Like spectres gliding through the night,
 Shadowy outlines greet the sight,
 Of phantom forms from left to right,
 Passing toward the mountain mead ;
 From white man's hut and Indian camp,
 They come with noiseless, eager tramp,
 Converging from the deed.

O, had they stayed their footsteps here,
Nor entered on the smiling plain,
My life would not have been in vain,
No terrors haunt me year by year !

But I was happy in my dream,
For all things then to me did seem
Approved by heaven and man.
Time limits law to all who do
Not their murderous hands imbrue
With blood. But oh, alas ! how few
Of the man-slaying thousands can
Flee Justice, with her perfect plan ?

Down to the " Mountain Meadow," past
The silent host, with footsteps fast,
And not until arrived the last,
And the dread circle was complete
Around the silent, slumbering host,
Which had no sentry on his post,
Was the signal given, and lost
'Mid shrieks of anguish wild replete,
As half awakened " pale face " met
Painted savage, who had whet
His passion and his knife, to let
Vengeance glut with blood its might ;
Or, when frenzied mothers gave
Up their lives in hope to save
Their offspring, on that dreadful night.
But short the cries of lessening breath—
Silence reigned o'er the scene of death.

Dawned the morning mild and bright,
But never has high heaven's light
Shone on such a sickening sight
As " Mountain Meadow Massacre !"
For death that night full license sent,
And youth, and age, and childhood lent
Corse on corse, in confusion blent,
To form the graveless sepulchre.

I dreamed that, 'neath the church's wing,
No power on earth could ever bring
Of justice or remorse a sting,
 To a bishop of Brigham Young.
But two decades have passed away,
And with them gone of hope all ray;
While for twenty years, day by day,
 Remorse has at my heart-strings wrung.
Thrice welcome then to me is death;
What matter *how* my parting breath
 Shall barter earth for 'tother lot?
Yet, as the choice is mine by law,
Not cruel axe, nor hempen draw,
 But wing me death by rifle shot!





HORACE ROWE.

HORACE ROWE.

HORACE ROWE was born April 15, 1852. He was a son of Dr. Joseph Rowe, who was Speaker of the Second Congress of Texas when it was a Republic. His mother's name was Emily Van Zandt, sister of the Hon. Isaac Van Zandt, Minister to the United States during Houston's second administration, and whose death occurred very suddenly at Houston, while a candidate for Governor against Geo. T. Wood, in 1847.

Mr. Rowe's birth-place is on the banks of the Colorado river, in Travis county, six miles below the city of Austin. Before he had reached his fourteenth birth-day, his parents were called from earth to a higher sphere, leaving Horace, Arthur, and Emily under the guardianship of Rev. J. H. Wofford. Soon after the death of his parents, Horace was placed in school—becoming a pupil of Dr. Burleson, of Waco University.

His education was desultory, incomplete, and painfully unsatisfactory to himself in his after life. The laughing and loving lasses with whom he was brought in contact, made sad havoc of his romantic and dazzling brain. He hated, and consequently shunned, all text-books, but became a companion of Rollin, Hume, Gibbon, Virgil, and Milton. Thus his college days were spent, until the year 1870, when he withdrew and took final leave of the University. After leaving it, he returned to the city of Austin, and spent two years in reading and versifying. When the two years had dragged their momentous length along, he went to New York City to superintend the publication of a book of poems, entitled *The Years of Youth*. From this period his life ebbed into a very different channel. It had previously been flowing through smooth and

verdant vales, while its pracid currents touched only poems and violets and lilies that everywhere grew along its banks. When this life-stream changed into other channels, it became swift and deep, and its nature was dark and bitter. Being weighed down by care and sorrow, he prepared to travel. In 1874, in company with two friends—Dr. E. C. Wise and Mr. N. A. Rector—he started for the City of Mexico *via* New Orleans and Havana. The party remained several months in the great ancient gala and voluptuous city of the Montezumas, when Mr. Rowe joined a party of Americans, who made the trip from the Capital of Mexico to Texas, on horseback. On this journey he visited the city of Queretaro, where the great and gallant Maximilian was brutally shot by the Mexican authorities. From this place, he next went to San Louis Potosi, thence to Saltillo, Monterey, and Laredo. At this latter place he crossed the Rio Grande. He visited that little town of historic fame where lived Hidalgo, the patriotic priest, who, in the year 1810, by shouting the glorious repartee, *Viva la Independencia*, gave to Mexico her liberty and freedom from Spanish rule.

June 19th, 1879, Mr. Rowe read before the Alumni Association of Waco University his longest poem—*The Mind*. It is evident that the young poet, in the elation of his genius, felt himself full of power and in a position to influence and almost command. He entered into copartnership with Mr. Perry McCombs in the publication of the *Stylus*, a magazine of some promise. But from past exposure, over study, and close application to his editorial duties, his health failed him, and the medical fraternity concurred in the *one* idea that he was a victim of pulmonary consumption, and advised him to seek a milder climate. So he joined a company of Texas Rangers commanded by Captain L. H. McNelly. He lived with him for seven months, most of the time on the Rio Grande. On his return to Austin he soon fell into evil and ruinous habits, and to rid himself, he fled to New York, where he remained two years. He

returned to Texas in the summer of 1878, and was elected Professor of Literature in Waco University, which position he held for a brief period only.

Mr. Rowe was very precocious, having written and published the *Years of Youth* before he had reached the years of maturity. And being but a boy, and far from wise, he had made a little flourish of self-importance about his ambition in that little book that he had innocently issued to a hard world. The manner in which his book was received emboldened him to greater efforts. Thus *The Mind* was produced. This poem is his longest one, and, by Mr. Longfellow, considered his best. It shows evidences of haste. The last one hundred and fifty lines were composed within the incredible short period of *one hour and a half*. Its style is smooth. The secret of his pleasing style lies in his simple manner of narrative, beautifully constructed sentences and precision of detail. In some instances he is elevating, grave, sublime, and polished to a wonderful degree of brilliancy and beauty. While on the other hand, he sinks and descends into humble dialogue, provincial rusticity, coarse obscenity, and even puns. In some passages he soars beyond the ordinary into the loftiest flights of poetry, and in this he is scarcely excelled by Mrs. Shindler or Mollie Moore. In sentiment and good sense he is not their inferior; and in the beauty of his historic allusions and the acuteness of his criticisms he has been excelled by few.

Mr. Rowe lived a life capable, perhaps, of excuse, but not of justification. There are times in which concealment is the worst injury that can be done a man, as there are also cases in which disclosure is a crime. I am incapable of saying in which category Rowe's life-story is to be placed. Concealment, however, satisfied his vanity, which was great, and his imagination, which, notwithstanding his great genius, was not great, but limited, and I might even dare to say vulgar. His imagination, like Byron's, was much inferior to his genius, and he wanted both personal dignity and critical discrimination, which has so

much to do with personal dignity as well as with excellence in art.

During his two years sojourn in New York, the young poet, in the midst of all his loves, his frivolities, and his embarrassments, produced a succession of poems, written with the greatest rapidity, and with a total absence of study or retirement hitherto thought necessary to such composition.

In 1880, Miss Florence Gerald issued *Adenheim, and Other Poems*. Mr. Rowe had the hardihood to review her poems and the art of planting wounds that they should sting and burn. Had Miss Gerald been wise, she would have borne the pain like a heroine, without gratifying her critics by an outcry of pain or vengeance. But she felt keenly the stings, and with an outburst of young passion and energy she made a spirited reply. If it were possible to drop these facts out of Rowe's and Miss Gerald's lives and works, I believe their admirers would be glad to have it done and I myself not the least contented; but they cannot be dropped out of a literary history. He did not show much skill in his reviews. His education was imperfect, his information desultory and chaotic. The university had conveyed to him but a small share of those humanizing influences with which I am fondly apt to credit that seat of learning. But, curious as it may seem, it was his assault upon Miss Gerald's poems that won him his greatest notoriety, and the "Rowe-Gerald" controversy will long be remembered. Society, which had been coldly unconscious of his existence, opened its doors wide to the poet and critic who had so many claims on its consideration.

In 1882, Mr. Rowe took a school at Bremond. He made daily visits to Wooten Wells, near by, and improved in health. A series of misfortunes befell him there, and he left for Waco where he died in 1884.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

§ PRING is coming on in beauty
Hailed by all the glorious earth :
And her voice is sweetly ringing,
With the songs of joy and mirth.

And her path is strewn with flowers,
Garlands wreathed about her brow,
Robed in Nature's richest costume
She is coming gayly now.

All the world is up and doing,
With a heart as light and free
As the little birds that carol,
'Round them in melodious glee.

And the industrious farmers early
Hasted onward to the field,
For this is the time to labor,
If their "harvest much would yield."

If abundance they would gather
Of the fruit which Autumn bears,
They must labor now or never,
For the present's only theirs.

Youth ! to you this time is given—
This bright spring-time of your life :
It you must improve, or falter
In this world's unkindly strife.

Let not petty trifles turn you,
Such as maiden's smiles of art ;
But look thoughtful down the future,
With a proud, defiant heart.

*What is life without distinction ?
What a name without a name*

*That can rest in blazing letters
On the tablet wrought of Fame!*

Would you die and be forgotten
Like the ripples of a stream?
Or the bare and baseless fabric
Of a sluggard's idle dream?

Then know this—without exertion,
You will not behold your name
Blazon'd on the banner floating
O'er the battlements of Fame.

Ask—where shall my name be written?
Then but mark the loftiest height
Aim at this—o'ercome each barrier,
Reach the pinnacle, and write.

Write by merit—not hishonor,
Nor by avaricious wealth;
For the wealth of glory fadeth
When 'tis won by treacherous stealth.

THE CITY.

AS DESCRIBED BY A CRUDE OLD COUNTRYMAN.

WELL, wife, I've seed the city
We've hearn so much about,
An' when I got right squarly in
I hardly could git out.
It is so big an' grand-like
That ev'ry whar I'd go,
'Long any street just thar I'd meet
A thousan' folks or mo'.

I ax'd 'em if 'twas 'lection day,
Or what was gwine on—

But ev'ry lark would laugh an say,
"Oh, goodbye, country John!"
I did not know what all this meant,
I wasn't gwine then;
But, in my life, I never seed
Sich fine dress'd gals an' men.

I tell you, wife, them gals look'd gay,
An' was so purty, too;
An' some was dress'd in green an' red,
An' some was dress'd in blue.
Now rosy Moll at farmer Jones'
Did never look so fine,
In spite of all her Sunday's on,
When she goes out to shine.

But ev'ry time I stopt a man,
An ax'd him what was up,
(He always had a stick in hand,
An' at his feet a pup),
He only look'd at me an' grinn'd,
Or said some sassy word;
An' tho' I got right squarly mad,
I couldn't hurt the bird.

No, wife, he was so white an' fair—
Jus' like our baby Sue—
That in my heart I was ashame
So dirty thing to do.
But sometimes I was awful ril'd,
An' wish'd for little Jim—
If he'd been thar, to lick them lads
Would jus' been fun for him.

But all is pass'd an' over now,
An' I'm at home agin;
So let me tell you what I saw
In that big town of sin.
I know you'll wonder, wife, to hear
What people do an' say
In sich a place, so fix your mind
While I prepar the way.

Now, when I'd tromp'd a nour or so
Along the biggest street,
A-wonderin' at the purty things,
An' at the little feet
All shod in shoes with buttons on,
Or some sich fancy thing,
I felt a grip upon my arm,
An' thar was Peter King.

You know he left our neighborhood
A year or two ago,
'Cause farmer Jones' silly Moll
Would never love him mo'.
Wife, 'tis a pitty that the gal
Should sich a filly be,
For Pete was sich a fine young man,
An' stronger, too, than three.

I used to watch 'em, with my heart
A-bilin' up with joy
To think how happy they was then—
That handsome gall an' boy.
But skittish Moll driv Peter off—
I know she'll rue the day,
When some young fellow not as good
Shall take the lass away.

But let me tell you now of Pete
(Ah, wife 'twill fetch a tear);
He ain't the same by half he was
When he was livin' here.
He's jus' as handsome, tho', an' kind,
An' looks as tall an' brave;
But when I grasped his manly hand,
His face was sad an' grave.

He did not even laugh or smile
As he was used to do,
But only in a low voice said,
"I'm glad to meet with you."
Then shook my hand as hard an' long
As when at home we met;

But, wife, I'm 'feared his heart is sore
With lovin' Molly yet.

He never ax'd of her ; but once
When I was tellin' him
Of how the folks was gittin' on—
Of you, an' Sue, an' Jim—
I chanc'd to strike on Molly Jones,
An' I was sorry, wife,
For now his face was sadder still—
He look'd like death in life.

Oh, if vain Molly did but know
How grand a heart was broke,
She would not walk so happy now
Beneath the elm an' oak.
But Peter King was poor, you know,
An' Jones a wealthy nut ;
An', wife, a wall must be betwixt
The palace an' the hut.

But Pete is well-to-do- now, wife,
An' gittin' rich, he says ;
But he will never be the same
As in his boyish days.
'Tis strange the love of one bright face
Will turn the mind to gall,
An' make a noble life bewail
That it was made at all.

He never spoke when Moll was named,
But stood till I was done,
An' then he ax,d me how it was
That I had come to town.
I told him that I hearn it said
That skins an' sich like truck
Was wuth a pile of money here,
An' come to try my luck.

Jus' like him, wife, he went an' sold
What things my wagon bore
For twice the money they would fetch
At old man Hobson's store.

An' when the night come on he said,
"I'll show you somethin' new ;
So let us go an' see the play
Of ' Black Crook ' acted through."

I did not know what then he meant,
So gaily went along,
But soon, dear wife, I found myself
A-watching somethin' wrong.
We sot within the grandest house
Which ever I had seed ;
An' lads an' ladies too was thar
Pete call'd the finest breed.

Right after we had took our cheers
Sich music fill'd the room
That for a minute, wife, I thought
The angel bands had come.
You know, when me an' you was young,
How Uncle Jack did play—
'Y, his old fiddle now would sound
Jus' like an ass's bray.

An' then right 'fore us riz a kind
O' curtain, rich an' wide,
An' on the stage (Pete call'd it this)
A hundred gals I spied.
A hundred gals with nothin' on—
With nothin' on I swar,
Except jus' down below the waist,
An' all the rest was bar.

Pete scarce could hold me whar I sot,
I felt so strange an' quar,
An' that's the only time he smiled
While I was with him thar.
But what was stranger still than this,
Thar sot them ladies gay,
A-lookin' on beside the lads,
No more ashame than they.

I did not go, dear wife, till all
The sinful people went ;

But then I know you'll not complain,
Since nothin' wrong I meant.
For I was prayin' in my heart
While lookin' with my eyes
That they might read their titles clear
To mansions in the skies.

An' many other wicked sights
I seed within that place,
An' wondered if the Lord had hid
From them his shinin' face.
I hope not ; for 'twould grieve me sore
Upon the Judgment day
To know that all them lovely gals
Had missed the Narrow Way.

But here I am at home once mo'.
An' will not make a fuss,
For God, so wise an' good, perhaps,
Has dealt the best with us.
An' so I've seed the city, wife,
We've hearn so much about,
But when I got right squarly in
I hardly could git out.

THE WINE-DEATH OF LOVE.

[The following poem was composed during the month of June, 1877, while the author was sojourning at the San Lucas springs, in the State of Coahuila, Republic of Mexico. These celebrated springs are situated in a deep and exceedingly rugged canyon, about one hundred and sixty miles distant from Piedras Negras, and in a southwesterly direction from the Rio Grande. From beneath the mountains which form the canyon, innumerable springs issue,—some as cold almost as ice, while others are comparatively hot or tepid. The principal spring, and the one

resorted to for medical purposes, lies within a huge and awe-inspiring cave, arched overhead by adamantine roofs of rock. In was beside that pearly, sparkling fountain underground, and while listening to the plaintive fall of other waters, that the author was constrained to give vent to this weird and fantastic improvisation. Of course the creature herein referred to as "LOVE" is purely fictitious and mythical, and is employed merely as an image to represent a passion that was made utterly hopeless by the lover's too frequent indulgence in the sweet and soul-soothing potations of wine.]

THE waters are moaning sad
Over the pebbles and stones;
And my soul is gloomy, yet glad,
As it catches the wild sweet tones,
Is gloomy not mad,
Though the water is wild with its moans.

I linger and listen and hear
A sound from under ground,
That has a ring so strangely clear,
That I wonder whence comes the sound,
For in truth I fear
'Tis the voice of my love that was drown'd.

The voice of my love that died
In the mystical dream of wine,
Leaving me and becoming Death's bride,
In the moment I thought her mine,
And thus do I pine
All the night-time away at her green grave's side.

Yes, she was wedded to Death while the hue
Of the wine kissed her lips and chin,
And the smile she gave as she pass'd from view
Was the skeleton smile of sin.
But alas! within
My soul was a madness none ever knew.

In truth 'twas the fiend of despair
That had cursed my soul with that gloom,

For the love of my life, so white and fair,
When to Death in the red wine's foam ;
Even her golden hair
Was bloody with wine for the tomb.

And I linger and listen and hear
A sound from under ground,
That tells me my love is near,
And calling me in that sound ;
For with grief I aver
Not in water, but wine, was she drown'd.

Oh, what a horrible, horrible dream
Is the wild wine-dream of death !
But my love she sought the blood-like stream,
With a fevered and panting breath,
And like a star-glean
She sank to the fathomless depths beneath.

So, from under the water and ground
Is stealing a strange, sad wail—
'Tis the voice of my love that was drown'd,
And that looked so ghostly pale
When phantom hands wound
Her form in a SHROUD, not a veil !

Not a veil, like I thought 'twould be—
A veil wreathed with orange flowers—
For the one that hid her face from me,
And imbibtered, like gall, the hours,
From wine was not free
As the foliage in Summer showers.

Oh, the mad, the inefiable curse of wine !
It from me my love has riven ;
And I fear it has stolen the key divine
That would have unlocked the doors of Heaven.
And thus do I pine
That never from sin shall my soul be shriven.

MRS. MARY SAUNDERS.

MR. A. A. FORBES has kindly furnished me the following sketch of Mrs. Saunders: "Mrs. Mary Saunders was born in Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, England, March 29, 1836. Her father, John Ingle, was a reduced gentleman, but both parents had been liberally educated, and had saved from the wreck of their fortune a fine library. Her education was very limited, on account of a most delicate constitution, which precluded a regular attendance at school. The old library, however, was both school and companion to the girl, who eagerly devoured such books as a discerning mother would allow her to read. Under the shadow of the old castle which was the scene of a famous tournament rendered immortal in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, she read the volumes of that great poet and novelist.

She came to San Antonio in 1852, and two years later married Mr. Wilson, an English gentleman, who threw himself heart and soul into the Confederate struggle; was promoted to captain, and accidentally drowned in the Sabine river, near Orange. He had invested in Confederate bonds a small legacy which had been bequeathed her, and his death left her alone in the world, and penniless. She supported herself comfortably for several years by teaching, and in 1871, married Mr. Saunders, her present husband, a farmer and stockraiser of moderate means. At his farm, on Curry's creek, in Kendall county, she leads a happy and contented life.

Mrs. Saunders has a wonderful power of recalling vividly every beautiful scene in nature. The sparkling little stream on which she lives seeks the clear waters of the swiftly flowing Guadalupe, with several beautiful leaps; and the lofty hills

which shut it in on either side have suggested some of her sweetest poems.

She has been a cripple for four years, yet her cheerful spirit has never deserted her. Her life, though uneventful, has been one full of love, and many a poor soul has been cheered by her sweet philosophy and active kindness.

Her poetry is, like her life, modest and unassuming, but full of beauty and sweet harmony."

For a number of years Mrs. Saunders has been a constant contributor to the Texas press, notably the San Antonio *Express*. These contributions, in almost every instance, have been poems, and so admirable have they been that they have been copied by the papers throughout the country. Her longest poem—*Texas*—is an ambitious attempt to give a picture of the grandeur and beauty of her adopted State. I quote from this poem the following stanzas. It is too long to give in full:—

† HERE are groves of green willows, where echoes have
spoken,
And waters of brightness from rude rocks are flung;
Where solitude reigns, and the silence is broken
At morning and night by the mocking-bird's song.

There are woods where the pine tree its proud head upheaveth
To meet the warm kiss of the life-giving sun;
While through its dark branches the soft south wind grieveth
In mystical music o'er days that are gone.

There are prairies outspreading a miniature ocean
Of emerald billows all brilliant with bloom;
Where the wing of each zephyr that lendeth a motion
In passing is bathed in the richest perfume.

There are rocks piled on high like the castles of story,
By fast flowing rivers all frowning and grand,
While the live-oak outreaching, gigantic and hoary,
With moss-bannered branches o'er shadows the land.

There are graves of the heroes whose deeds are immortal,
And rival Thermopylæ's history old ;
In the Alamo death opened glory's grand portal,
And nations applaud when its story is told.

There are fair smiling cities in valleys embosomed,
Where clear streamlets wander from pure flowing springs,
When tropical verdure in beauty hath blossomed,
And tropical birds plume their glittering wings.

There are riches untold in the heart of her mountains ;
And plains where the wild horse and buffalo dwell ;
And health's the free gift of her mineral fountains—
She has caves where the honey bee buildeth his cell.

But with treasures of mountain and valley and forest,
She boasteth of others more precious by far,
Of all God has given, the noblest the rarest—
The hearts of the people who love the "Lone Star!"

This little poem, *San Jacinto Day*, is far above most of the efforts commemorating the gallant deeds of Houston's men, April 21st, 1836. Hence, I give it space :—

LOVED Starry Banner, unto thee
Our time dimmed eyes we proudly raise,
Thou wavest o'er our children free
And glad hearts glow with grateful praise.

How dark the cloud that wrapped us round,
Ere San Jacinto's field was won,
Our martyred brethren, laurel crowned,
Had gone before, their work was done.

But ours remained, and we were few,
To meet the fierce invading horde,
But arms were strong and hearts were true,
For memory whetted every sword.

The murdered prisoners' blood still cried
To heaven against the faithless foe,

And vengeance breathed on those who died
For Texas at the Alamo.

The victor's brand how can they wield
Whose victims fill such awful graves ?
For they must meet on battle field
The living and the buried brave.

How Texans fought let history tell ;
Ne'er will this day forgotten be
Before the Star, the Eagle fell,
And our beloved home was free.

Those scenes are past, the fragrant blooms,
Like jewels, deck Jacinto's plain,
Soon tears of dew shall bathe the tombs
Of all who fought, for few remain.

Ah ! comrades, we are weak and old,
With trembling hands, with snowy hair,
Our iron lives have had their gold ;
Thank God we stood with Houston there.

Another poem I here present from the pen of Mrs. Saunders is very suggestive. It is one of her best. The life of the soldier is a sad one, filled with many terrors and heartaches. In this poem—*The Dying Soldier*—the author causes the soldier to tell an o'er true tale :—

I have walked with graves for land marks,
Across the sunless waste,
And only wrecks betoken
Where the stormy years have passed.

The death of the true soldier is a mere "passing over the river and resting under the shades." I give the poem in full. It cannot fail to please the reader :—

LOVE, wheel my chair to the window ;
The streets are thronged to-day
With busy, happy faces,
With sounds of laughter gay ;

With rhyme of ringing footsteps—
The frosty air, like wine,
Sets warm, rich blood to dancing—
How slow and languid mine.

Hold closer the robe around me,
And sit beside me, dear ;
The elm tree's ice-clad branches
Make music soft and clear.
The icicles are ringing
Their tiny tinkling bells ;
Sweeter than birds in summer
Their fairy chiming swells.

A thousand pendant rainbows
In the morning sunlight gleam,
And weird, fantastic pictures,
As fair as poet's dream,
Are traced upon my window
Before my breath to die,
As I, before the spring tide,
My love why should you sign ?

Think of the desolation
My weary eyes have soon,
My life a scorching desert,
Or dark morass has been ;
I have walked with graves for land warks,
Across the sunless waste,
And only wrecks betoken
Where the stormy years have passed.

A river, whose turbid waters
Are swollen by tears and blood,
Flows o'er the sacred altars
Where the love of a nation stood.
The star from heaven has faded
That shone above the gray ;
The flag is furled forever
I bore through many a fray.

At last my heart is broken,
And lost my hold on life,

Would I had died in battle,
In "rapture of the strife,"
But come as 'twill, 'tis welcome,
As to the pilgrim shrine,
Not even your love could keep me
And that was never mine.

Nay, love, why are you weeping?
Dear, tender heart and true,
I never should have spoken,
But that I surely knew
My hours of pain were numbered,
But, Sweet, before I go,
Has earth a type of heaven?
Kiss me that I may know."

He died before the sunset,
And on his pale dead face
Was something like a memory
Of boyhood's careless grace.
Was it her loving kisses
Or rain of tender tears
That freed him from the shadow
Of sorrow-darkened years?



MARY DANA SHINDLER.

MARY STANLEY BUNCE PALMER was born in Beauford, South Carolina, in 1810, and is the most widely known poet in Texas, and really the most versatile female writer of the South.

She is known to the reading world as Mrs. Dana. The poems by which she first gained celebrity appeared in 1840, in a volume called the *Southern Harp*. Her maiden name was Mary Stanley Bunce Palmer. She is the daughter of Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D., pastor of the Congregational church at Beauford, at the time of her birth.

In 1814, her father moved to Charleston and took charge of a church in that city. In this city Mrs. Shindler was educated by the Misses Ramsay, daughters of the historian, Dr. David Ramsay. This enchanting climate was best adapted to inspire raptures peculiar to the ode—a gayety characteristic of Southern song. Amidst the romantic scenes of Charleston was felt with uncommon sensibility the force of that pleasing painful passion, which, uniting grief, joy, and enthusiasm, contains the fruitful sense of whatever is most perfect in music and poetry.

Mrs. Shindler was married in 1835 to Mr. Charles E. Dana, of New York, in which city the first year of her married life was passed. In 1838 they became residents of Bloomington, Iowa. But she soon had the misfortune to lose her husband and only child by death; and thus left in early widowhood, she at once returned to Charleston with the intention of resuming her residence amidst the scenes and associations of her early life. She found, however, that the recent troubles through which she had passed had clothed every scene of early association with attributes so gloomy that a residence at Charleston had no



MARY DANA SHINDLER.

longer any attraction for her. Little encouragement to genius and learning was held out to her; though she resolved under all disappointments to devote herself to literary pursuits—to the refined and even to the enjoyment of the society of the great and good. Maturity had now perfected her early beauty and strengthened the ardor of her affections. Professor John S. Hart says of her at this time: "The anguish of these domestic sorrows found voice in song, and originated her first volume, *The Southern Harp*. This was followed by *The Northern Harp*, *The Parted*, *The Young Sailor*, and *Forecastle Tom*."

In 1848, she was married to Rev. Robert D. Shindler, a clergyman of the Episcopal church. Immediately after the war Mr. Shindler moved to Texas. He settled at Nacogdoches, where he remained up to his death, in 1874. She has only one near relative, a son, who is engaged in the mercantile business in Nacogdoches.

In the fall of 1876, she visited Memphis, Tennessee, in which city she spent the winter, and there published a volume of about two hundred pages, giving a detailed, though condensed record of her investigations into the spiritual phenomena. The book is sold by Colby & Rich, Boston. It is entitled *A Southerner Among the Spirits*. The book is very highly prized by those whose time is given to the investigation of the subject of which it treats. Of this work the *Spiritual Journal* (Chicago) says: "Mrs. Shindler is a pleasing writer, and her work is a valuable addition to the accumulating evidences of Spiritualism. * * * * * Her purity of thought, earnestness of purpose, and unswerving honesty, endear her to her readers, and add greater value to her work, which she has thrown in the right channel."

Mrs. Shindler returned to her home in May and spent the summer, and again visited Memphis in the following fall. In connection with a Memphis lady of high literary attainments, she commenced the editorship of a Spiritual and reform paper, called *The Voice of Truth*. Her associate being principally in

the lecture field, she had nearly the sole charge of the paper, and a vast amount of writing, besides proof reading, etc., finally broke down her health, and she was obliged, in May, to return home for rest and recuperation; her companion, Mrs. A. C. Hawkes, well known in Texas as a fine lecturer, taking the editorial chair. She soon became dangerously ill, and it was found necessary to suspend the publication of the paper, with the promise that they would resume in the fall. Then came the dreadful scourge—yellow fever. Every member of Mrs. Hawkes' family was prostrated with the fever; her mother died, their funds were exhausted; and thus *The Voice of Truth* passed out of existence. It took a high stand as a literary journal, and its prospects for success were remarkably promising. Both of its editors were Texans, Mrs. Hawkes having lived in Texas from childhood.

As a writer of both prose and poetry, Mrs. Shindler has few equals in the South; and in the sweetness of her numbers, the fervor of her language, the splendor of her imagery, and the condensed power of her expression, she is, by none of her Southern contemporaries ever excelled, and Poe alone can be regarded as her equal. Her verses, it is true, were anguish versified. You cannot regard them as voluptuous, but as abstract, etherial, elevated and David-like in principle. The critic who regards Mrs. Shindler's songs as mere fragments, greatly degrades her genius. Her strains are of a more elevating and commanding kind—simple, vehement, rich in images, and sparkling in words—her poetry is the poetry of the soul. Every sentence contains words of sentiment, a finished delicacy of thought. She is totally unconscious of her powers; but such is the tenderness and enthusiasm of her sensations, that she has infused sublimity into her most simple subjects.

Rowe is soft and delicate in the extreme. His drinking poems have all the gayety of their subjects, without any of its grossness. Mollie-Moore, on the other hand, is always serious and impressive; and though capable of the sublime, she does

not often deal in it, but excels in those subjects which call forth peculiar strains of pathos; while Mrs. Shindler's soaring genius led her to indulge in those daring flights of sublimity to which few of the Texas authors ever even approached.

Her best known poem—*Passing Under the Rod*—is acknowledged to be one of the most perfect gems of this age. The poem may, at first glance, appear forced and affected. Dr. Samuel Johnson says: "Where there is real sorrow, there is nothing of mere poetry." This criticism is, however, hypercritical, and contrary to popular feeling; hence we find that Shakespeare, who had from nature the deepest intuition into the complicated science of mental philosophy, saw that the human mind perpetually foils the calculation of previous reasoning. This is no impeachment of the poet's accurate taste or genuine simplicity of feeling. It may disappoint the vulgar notions which uniformly follow the impulses of practical human life, but it is simply the revelry of the poet—a luxury of sorrow. Such is her life, and such is her work. A mind which leads the public taste by her nice distinctions, startling paradoxes, hair-splitting arguments, and detonating use of language.

Among Mrs. Shindler's religious songs, *I am a Pilgrim and a Stranger*, and *Sing to Me of Heaven*, are the best known; and few who sing these songs on each returning Sabbath are aware that the author of them lives in modest retirement at her home in Nacogdoches, Texas.

Since the above sketch was prepared, I have learned of Mrs. Shindler's death in 1883.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

§ SAW the young Bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedeck'd in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
While the future look'd blooming and gay,

And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she fasten'd her hopes to this perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been sever'd in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief
And her bloom for the paleness of woe.
But the HEALER was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And He strength'd the chain He had broken in twain,
And fasten'd it firm to the skies.
There had whisper'd a voice—'twas the voice of her God,
I love thee, I love thee, *pass under the rod!*

I saw the young Mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kiss'd the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seem'd
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold ;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told,
But the HEALER was there, Who had stricken her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to Heaven He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whisper'd a voice, 'twas the voice of her God,
I love thee, I love thee, *pass under the rod!*

I saw the fond Brother with glances of love
Gazing down on a gentle young girl,
And she hung on his arm while the whispering wind
Freely played with each clustering curl.
Oh, he lov'd the soft tones of her silvery voice,
Let her use it in sadness or glee,
And he clasp'd his brave arms round her delicate form
As she sat on her brother's knee.

But I saw when he gazed on her death-stricken face
And she breath'd not a word in his ear,
And he clasp'd his brave arms round an icy-cold form,
And he moisten'd her cheek with a tear.
But the HEALER was there, and He said to him thus :
" Grieve not for thy sister's short life,"
And He gave to his arms still another fair girl,
And he made her his own cherished wife.
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice of his God,
I love thee, I love thee, *pass under the rod!*

I saw a proud father and mother, who lean'd
On the arms of a dear, gifted son,
And a star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the high place he had won ;
And the fast-coming evening of life promis'd fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmer'd bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the HEALER was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care,
As He show'd them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there !
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice of their God,
I love thee, I love thee,—PASS UNDER THE ROD.

THE MOTHER TO HER DEPARTED CHILD.

I MUST not weep for thee
In hopeless agony,
My baby dead !
Away from earthly things,
From sorrow's deadly stings,
On bright, angelic wings,
Thus early fled !

Ere thou hadst tasted woe,
'Tis better thou shouldst go
 To perfect bliss ;
My darling—heavenward fled !
Oh, shall I hang my head,
And mourn my baby dead,
 And weep—*for this?*

Go, cherub ! to thy rest !
Yes—leave thy mother's breast
 For angel arms !
Sweet baby, I bid thee go !
Ah me, too well I know
This earth could never show
 Such heavenly charms !

My baby ! soon I must
Resign thy sleeping dust,
 Smiling in death !
What didst thou, baby, see,
Which made thee smile on me,
When death stood near to thee,
 Stealing thy breath ?

A gleam of sweet surprise
Lit up thy languid eyes
 And polish'd brow ;
And the same heavenly ray
Around thy lips did play
As pass'd thy life away,
 And 'tis there now !

I never thought that I
Could see my baby die,
 Yet feel like this !
Dead—dead—and yet so fair !
No anguish, no despair,
Comes o'er me while I dare
 Thy lips to kiss !

Those lips that smile in death !
I almost feel the breath,
 As once it came,

When, sleeping on my knee,
While burned my love for thee,
Thy breath, so sweet to me,
Did fan love's flame.

Ah me ! what have I said ?
Sweet baby, thou art not dead,
For, hovering nigh,
I feel thy spirit now,
Soft fingers touch my brow ;
I might have *known* that thou
Couldst never die !

My beautiful ! my own ! !
We'll lay thy body down
Beneath the sod ;
Farewell, my baby dear !
Oh God, forgive this tear !
Thyself my heart must cheer
My Father, God !

I'll thank Thee, every day,
That o'er this pale, cold clay,
My baby dead—
I've felt as now I feel ;
Though down the tear-drops steal
Thou dost thy love reveal,
And grief has fled !



MRS. ANNA WORD SPRAGINS.

ANNA WORD SPRAGINS was a native of Alabama. Very early in life she exhibited a poetic genius, and became a distinguished contributor to Southern periodicals, at sixteen years of age. In a short time after her *debut*, her poems were being published extensively throughout the Southern States. In 1859, she visited Texas in quest of health. She spent nearly two years here, during which time she wrote some of her most beautiful poems. In the spring of 1861 she returned to her home in Alabama; leaving, with many regrets, the land of flowers and soft sea breezes, to meet at home the saddened hearts of loved ones in grief for sons and fathers, and brothers, that were just "off for the war." Her heart was enlisted in the cause of the Southland. She did a noble work by her unceasing efforts to procure blankets, food and clothing for the gallant men in gray. So enthusiastic was she, in this work, the enemy wickedly arrested her on false accusations. But as no evidence of treason was produced, she was released without imprisonment.

In 1863 she was married to Capt. E. C. Spragins, and for several years she seldom wrote poetry. The love of husband and family seemed to fill her heart and take the place of poetic vision.

In 1866 her mother moved to Texas, leaving her alone with her family in Alabama. Three years later she visited her mother in Texas, and while on the eve of returning to Alabama, she wrote one of her sweetest poems—*Farewell to Texas*. Her husband died in 1871, and she soon afterwards came to her western home to live. Poor in health, sad at heart, she sought health and rest; but vain hope! She died of consumption,

June, 1876. Just before her death, she prepared her poems for publication. Up to this time, however, they have not been published, though richly deserve such honor.

Mrs. Spragins lived an earnest life. In the schoolroom she was gentle, though imperative; in the domestic circle, queen of hearths, though kind and loving. In society, she was sociable and winning in manners; in the church, a zealous and devoted Christian. As a wife and mother, she was always affectionate, earnest, and patient. Her early death was regretted by every one who knew her.

There is much in Mrs. Spragins' poems to admire, and little to condemn. She made no attempt at classic imitation, but wrote as her Muse inspired her, and always selected such subjects as were native to her intellect. *Shiloh*, which I present here, calls to mind many scenes of battle. This is a true story; and it is told in comely verse. There is poetic thought, beautifully expressed, in this line, from the eighth stanza:—

“And midnight wept its surging tears of rain,”—

’Twas an April rain, and many a poor form lay

“With wan, white faces to the drenching flood.”

I turn from the melancholy scenes of that sanguinary conflict between the Blue and the Gray, and give the reader an opportunity to read the “first impressions” of Texas as expressed in Mrs. Spragins' *Farewell to Texas*. Her departure she calls a

“Sorrow full of weeping.”

There is a beautiful thought in these two lines, from the third stanza:—

And my heart will stop to listen
To the tinkle of the bells.

This poem is entirely unlike *Shiloh*, though not inferior in imagery or artistic finish.

SHILOH.

"Had but the strength of thy arm, Demosthenes, equaled thy spirit, never had Greece sunk under the Conqueror's yoke."

THE wings of midnight hovered still and solemn
Around our army in its garb of gray;
A hush of death lay on each silent column
Of men, who waited for the bloody day.
Ah! who can tell the thoughts just 'ere the hour of battle,
Who tell the fire or yet the fear of men,
Who wait the day like heroes or like cattle
To slay the hosts, or by the hosts be slain.

Along the line war's heavy deep pulsation
Was felt as daylight streaked the eastern sky;
The holy day throbbed, that its desecration,
Was told in mutters of the thunder nigh.
The roar of muskets broke the Sabbath morning,
And knells of death rung 'mong the budding trees,
The smoke of battle soon o'erspread the dawning,
And flung dull vapors to the April breeze.

The crimson sun, like some mad god appealing
To orient armies, rose upon the day,
And threw red light into the fray, revealing
The pitted ranks of blue and sombre gray.
Yet heavier rose the lifting boom of cannon
And shriller muskets, 'till each friend and foe
Went into death with war's sad, hot abandon,
Where life was but a diceman's hurried throw.

They fought like men, our gray-clad earnest heroes—
With bated breath, and sinews strung to steel—
And many a message sent the bloody nerves,
Which made the columns of the bravest reel.
Then back again came the hot missile showers,
The red hot plague, into the hearts of men;
And through the long, long, bloody day the hours
Were told to Heaven by the piles of slain.

Some hearts were there, beneath gray tattered wrappings,
Which valued life not by its gain, but loss,
Strong men who loved to count blue gilded trappings,
As the refiner counts the worthless dross.
They asked no mark of any man as brother,
But fought relentless as the hand of Doom,
With thoughts alone of wife, and child, and mother,
Made wretched wanderers from the olden home.

Some souls were there who had lost all but Heaven
And common country; deadly were the blows
Which their hands dealt, and deep the sword was driven
In severest vengeance, as remembered woes
Came up to speak of homes laid waste and burning;
Of loved ones hunted to the bitter death,
And Shiloh saw their faces turn from yearning
To darker thoughts—their words to murderous breath.

Dim clouds hung low at evening's close, and darkly
Uprose the last black volume of the day;
And glazing eyes through lifting smoke, gazed starkly
Up to the clouds, unheeding where they lay.
The sunset hour was redder than the dawning,
The blush of pain was deeper in the west;
The Sabbath day, which broke on Shiloh's morning,
Wore sadder robes than when it flushed the east.

And hushed the battle, save anon the jarring
Of sleepless cannon rolling on the air;
The Southland braves had ceased the bloody warring
When night came down without a single star.
On the damp night-wind rose the heavy morning,
The anguished pleading, and the cries of pain,
And 'mid the broken prayer and stifled groaning
The midnight wept its surging tears of rain.

Oh, night of Shiloh! Friends and brothers pleading
Blent with the foe. Oh, night of April rain!
The pitying God looked down upon the bleeding,
And send some death to still the mortal pain.
Oh, night of Shiloh! Dying forms that shivered
With wan, white faces to the drenching flood,

Prayed long, 'till, kind, their hearts-strings breaking,
 quivered,
And left the dead at rest in pools of blood.

Oh, night of Shiloh ! Priceless were the treasures
 Our army paid to call thee once its own ;
With truest hearts, and blood in untold measures,
 The bloody day and moaning night were won.
Oh, field of Shiloh ! Victory's form revealing
 The hard won guerdon to the ranks of gray—
On the tomorrow, all her words repealing,
 Unfurled her wings and bore the gift away.

Ah, who may tell the sadness of that morrow
 When victory took our heritage and fled—
Ah, who may tell the bitter tale of sorrow,
 The gallant gray at second midnight read ?
Today 'tis ours, and gratefully we read it
 With other tears than we were wont to read.
They could no more, and mournfully we heed it,
 While we strew flowers for the Shiloh-dead.

And to the maimed, who wear the scars of Shiloh
 In deep remembrance of the day of blood,
We bring our hearts to wreath a lustrous halo.
 Around the noble Southland Brotherhood;
And lay heart offerings on our dripping altar,
 But the more sacred, that 'tis broken now ;
And with the lips, which never knew to falter
 Repeat today proud honor's solemn vow.

And some were there who fought for deathless honor,
 Which fills high hearts, for well they loved the land,
And would hurl back the foes which smote upon her,
 Or meet them proudly, ever hand to hand.
Oh ! Southland fair, had truth e'er yet been plainer—
 Had thy sons known their blood was spilled in vain—
They yet had looked upon thy proud barred banner,
 And given their lives that it should know no stain.

Yet whether vengeance or our Southland's glory
 Nerved the strong arm, they fought the day full well,

And Shiloh's plain at midnight's hour, was gory,
All red with blood where many a hero fell.
Ah, deep the roar, and quick the smiling rattle
Heard through the stifling canopy of smoke,
Tell the fierce hour of evening turned the battle,
And Southland voices the proud victory spoke.

But bought so dear, when past the midday turning,
The tide bore down the legions where they stood,
When the loved tongue the slow advance was urging,
The "Sun of Shiloh" set in reeking blood ;
The Western Hero, in meridian glory,
Far better than that at the awful close,
When lips grew pale to speak a nation's story,
And write in tears a thousand bitter woes.

Blow, Western winds, o'er the fair land of flowers,
Forever whispering the proud Hero's name ;—
Bloom of the West, come from the myriad bowers
With breath of fragrance offered to his fame ;
These, to his memory, while a better brightness
Rest, on his soul beyond the honored tomb—
Hearts guard his grave, 'til the tomorrow's lightness
Speaks to the dust—"A better Shiloh come."

FAREWELL TO TEXAS.

FARE thee well ! bright land of beauty,
Emerald land, a long farewell ;
Words are faint, too faint to speak the
Sorrow which my heart would tell.
'Tis a sorrow full of weeping,
And a parting full of gloom,
As I look farewell and turn me
From thy face of glorious bloom.

Adieu to shades where I have wandered
'Neath the elm trees' greenest blow,

And to places bright to sadness
With the sunshine's mellow glow.
Adieu to the bright green prairies,
Wild flowers and the river dell;
Groves and birds—oh, land of beauty,
'Tis a pang to say farewell.

I shall dream of her at morning
In another home I seek,
Dream of all the wondrous beauty
Which a Texan morn can make.
And my heart will stop to listen
To the tinkle of the bells,
Floating o'er the wavin_g grasses
Like some happy music swells.

And at evening's hour so stilly
Will my heart fly home to thee,
Fast and far as doth the sailors
Home, from o'er the rocking sea.
And a loving heart will linger
Just beyond yon sloping hill
Listening to the low, sad music
From the solemn whip-poor-will.

Aye, my spirit will come to thee
In the witching hour of night,
When the live oaks on the prairie
Are aflood with liquid light.
When the sky wears on its bosom
All the glory of the moon;
And the South sea-wind is coming
Laden with the heart of June.

When the mesquite bends and quivers
To the night-wind sighing low,
And the shading moss is waving
Gently from the trailing bough.
When upon the sea breeze wakens
Songs the sweetest ever heard,
Pouring in the poet numbers
From the wakeful mocking-bird,

Ah, bright land the heart which loves thee,
Loves thy every changeful charm,
Will come home in dreams full often
With a love as pure and warm,
As the sun which glows and brightens
On thy peerless emerald brow—
Warm and fresh—the years can dim not
The great love I bear thee now.

But farewell, thou home of beauty,
Parting hath a pang today;
Blessings of my saddened spirit
I will give thee, and away.
Fare thee well, broad, bright prairies,
Wild flowers and the mossy dell;
River blue and vale of cashmere,
Emerald land—a long farewell!



MRS. BELLA FRENCH SWISHER.

EITHER as author, editor or poet, Mrs. Swisher is well known throughout the United States. She is a native Georgian, and was born in 1837. When four years of age she moved North, where she resided till 1877, when she came to Texas, and established here the *American Sketch Book*. She began literary work while very young. In 1867 she was literary editor of *Pomeroy's Democrat*. In 1868 she established the *Western Progress*, at Brownsville, Minnesota. In 1872 she began the publication of the *Busy West*, at St. Paul. In 1874 she began the *American Sketch Book*, at La Cross, Wisconsin, and in 1877 she moved it to Austin. The literary labors of Mrs. Swisher would fill several volumes. She has published only two books, one a novel—*Struggling up to the Light*,—and one—*A History of Brown County*, Wisconsin. In 1878 she was married to Col. John M. Swisher, an old veteran, and a gentleman of culture and wealth, of the city of Austin.

The poems I present from Mrs. Swisher's pen are true pictures. Her *San Antonio River* is a poem of beauty, while *Leaving Home* is extremely touching and "heart-true." Mrs. Swisher promises to collect her poems and present them to the world in a neat volume soon.

THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

A MOST fairy-like thing winding in, winding out,
Overshadowed by leaflets that quiver
In the breezes which toss the clear wavelets about,
Flows the sweet San Antonio River.

Under bridges, by churches, near ruins most grand,
With its numerous gladsome surprises,
In its grandeur of landscape on every hand,
From the beautiful spring where it rises.

I sat down near the source, on one glorious day,
When the sweet mocking-birds, a great number,
Were each piping forth its melodious lay,
And I think that I dropped into slumber;
For up from the foxgloves of every hue,
From all points of those emerald bowers,
Groups of fairies came forth to my wondering view,
Quite as numberless as the sweet flowers.

One ran down to the spring with a wee larkspur cup—
(O, has nature a tinier daughter!)
And the pure little goblet she brimful filled up
With the beautiful shimmering water.
Then I said, "Fairy Queen, can you tell me, I pray,
From whence came this most glorious river?"
In a silvery voice replied the fair fay:
"Yes, a woman's bright tear was the giver!

"In the ages ago lived a sweet fairy queen,
And this sky over us was her cover,
And her carpet, like this, was a flowery sheen,
But her heart was possessed by a lover—
One as fickle as man in all ages has been
When he finds that a woman will love him,
And who turned from her arms yet another to win,
Ever longing for what was above him.

"For the god of the fays had a daughter as fair
And as pure as the light of the morning,
And he fell deep in love with her beautiful hair,
Never heeding our time-honored warning:
'Should the child of a god ever mate with a fay,
Both are banished in the darkness forever.'
But the goddess and he thought to flee far away
To some land where no more they would sever.


"It was here that the lovers were plighting their troth,
On this spot never pressed by a mortal;

But that instant the god sent his vengeance on both;
And, direct from his heavenly portal,
A thunder-bolt fell on the love-plighted pair,
The green earth quickly rending asunder,
And the fay and the goddess with beautiful hair
In the ruins were here buried under.

“A great crevice was all that was left to the view ;
This was dark, and unsightly, and yawning,
Till the queen of the fairies, in love ever true,
Stole alone to its brink, at one dawning,
And low kneeling beside, dropped a pitying tear
Which has blessed this sweet vale through the giver ;
For the tear grew at once to this spring, sweet and clear,
And the spring to the beautiful river.

“And e’er since that bright morn it went dancing away,
Woman’s pitying tears have been flowing !”
I awoke—out of sight went the strange little fay,
But to where—it was not for my knowing.
Yet as then, on its way, winding in, winding out,
Overshadowed by leaflets that quiver
In the breezes which toss its clear wavelets about,
Flows the sweet San Antonio River.

LEAVING HOME.

 **WHAT** a host of holy recollections
All cluster round the spot which we call home ;
Dear memories are they, that linger ever
With us, though *far* our wandering feet may roam !
I go out in the busy world tomorrow,
The dear ones whom I love I leave behind ;
They have been mine in pleasure and in sorrow,
And friends like those I never more may find.

Out in the busy world, perhaps no more to meet them,
Their paths and mine, I know, must be apart ;

No wonder, then, that my weak soul should sicken,
And that a dreary pain should pierce my heart.
Forever more, perhaps, beside home's altar
At morn and eve, a vacant place will be;
And when upon the path of life I falter,
O, who will cheer and guide and strengthen me!

Sad, sad am I tonight. My soul is weeping
Such tears as those we shed above the dead,
When, one by one, the sods fall on the coffin,
And we turn from the spot with hopeless tread.
O, there are sadder things for us than dying!
Yes, sadder things than closing glassy eyes,
When some loved one in death's embrace is lying.
'Tis when we put aside what most we prize.

Farewell, dear ones. May God's sweet angel guide you
To blooming paths, where skies are always clear!
O, if a prayer of mine had power to bless you,
Then what a world of joy would crown each year!
Farewell! Farewell! This world is full of sadness,
And of wrecked hopes, and joys, and wasted lives.
O, happy he who keeps its faith and gladness,
And all its bitter, blighting storms survives.



MRS. JULIA PHIFER TRUITT.

MRS. JULIA PHIFER TRUITT was born in Mansfield, Louisiana, and received her education in a college in her native village. After her graduation in 1873 she began to teach. November 28th, 1877, she was married to Rev. J. M. Truitt, a member of the Northwest Texas Conference.

The easy circumstances and high rank of her family left her at liberty to devote herself to literary studies, for which she had from youth showed a strong predilection. She possesses a noble and enthusiastic nature. Her brilliant passages, and her penetrating knowledge of the human heart, will spread a lustre around her name of which the admirers of Texas poetry may well be proud. Everything is individualized and brought strongly and closely to the eye and understanding of the reader, and stamps upon the mind the impression of nature. Her genius is not limited to the rough and rustic, but passes with equal facility to the refined and elevated subjects which inlist her whole nature. If her mind is not permitted to be active, her whole thinking faculties are paralyzed. This is a physiological condition more or less characteristic of the female writers of the South. There is more heart and less brain in Southern literature.

In 1879 and 1880, Mrs. Truitt wrote a novel which appeared in part in the *Galveston Christian Advocate*. The story was well received by the public and elicited some enthusiasm among her friends, when it was suddenly discontinued by interference of the Conference which controlled the paper. This sudden stoppage created quite a sensation among the Methodist of the State, but the difficulties were settled without serious trouble.

Mr. W. E. Shaw says: "Mrs. Truitt is the most graceful

writer among the Texas poets." Dio Rivers, in *Southern Literary People*, wrote: "Mrs. Truitt ranks very high among the female writers of the South and has few equals in Texas."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

JUST an airy wedge in the sunlit skies,
 And a sound of far-up bugles blowing,
 And the wistful wonder of lifted eyes
 That follow far where the birds are going.
 A thrill to the heart as of some regret,
 Some want to the soul of wings for flying;
 While the airy wedge to the north is set,
 And the bugle call on the air is dying.

They have brought a dream of a tropic land
 Where the lakes lie wrapt in summer glory,
 And the mute old mountains in silence stand,
 With not a poet to tell their story.
 But the sea has sung it from age to age,
 The pines grow sad with its faltering, failing,
 And these birds that pass on their pilgrimage
 Have caught the voice of its mystic wailing.

But where is the poet can sing the song?
 Or where is the seer can tell the story?
 For the sphynx has sat by the roadside long,
 And lo! the mountains grow cold and hoary.
 Still we wait, and question—and still there lies
 A dark Beyond that is not for knowing;
 Still the wistful wonder of lifted eyes
 That follow far where the birds are going.

SOMETIMES.

THERE is a brighter, fairer land, they say,
 Somewhere beyond earth's lovely, fleeting day,
 A strange, new world, with grander, sweeter climes;

And when these summer skies grow warm and blue,
Such waves of softer light come drifting through,
I think the veil is half withdrawn, sometimes.


In that fair land such music sweet, they say,
Rings round the Throne and to the Gates of Day,
Re-echoing in long melodious chimes,
That when some subtle sense of music thrills
Upon our soul, and all its passion stills,
I think the harp-notes fall from Heaven, sometimes.

No glimpse of all that heavenly land, they say,
Can come to us, who wander far away,
Until Death wafts us to those sunnier climes;
But when the soul, o'erwearied, faltering stands,
Such radiance comes, despite her empty hands,
I think the Gate stands half ajar, sometimes.

Oh, world of beauty! World of light! they say;
Fair world we long for,—yet—so far away!
How shall we reach those far-off, lovely climes?
But just beyond our ken—so close it seems,
'Tis but to wake from these long, troubled dreams,
And find Heaven nearer than we think, sometimes.



THOMAS SLOSS TURNER!

 R. TURNER made his appearance as an author in 1883. This was done by the publication of a neat little volume entitled *Poems*. This simple child of his genius was put forth without tumult or preface, and is dedicated simply, "To My Friends." He tells us that he wrote his poems often in sorrow, perplexity and distress.

Mr. Turner was born in Warren county, Kentucky, in 1860, and is among the youngest, though not the less promising, poets in our galaxy. His father came to Texas in 1877, and settled near Dallas, and subsequently moved to Hill county, where the poet now resides. His boyhood has been passed on the farm. In 1881, he entered Marvin College, Waxahachie, but failing health drove him back to the farm. In 1883, he entered Southwestern University, Georgetown, where he remained a short time, when he returned to Hill county, where he is at present, engaged in the stationery business.

In 1882, he conceived the idea of putting forth a book. Being poor and ambitious, he makes an effort, by its publication, to increase his purse, and to enable him to complete his college studies. This was surely a commendable enterprise, and he deserved success. This book is a 12 mo. volume, and contains 126 pages. It is filled with verses expressive of his childish love and ambition. With a few exceptions, the poems show evidences of imagination, but little genius. He has written of the scenes that surrounded his daily life—its loves, its sorrows, and its hopes; and while he had little to inspire, he has found much to admire. There is a breath of tender simplicity and gracefulness in his writings that impress one that there burns a fire within him. He has written early, and will publish late.

His boyish revelry is not as correct as mature art could make it. I hope to know more of his verse. The poems presented here are among his best:

LIFE'S BREVITY.

† HERE are many people who sit
Ever wearily complaining
That the hours of this life do flit
With such a short remaining.
They sigh its lack of sweetness,
They mourn its incompleteness,
They wail its rapid fleetness,
And sit with folded hands,
And such dark gloom upon their faces,
And frowning brows and horrid traces,
That men shun them in all places
As pestilential lands.

And there are those who work
With patient hands and willing,
Who never swerve aside or shirk,
But are life's missions filling.
To them the birds are sweetly singing,
For them the beauteous flowers are springing,
And life to them reward is bringing,
And gives them happiness.
They take no time to think of sorrow,
And still of grief refuse to borrow,
But look with joy unto the morrow,
And thus their lives they bless.

And while one walks in gloom and pain
The other walks in pleasure,
And singeth e'er a glad refrain—
Contentment is a treasure!
To one this life is cheerless, dreary;
Its joy to him's obscure and bleary;
Through life he goes unblest and weary.
To one this life is real,

He makes it so by ever doing,
By striving still, and still pursuing ;
Each day his strength he is renewing
By seeking an Ideal.

LINES.

I'VE wasted many a precious hour
That might have been employed,
And many a pleasure turned away
I might so much enjoyed ;

And many a high-born thought has died
That never was expressed,
And many a cruel wrong has been
That never was redressed ;

And many a noble impulse, too,
And good resolve have died ;
And many things that might have been
Were slain by foolish pride.

I've spent my life in useless grief,
And craved what could not be,
And fretted o'er the slightest thing
That went amiss with me.



MRS. MARY E. TURRENTINE.

THE subject of this sketch is a noble daughter of a noble sire, being the oldest child of Judge Alfred W. Arrington, one of the most prominent lawyers in this country and a poet above mediocrity, a sketch of whose life appears in this volume. The widow of Judge Arrington, mother of Mrs. Turrentine, is still living at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Mrs. Turrentine was born December 18, 1834, and as she grew up to womanhood she received that careful training and education which goes to make up the lady, the true woman, and which is necessary for the free development of inborn genius and mental worth. On September 4, 1853, she was married to Mr. A. J. Strickland, of Georgetown, Texas, who died in 1856. After remaining a widow five years, she married her present husband, Mr. W. E. Turrentine, a farmer of Brown county.

Mrs. Turrentine's life has been a busy and eventful one, mingled with many cares; yet she has dotted her horizon with many bright stars created from a fruitful mind and moulded by a noble character. She has lived in a tent on the far prairies; has faithfully performed the duties of a farmer's wife; has reared a family of six children, four sons and two daughters, and has still found time to write gems of poetry that will live to perpetuate her memory long after she shall cease to be. She is a firm believer in the Christian faith, being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. She has written some very excellent poems, as well as prose, and has published a volume of poetry of two hundred and fifty pages.

Such, briefly told, is the history of her, who, among many other beautiful things, wrote the following exquisite lines :—

TO A MOCKING-BIRD.

LIST with senses wrapt in ecstasy
Of wild delight to thine own silver tone,
Oh, sweetest warbler of our prairie land,
As thou, beneath the stars, dost sing alone!

All songs that other feathered minstrels sing
Are also native to thy mellow throat,
Yet softer, clearer in thine utterance
Than in the bird's, that pipes the one small note.

What shallow mortal dubbed thee "plagiarist,"
Because thy limpid notes take all the range
Of music for thy brethren, oh, thou clear
Interpreter of sweet and sad and strange?

Oh, rather say that unto thee is given
The high, imperial birthright, thus to be,
Of all bird nature thus the music voice,—
A poet, prophet, made by sympathy!

And if the dreamer's tender thought be true,
If lower minds still climb a golden stair,
Rising up-lifted by the hand of death,
To broader vistas, and a clearer air.

Me-thinks one crystal step alone remains
Until thy genius high shall language find,
And then shalt gladden earth, a poet soul,
With utterance sweet, for thoughts of human kind.




W. T. G. WEAVER.

JUDGE WEAVER is chiefly known by his *Gems from Ossian, The Red Girl, Rosabel, and Cleopatra.*

He was born in Missouri about 1834, and came to Texas and settled in Lamar county in 1843, and died in 1877. He was District Judge during Throckmorton's administration—1866 to 1867. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1875 which framed the present State Constitution. He came to Texas during the Republic, when he was only eight years of age. His childhood was passed here roaming over the widely extended prairies and densely wooded forests. During the early days of Texas, the State was not blessed with schools and colleges; consequently his early training was sadly neglected, his only education being such as could be obtained from the common schools of that day, and from Nature in its diversity. I admire much one, who amid such trials and sore temptations as were meted out to him, could breast all this, seek rest and shelter beneath some wide-spread summer oak, and rehearse, in magical verse, his many hair-breadth escapes from privations incident to such a life in the early days of the Republic, and give the coming generations an account of the wild man of the forest who infested hill and dale. The wilderness, indeed, was filled with the fiercest prowlers of the forest and the meanest reptiles of the marsh. He was a poet of nature, and unlike any other of the Texas poets, sang of what he saw and knew, of what he felt and suffered, and in the person of our Texas heroes of liberty, he embodies his own life and sufferings. He aimed at the sinless and true, and never soared into the ethereal. His simplicity of diction is a merit that his less enthusiastic admirers acknowledge, and his genius

so palpable that his cotemporaries tremble lest he bear off the palm.

He was an admiring friend of Houston's, and passed many happy moments composing lines to the memory of his noble and heroic deeds in wrestling from our common enemy these broad and fertile plains. *Houston's Address to His Men at San Jacinto*, especially, deserves notice. It shows Houston's abiding faith, integrity, and generalship. Such appeals were characteristic of him and the scenes in which he was about to enter. I give it place, as illustrative of his patriotism :—

 **OLDIERS!** the moment is at hand
When every Texan true must stand
And bravely face the daring foe—
These murderous fiends of Mexico !

Is there a man whose nerves will quake
When home and country are at stake?
No ! fight and boldly pledge your lives—
'Tis for your country, children, wives !

What man from these will dare to fly?
What man for these will fear to die?
Trust in God of righteous might,
And for our own green Texas fight.

Remember the blood-stained Alamo !
And make each stroke a deadly blow ;
Think how those heroes stood their ground,
And fell like Cæsar, hero-crowned.

Bear on our standard ! though we die,
The Lone Star still shall gem the sky,
And Freedom's flag forever wave
Above the death-couch of the brave !

Then on, my comrades ! who would shrink ?
Aim well your faithful rifles ! think
How Bowie's noble blood did flow !—
Remember, then, the Alamo !

Weaver was an officer in the Southern army during the war between the States, and was a hero in every strife. A braver leader never led our boys in gray. He was an honor to the cause he represented, and

Won fresh laurels on the bloodiest plain,
And dropped warm tears o'er the comrades slain.

He returned to Texas crowned with glory.

His only published volume—*Hours of Amusement*—is in my library. I have read every line more than once, and unhesitatingly pronounce it a fit companion for every lover of the poetry and literature of our young State, and a valuable addition to every Texan's library. In the preface to this work the author says: "The classic treasures from which educated poets often borrow a part of their wealth are locked up from me. I can only sit at the foot of Parnassus and cast a wishful look at the bright spirits enthroned in the Temple of fame on its laurel-crowned summit, and ardent devotees who are toiling up its steep sides, eager to gather the green boughs above them, and feel

The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendor.

"But if my muse be illegitimate, still she is Nature's child, born of the dew and sunshine, cradled in the wild forest, and pillowed on the bosom of the verdant plains of the West. Thus she has derived whatever inspiration she may possess from Nature's school. The landscape charms of Texas, and especially the vernal and floral beauty of her enchanting prairies, in their spring, summer and autumn dress, has been the themes she has tried to sing."

The poems, for the most part, included in his volume—*Hours of Amusement*—were composed between his fifteenth and twenty-first year. He was very precocious, and the flames of his

poetic ardor did not relinquish as age increased and troubles began to bear heavily upon him.

In the *Red Girl*, a poem of near twelve hundred lines, we have a true picture of Indian hardships, and an insight into their real character. The story of the Indian maiden is pathetically told, and the reader is lead to admire her true devotion to Eugene in snatching him from the scalping-knife's keen edge. The story of unrequited love is also graphically portrayed, and the revenge of an unappreciated lover-chief put forth in unmistakable terms of terseness and beauty. The story of Pocahontas has much in it to admire, but the simple story of this Island Queen has more. The former was a real character, while the latter was an ideal character, yet true to the Indian characteristic.

I do not find in Weaver's writings the fiery ardor, nor the enthusiastic indignation which burn in the verses of Mr. Gilleland. This is, however, wholly attributable to the tenderness of his heart and the gentleness of his disposition. His purity of purpose, and largeness of soul, disinclined him to portray vice in its hideous and loathsome forms, and engage in bitterness of invectives which the prevalent enormities of his time deserve. He lived within himself a meditative life. Display of learning and pomp of glory he despised. His modest and retiring nature found little sympathy with the passions and turmoils which agitated the public mind. Judge Weaver's residence was at Gainesville, Texas.

CLEOPATRA.

† WAS evening's halcyon time, and the red beams
Of dying day were lingering on the tops
Of Egypt's Pyramids. The twilight winds
Of that enchanting clime began to stir
The palm-tree's foliage, and spread the sweets
Of waking flowers. That time young maidens seek

The trysting-place, and wait with fluttering hearts
And downcast eyes, to meet their swains, a group
Of women mourned around a new-made tomb;
And in their midst was one more lovely than
The poet's sweetest dream of maiden grace
And Andalusian beauty—one of form
So fair in its proportions, that it put
To shame the chisel of Praxiteles.

'Twas Cleopatra, Egypt's peerless Queen,
And she was kneeling by the tomb that held
The dust of that great Roman warrior, who
Had loved *her* unto death; and when his star
Of empire set, and friends—long trusted—fled
To join the knave Augustus, while *she* sat
Amid the wrecks of all her power, he clung
To her with that deep, earnest love, that knows
No change with time; and when false rumor came
That she was DEAD, he bowed in all the gloom
Of lonely grief, and cried: "Oh, what is life
To Antony, when she is dead for whom
Alone he wished to live."

-- Oh! what was empire, glory, eloquence
Or wealth to him, when Egypt's Queen lay dead?
Her fair round arms that oft had clasped him to
Her full-love-beating bosom, now were cold
In death! that music voice, that charmed the soul
Of the great Julius and turned him from
The conqueror's path to rest a captive in
A foreign woman's arms, was hushed!
Yes, *she* was gone and earth held not her peer.
No more upon Mark Antony could beam
Such love-lit eyes and winning smiles as hers!

Well might she kneel
Beside the grave of him who freely gave
Up conquered Asia for her arms, and could
Forget Octavia, young and beautiful,
And sheathe the sword that overthrew the chiefs
Who led the stern Republicans of Rome!
For her, he had subdued the Parthian hosts,

And crossed Arabia's sands—traversed the wilds
Of Media and Armenia; he had reigned
King of the Asiatic world, and stood supreme
And matchless 'midst the bravest chiefs
Of warrior-peopled Rome! ay, had laid
A hero's glories and his many realms,
Love offerings at a woman's feet, asking
No dowry, save *her* smiles; and he forgot
Her fickleness, *Actium*, his disgrace, and all,
Then died for *her*, died like a Roman, brave
And noble to the last!
Then, the high instincts of her woman-heart
Were stirred, and *Cleopatra* knelt upon
Her lover's tomb and those sweet lips broke forth
In wailing tones:
"It is not long, my Antony, since with
These hands I buried thee! oh! hide me, hide
Me in the grave, for life is naught since thou
Hast left it!"

Call her a courtesan, stern moralist!
Call her a treacherous queen, historian! She
Was *woman* still. Her heart beats with the high
Impulse of tender, constant love, and she
Was worthy of the Roman chief; she bathed
His tomb with widow's tears; she kissed it in
Her grief, and crowned it with fresh, fragrant flowers,
Those sweet interpreters of woman's heart;
Then rose and sought the cooling wave to bathe
That Paphian form, whose youthful charms had made
Earth's conqueror kneel and sue!

Then came her maids
And decked their sad and beauteous mistress in
Her royal robes, as if her nuptial hour
Had come again; and with a heroism
Worthy of the chief she mourned, she bravely crossed
Death's icy waves, and sweetly slept with her
Loved Roman on the flowery shores that bask
In bright Elysium!

SONG OF THE TEXAS RANGERS.

URRAH for the war trail ! away let us roam
O'er the prairie's green bosom, the antelope's home ;
See ! the last sun-beam jewels the tresses of night,
And the star-isles of heaven uncurtain their light.

You may sing of blest Araby's cool, lotus bowers,
Of Italy's fountain, and India's flowers,
But give me my home in the beautiful West,
Still a ranger I'll roam on the prairie's broad breast.

Prisoned close in his vessel, the waves dashing high,
On the billows of ocean the Rover may fly,
But these wild, treeless meadows, this blossomy sea,
Is the world of the Ranger, the home of the Free !

Where yon bright yellow blossoms by acres unfold,
Bending light in the breezes like ripples of gold,
The silky mesquit for our couches is spread,
And the prairie will furnish us forage and bed.

By yon willow-fringed river that winds through the plain
In the dark of the evening, we'll slacken the rein,
And there in the shadows we'll silently lie,
Till Cynthia has brightened the orient sky.

The full moon has risen : brave comrades, give heed,
Look well to your rifles ; each man to his steed—
Our rifles are primed, and our coursers are fleet—
Woe ! death to the savage, this night we may meet !

Why sing of the conflict ? the Indian's yell ?
How many were wounded ? the numbers who fell ?
Enough, that at daylight, their Chieftain was slain.
And his warriors flying far over the plain.

Morn kisses the earth, red flushes the East,
Our steeds are weary—halt, boys, for the feast

Which the deer and young antelope amply supply,
And we'll drink the spring water that gushes close by.

Our steeds are recruited—our breakfast is o'er ;
Up boys, to the saddle, and homeward once more,
To relieve our dear women from danger's alarms,
And clasp all the loved ones again in our arms.

A health to brave women ! the queens of the West !
Our mothers, wives, sisters—the girls we love best !
Their hands set the Star on our banner to blaze
O'er the Rangers who follow McCulloch and Hays.

FLORENCE DUVAL WEST.

FLORENCE D. WEST was born in Tallahassee, Florida. Her paternal grandfather was Gov. Wm. P. Duval, of that State, a man remarkable for his great humor, originality, kindness of heart, and hospitality. Florence is a daughter of Judge Thomas H. Duval, who came to Texas when she was but a child. He settled in Austin, where Mrs. West was reared. She received her inspiration from the beautiful scenery that environs the city nestled among the hills. She was an ardent admirer of nature. Even in her childhood, she spent much of her time amid the birds and blossoms of springtime. She passed many hours among the birds, and made it a special object of her research to ascertain all about their homes, their habits and their nature. Thus her heart was thrilled with unspoken melody and the sweetest feelings of gratitude. All great poets have loved the warblers of the woods. From the eloquent melody of the groves they have inhaled the inspiration of their finest strains. Catching up the sweet refrains, echoing through Nature's leafy haunts, they have woven them into immortal verse. She loved the eventide, when the shadows lengthened eastward, when the calmness of nature threw its influence around her. She loved to ramble along the banks of the beautiful Colorado as it meandered its course down and through its reed-covered banks. When a child she was most beautiful; and at six years of age President Lamar inscribed the following beautiful poem to her:



FLORENCE DUVAL WEST.

*TO FLORENCE DUVAL.*AGE, SIX YEARS.

AY Spring, with her beautiful flowers,
Is robing the valleys and hills;
Sweet music is heard in the bowers,
And laughter is sent from the rills.
Oh, let me, while kindled by these,
The feelings of childhood recall,
And frame a soft sonnet to please
The fair little Florence Duval.

The rose may be proud of its red,
The lily be proud of its white,
The sweet-scented jessamines shew
Their treasure of fragrant delight;
Yet brighter and sweeter than these,
And far more enchanting to all,
Is the beautiful pink of Bellemont,
The fair little Florence Duval.

Her locks are white as the lint,
Her eyes are as blue as the sky;
Her cheeks have a magical tint—
A rainbow which never would die.
Oh, surely there's no living thing
That dwelleth in cottage or hall
Can vie with the Peri I sing—
The fair little Florence Duval.

But why is she resting from play?
And why is that tear in her eye?
Alas! a bright bird on the spray
Is pouring its carol hard by;
Her spirit is drinking the song—
She weeps at the notes as they fall;
For genius and feeling belong
To fair little Florence Duval.

Oh, long may the Peri bloom on,
Still ever in gladness and love,
And blend with her genius for song
The feelings that light us above.
That life may be lengthened and blest,
And sorrow may never enthrall,
Must still be the prayer of each breast
For fair little Florence Duval.

Mrs. West was the wife of Judge C. S. West, a member of that old and responsible law firm of Hancock, West & North, and one of the * Supreme Judges. She has written much, but not in any particular order. All of her poems have been well received. Before her death—November 22nd, 1881—she was talking of collecting her poems and prose sketches together and making a large book. She has published two books—*The Land of the Lotus Eaters*, a book of prose sketches, and *The Marble Lily and Other Poems*. Her poem, *The Marble Lily*, originally appeared in the *Land We Love*. A sketch of Mrs. West's life may be found in the *Female Writers of the South*, by Ida Raymond.

The fact that our Southern authors have written less than our Northern cotemporaries is not at all disparaging. The *quality* and not the *quantity* should be taken into consideration. Mrs. West has written less than many, but the quality is of a finer nature. I here append a sketch of Mrs. West, prepared by Mrs. M. H. Mitchell, for the *Amaranth*, a magazine published by the author of this book during the year of 1882 :—

“ The grass withers—the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.”

The sadly sweet retrospection, unavoidably indulged in, imperils the accuracy and impartiality of a biography when coming from one to whom the commemorated friendship has been a crown, and whose memories of the lost are scarcely less bright.

*Since the above sketch was written, Judge West has resigned his position on the Supreme Bench, and died suddenly at his home in Austin, October 23, 1885.

One naturally hesitates to undertake this, the most delicate of all tasks.

The ground is so sacred to many, who will feel that it has been poorly occupied, and will find the living, glowing, bright-hued thoughts of the soul that flit from memory to memory of the lost one, when penned, but maimed and crippled things, with the down all gone from their wings. Strangers, again, will say that truths are exaggerated and facts pardonably tinted. The pass is narrow between Scylla and Charybdis, and simple truth alone can pilot us safely.

Florence Duval West, wife of Major C. S. West, daughter of the late Thomas H. Duval, and grand-daughter of Gov. Wm. P. Duval, was born in Tallahassee, Florida, on September 1, 1840. At the tender age of five years she was transplanted from her own birth-land of flowers to Texas, her parents coming in 1845 to make Austin their home. Even thus early, her life seems to have been invested with that rare magnetic charm which afterwards so distinguished her. And Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar, in one of his published "verse memories," celebrated the wee, golden-haired child, with her wistful blue eyes and sweet voice. The little Florence was beginning then to accumulate the large circle of friends who now mourn her loss; among them men and women of talent, culture and distinction. Adding constantly to her list of friends, she never lost one; for even in her most thoughtless mood her sweet charity, pure as the dew of Shirza, never tarnished a name. Of whom else can so much be said in this day of gossip and detraction?

Her voice, exceptionally sweet in speaking, began, according to the writer's memory, at the age of thirteen or fourteen to give promise of the purely clear and flexible vocal organ afterwards widely known in musical circles, and which she used so graciously and unsparingly for the pleasure of her friends and for the benefit of various charities. Her interpretation of quaint old Scotch ballads was unusually happy; and scarcely

less so her rendition of such songs as Beethoven's *Adelaid*, *Farewell*, and *The Lover and the Bird*. Possessed of a singularly retentive memory, her friends found her always ready to entertain them with songs, bon-mots, and selections from her favorite authors.

To the many who have enjoyed her pleasant evenings the memory of her pathetic ballads will come with added pathos, now that the singer is dumb.

On September 1, 1859, her birth-day, Florence Duval was united in marriage to Major Charles S. West, and the congenial pair at once opened their hospitable doors to a large and cultured circle, and the girl of nineteen summers, looking far younger with her petit figure, rings of golden hair, and charming naivete, took up her sceptre of matron and hostess with dignity and assured success. It was her custom, as it was also that of her husband, to meet their guests at their door with a cordial welcome and a hearty shake of the hand and one always left their fireside with bright memories of the hours spent there.

Three bright little boys and one baby girl, in course of years, added to the joys and cares of the wife's heart and hands. But little Katie bloomed and faded in one short year, and the sorrow of the gifted mother murmured its plaint in the chaste poem :

IN MEMORY OF MY LITTLE FLOWER.

WHILE the bright summer lived, my little one,
Life glowed in thee ;
But when grim Autumn's cruel work was done,
Thy soul was free.

Thy memory lives within this wayward heart,
It's purest thought ;
Breathing of Heaven, and the immortal joys
Thy spirit sought.

Bend low before the gentle Christ, my child,
Speak for me there;
Plead fondly, that this weary, longing heart
Thy rest may share.

If angel tears will aught avail to me,
Weep, sweet one, weep;
Then may I wake to blessedness with thee
From this dark sleep.

Like the bird of Arabia that builds its nest only of sweet spices, Mrs. West instinctively collected around her all that could please the most refined and critical taste of the home and visiting circle. Music, pictures, a well compiled library, and her own brilliant conversation, combined to allure and enchain her many visitors.

Many will recall with the writer the well worn desk in its sunny corner, with its shelves of choice books above, and the tiny child-woman, with her spirituel face and shower of golden curls, swiftly writing, as her poetic fancies drifted into melodious numbers. Her bold chirography never seemed too rapid for the quick mind and active brain. She penned her poems as she sang her songs—without an effort. As a letter writer she had few, if any equals; her descriptions of persons and scenery being vigorous and concise, and her wit bubbling delightfully over her pages. In 1878 she issued a private edition of her poems, entitled *The Marble Lily, and Other Poems*, from which many extracts might be made, but we call attention to a few among many conspicuous for merit, and as giving an insight to the tender nature of the woman and poet who chanted her own funeral dirge as she sang:—

Then that sweet maiden, freed from mortal pain,
Hid 'neath the flowers her sad and wistful face.

Prominent for finish and delicacy is the subjoined extract from the *Marble Lily*:—

A regal lily stands upon the shore,
Drooping her dew-pearls on the mosses green,
Her stately forehead, and her bosom pure,
Bathed in the moonlight's pale and silver sheen.
The sculptor gazes on the queenly flower
Until his white cheek burns with crimson flame,
And his heart owns a sweet and subtle power,
Stealing like music through his weary frame.
"Thou art the emblem of my bosom's queen,
And she, as thou, is formed with perfect grace.
Stately she moves, with lofty air serene,
And pure thoughts beaming from her angel face."
And yet thy bosom holds this silver dew,
And moonbeams pale with passion for thy sake.
In fairest marble I'll thy life renew,
Ere the young daylight bids my life awake.

And again :—

How like she seemed, clad in her church-yard dress,
To that cold flower he chiseled for her sake.

Spirited and truly poetic is the prayer of the *Bee to the Flower* :—

Into your young white heart, so dainty sweet,
Let me but creep till morning comes again. .

And the flower—

"Folded him among her perfumed leaves,
And hid him from the moonlight pale and cold;
And ere the morning sunshine smiled, alas!
Her fragrance had departed with the bee."

Seldom does nature endow her children with such versatility of talent as she did Florence D. West, leaving her, withal, as unaffected as a child. Constant in her friendships, she "cast her net of sympathy far and wide," and filled its meshes with hearts; attractive to all, her pure inner self was revealed to

but few, and was not to be understood by stereotyped men and women.

During her later years she was a great sufferer, and many bereavements increased the nervous prostration so common to a delicately-strung organism. A year before she passed away the bitterest sorrow of her life burst upon her in the death of her father. Bent and bruised, the flower never again lifted its head; the sun never shone again. All the care and tenderness lavished by her devoted husband and many relatives could not divert the spoiler from his prey. And slowly, but surely, declined the wife, mother, and friend, until the morning of November 22, 1881, when—

“ There fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.”

THE MARBLE LILY.

Shaking the clouds of marble dust away,
A youthful sculptor wanders forth alone,
While twilight, rosy with the kiss of day,
Glow's like a wondrous flower but newly blown.
There lives within his deep and mystic eyes,
The magic light of true and happy love,
Tranquil his bosom as the undimmed skies,
Smiling so gently from the depths above.

All nature whispers sweet and blissful things,
To that young heart, rich with emotions warm—
Ah, rarely happy is the song it sings;
And strangely tender, is its witching charm!
He wanders to the margin of a lake,
Whose placid waves lie hushed in sleeping calm,
So faint the breeze, it may not bid them wake,
Tho' breathing through their dreams, its odorous balm.

A regal lily stands upon the shore,
Dropping her dew-pearls on the mosses green,
Her stately forehead, and her bosom pure,
Bathed in the moonlight's pale and silver sheen.
The sculptor gazes on the queenly flower,
Until his white cheek burns with crimson flame,
And his heart owns a sweet, and subtle power,
Stealing like music through his weary frame.

The magic influence of his mighty art,
The magic influence of his mighty love,
Their mingled passion to his life impart,
And his deep nature each can widely move.
These passions sway his inmost being now,
His art, his love, are all the world to him;
Before the stately flower, ah, see him bow!
Breathing the love that makes his dark eyes dim.

"Thou art the emblem of my bosom's queen,
And she, as thou, is formed with perfect grace,
Stately she moves with lofty air serene
And pure thoughts beaming from her angel face.
While yet thy bosom holds this silver dew,
And moonbeams pale with passion for thy sake,
In fairest marble I'll thy life renew,
Ere the young daylight bids my love awake."

A wondrous flower shone upon the dark,
A lily-bloom of marble, pure and cold,
Perfected in its beauty as the lark
Soared to the drifting clouds of ruddy gold.
The sculptor fondly clasped the image fair
To his young ardent heart, then swiftly passed
To where a lovely face, 'mid floating hair,
A splendor o'er the dewy morning cast.

She beamed upon him from the casement's height,
The fairest thing that greeted the new day—
He held aloft the lily, gleaming white,
While tender smiles o'er her sweet features play.
Presenting his fair gift on bended knee—
"Wilt thou, beloved, cherish this pure flower?"

'Twas born of moonlight, and a thought of thee,
And well will grace thy cold and verdant bower.

And when these blushing blossoms droop and pine,
Chilled by the cold North wind's icy breath,
Unwithered still, these marble leaves will shine,
Calm and serene, untouched by awful *death*."
The summer days flew by like bright winged dreams,
Filling those hearts with fancies fond and sweet,
But when the first frost cooled the sun's warm beams,
The purest, gentlest one, had ceased to beat.

How like she seemed, clad in her church-yard dress,
To that cold flower he chiseled for her sake !
What wild despairing kisses did he press,
On those sealed eyes, that never more shall wake !
His clinging arms enfold her once again,
In one long hopeless passionate embrace,
Then that sweet maiden, freed from mortal pain,
Hid 'neath the flowers, her sad and wistful face.

The world that once was fairy land to him,
Now seemed a desert waste, of verdure bare—
He only walked abroad in moonlight dim,
And shunned the gaudy sun's unwelcome glare—
Each night he sits beside a small green mound,
O'er which a marble lily lifts its head
With trembling dew, and pearly moonbeams crowned,
Fit emblem of the calm and sinless dead.

He never tires of this sad trysting place,
But waits and listens thro' the quiet night—
" Surely she comes from mystic realms of space,
To bid my darkened spirit seek the light.
Be patient, my wild heart ! yon glowing star
Wears the fond look of her soft, pleading eyes,
Gently she draws me to that world afar,
And bids me hush these sad and longing sighs."

Thus mused he, as the solemn nights passed by,
Still holding that sweet hope within his soul,
And always peering in the tender sky,
With earnest longing for that blissful goal.

One radiant night, when summer ruled the land,
He sought the darling's bed of dreamless rest—
The wooing breeze his pale cheek softly fanned
With balmy sighs from gardens of the blest.


A witching spell o'er that fair scene was cast,
Thrilling his sad heart with a wild delight ;
And steeped in visions of the blessed past,
He gazed upon the Lily gleaming white.
Jewels of diamond dew glowed on its breast,
And the rich moonlight, mellowy, and intense,
In golden robes the quiet church-yard dressed,
Pouring its glory thro' the shadows dense.

A nightingale flew from a neighboring tree,
And on the marble lily folds his wings,
His full heart trembles with its melody—
Of Love, and Heaven, he passionately sings.
The sculptor gazing through his happy tears,
Feels his whole being thrill with sudden bliss,
An Angel's voice in accents soft he hears,
And trembles on his lips an Angel's kiss.

His hope has bloomed ! above the marble flower,
Radiant with heavenly beauty, see her stand !
His heart makes music like a silver shower
As fondly beckons that soft snowy hand.
The pallid moon faints in the brightening sky,
And morning blushes burn o'er land and sea,
Staining a cold, cold cheek, with rosy dye,
The sculptor's weary waiting soul is free !

As onward glide the years through bloom and blight,
Unchanged the marble lily lifts its head,
Through summer's sun, through winter's snow so white,
Unheeded sleep the calm and blessed dead.
Where ever falls the pure and pearly dew,
Where ever blooms the fresh and fragrant rose,
In that far world removed from mortal view,
Two loving souls in perfect bliss repose.

THE STAR WORSHIPER.

UT in the solemn night a woman stood,
And watched the star of Venus, and of Love,
Ascend with stately steps the clear calm heaven,
Melting the darkness with its mellow fire.
To her sad heart came troops of wandering thoughts,
The melancholy children of the night,
That lie in ambush to assail the soul,
That hopes to find in solitude, repose.
Thoughts of the present, and the future, vexed
Her less, than dreams of the undying past.
With aching brow upon her folded arms,
She tried to dull her ear to its sad plaint,
But Memory, with meek reproachful looks
Attended near, and so the two remained.
Vainly the woman closed her weary eyes:
She could not veil their faces, beautiful
With tenderness and pathos, that belong
To the lost years of youth and innocence,
When Love, and God, were more than mocking shades.
Around her was the stillness, and the peace,
Within, the consciousness of endless strife.
While yet she fought against the demon, *Thought*,
The mournful north wind's wild, impassioned sighs
Thrilled her weak soul with premonitions dire,
And floods of passionate, despairing grief—
As though a mighty river had o'erleaped its banks
And turned the green monotony of waving grass
Into a seething whirlpool, filled with wrecks
Of all the lovely things, that grew and smiled.
She listened to that deep complaining cry,
Until the shadow darkened all her life;
And while the low and hopeless sound still dwelt
Within her inner sense, as in the shell
Echoes the sad sea's unforgotten tones,
She raised her eyes—and lo! upon them shone,
In soft effulgence, brightness mystical,
The mellow beams of Love's immortal star!

She fancied that its tender rays reached down
And drew her upwards like caressing arms ;
And that its throbbing heart had found a voice
Which said, "Adoring mortal, worship me !"
And then she lifted up her heart and prayed !
In the clear heaven it shone without a peer,
Serene and holy as a new born thought,
Fresh from the brain of that mysterious Power,
Whose attributes, we vainly strive to know.
The lesser stars grew pale before its gaze,
Until in all the night there seemed but one
Great pulsing heart of scintillating light.
A drop of that imperishable flame, wherewith
The river of immortal life is filled,
From which earth's dying children long to drink—
She said, "Perhaps at this o'erflowing fount
Of Nature's golden wine, I, a poor waif,
An unbeliever, sick with fear and doubt,
Might quaff some cooling drops to soothe my soul."'
And then she held it up to drink deep draughts
Of that pure peace, which she so wildly craved.
Ah, she was happy for a fleeting hour,
Up-borne on Fancy's rosy tinted wing !
Happy and trusting, as a little child
That thinks Heaven lies beyond the distant blue,
And waits to see it open, so the angels bright
May flash their glories on his wondering eyes !
So waited she for the white angel, Peace,
To float down to her from that golden world,
And light her dark soul with celestial fire.
Alas, no blessed revelation came !
And the poor soaring soul sank back to earth,
One white truth, gleaming like a perfect peal,
Amid the blackness of its depths profound.
For sweet and restful voices of the night
Spoke softly to her of the power called *Death*,
So feared of mortals, yet their gentlest friend—
Great Nature's tenderest and most loving nurse,
Whose soft, cool touches on the aching eyes,
And wildly beating heart, bring instant rest.
Ah, gentle mother, kind and pitiful !
Surely thou canst not be a foe to us,

As some have falsely said, who vainly tell
Of unknown depths of misery or bliss,
To which thou bearest our immortal breath,
To bless or curse forever in those realms,
The poor, blind, stumbling child of life's brief hour.
Ah, let us rather trust in Nature's truth,
And welcome the still night-time that she brings—
The peaceful night-time of forgetful Death!
We knew *thou art*, and after thee, the *dark*,
The cool, calm, restful dark, for every one—
Ah, let the woman wait with patient faith,
Knowing thou surely comest unto all!
As the pure dews in darkness are distilled,
And fall in silver drops, all silently
Into the thirsting hearts of Earth's fair flowers,
Until their balmy sighs ascend to heaven,
So, from thy mystic darkness, showers of peace
Descend upon the weary, fainting soul.
As it floats onward to that blissful land,
That *blessed land*, "*where all things are forgot!*"



MRS. M. E. WHITTEN.

MRS. MARTHA ELIZABETH WHITTEN was born near the city of Austin in 1842. Her father became a resident of Austin when she was five years of age. She was educated in her native State, and was a classmate of Florence Duval West, and remembers many pleasant incidents in her life.

She is a daughter of Judge W. S. Hotchkiss, so well known in Texas. She has been twice married, and has reared a large family. It has been while discharging her domestic duties that she has written most of her poems. When she was six years old her father bought a tract of land near the city of Austin, where he built a residence for his family. In speaking of this pleasant retreat, Mrs. Whitten says: "In it were combined the changeful scenery of flowery meadow and shady woodland, towering cliffs and sloping hillside, and all this bounded by a bright sparkling stream that laughed and sang and charmed my very soul." The attractions of this spot dear to her made music in her soul, and she has taken it for the theme of one of her longest and happiest songs—*The Old Home*.

Her mother died when the young poet was only ten years old. This sad event inspired her first poem; and, although very imperfect, it betrayed the latent power of the Poet. Col. John S. Ford saw in her the promise of the singer, and encouraged her to write, and he published her poems in a paper he was editing in the fifties. She has contributed a great many poems to the secular and religious press of the country, and is now preparing them for publication. They will likely appear soon.

The poem for which Mrs. Whitten will be most respected by the lovers of simple melody of song is *The Snow*. This is, per-

haps, her best poem, and is worthy of the poet's crown. Miss Griswold has written of the *Beautiful Snow*, suggestive of the tender and mournful feelings; but Mrs. Whitten has done all this, and more. There is enough genuine poetry in these two lines to give an undying lustre to her poem:—

It heeds not their tatters but pierces through all ;
God pity the poor when the snowflakes fall.

I give the poem complete from the original manuscript :—

THE snow, the snow, oh the beautiful show !
Falling so softly, so gently below ;
Hiding the rubbish in by-way and street ;
Bridging the road for the traveler's feet—
Silently, solemnly eddying down ;
Robing the hillside, and shrouding the town.

The snow, the snow, it is with us again !
It is drifting in heaps o'er valley and plain ;
'Tis spoiling the paths our feet loved to tread ;
Winding its sheet o'er our dear precious dead—
Whisking, and whirling, and sailing around ;
Filling the doorway and whitening the ground.

The snow, the snow! how we hail its return
As higher the fires on the hearth-stone burn ;
The young and the merry with fond hearts aglow
Welcome thy coming, thou beautiful snow—
Flitting, and frisking, and flying about
'Mid the sleigh-bell's jingle and the school-boy's shout.

The snow, the snow! unsullied it comes,
In its vesture of white 'tis draping our homes ;
'Tis heaping a grave for the dear dying flowers ;
Wreathing in beauty this bleak world of ours—
Till the woodlands sparkle with crystalized gems,
Where the sun-rays slant through its glittering stems.

The snow, the snow! 'tis staying the course
Of the "onward train" with its "fiery horse"
Snorting and neighing, it boldly defies,

While deep o'er the track the snow-mountain lies—
Oh, the snow, the snow, the beautiful snow !
What ruin and wreck it can work below !

The snow, the snow! how its feathery flakes
Kiss the faces cold of the pure, glassy lakes,
Till lost on their bosom in rest serene
The moon looks down on the beautiful scene
Where the lakes and flakes are blended in one,
And the Frost King reigns on his ice-girt throne.

The snow, the snow ! it is hurrying past,
Borne on the wings of the wild wintery blast ;
Its delicate down is filling the air
O'er village, and steeple, and city so fair—
Over the church-yard silent and white
It gleams like a sceptre abroad at night.

The snow, the snow! it is finding its way
Through the battered hut where the wretched stay ;
It mocks their wants with a broad cold grin
As through crevice and crack 'tis hurrying in—
It heeds not their tatters, but pierces through all ;
God pity the poor when the snow-flakes fall.

The snow, the snow! the pitiless snow !
Unheeding the pauper bereft and low,
He dies alone in the cold dreary street
With naught but the snow for his winding sheet,
Like an angel kind with delicate wing
It bears him away to the home of the King.

The snow, the snow ! by wayward winds toss'd,
Soon in the mire of the street to be lost,
An emblem thou art of man's primitive state,
Ere yet the drawn sword guarded Eden's lone gate;
But more than an Eden in Christ is regained
Since the Cross in His hallowed blood was stained.

The snow, the snow! wafting drearily by,
Bringing sweet thoughts of the dwellers on high,
Who, spotless and pure and unsullied by sin,

Through the "beautiful gates" are gathering in;
Blest boon for the fallen! 'Through Christ they may
rise
As pure as the snow when it falls from the skies.

Mrs. Whitten's elegy on the death of Dr. Manning is very touching. The circumstances attending his death were sad, and cast a gloom over the entire State. Against the protestations of his friends he embarked for the scene of the yellow fever epidemic September 3, 1878, and died of that dread malady a few days after reaching Holly Springs, Mississippi. Amiable and affable in heart and manners, he made friends of all who knew him; and when the news reached Austin that he was dead, Mrs. Whitten gave vent to her feelings of pity and compassion in the following memorial lines:—

WEEP, Austin, weep! In sackcloth veil thy head,
And breathe thy sorrow for thy noble dead;
His name embalm with fadeless glory blest
And fold his memory to thy chastened breast.

Weep, Austin, weep! Thy Manning is no more!
No braver soldier e'er his ensign wore.
Hero of heroes! He, thy champion dies
At duty's post—a willing sacrifice.

His glorious life has ended but too soon;
His "star of destiny" has set at noon;
Scarce could we spare him—so gifted his mind,
Minister of mercy to his sorrowing kind.

Not as the warrior whose reeking foes
By conquered thousands greet his last repose;
Not as the chieftain with his comrades dies,
Viewing his dripping scalps—his life-bought prize.

Ah no! not blood *his* fair escutcheon stained—
Love was the weapon that *his* laurels gained;
Let history's page his valiant deeds recall,
And nations learn how *Christian* heroes fall.

Where the Mississippi in its grandeur flows,
There comes a voice freighted with human woes—
A wail of anguish, like a funeral dirge
From bleeding hearts, portrays the dreadful scourge.

The call for "help" from that once crowded mart,
Fired his warm blood and stirred his gen'rous heart;
He, yielding to that helpless, pleading cry,
Resolved to succor, or with them to die.

Oh, let his name beside those patriots stand,
Who scorned to die—a brave, unconquered band;
And where 'tis told how valiant Fannin fell;
Of him, the martyr, let the record swell.

The scroll that bears a Crockett's honored name,
Or tells of Travis and his blood-bought fame,
Should by *these* find our Manning's name a place;
They for their country died—he for his race.

Sweet be his rest! May holy angels keep
Their silent vigils where his ashes sleep;
And when for *us* death's messenger shall call,
At duty's post may *we*, like Manning, fall.

Mrs. Whitten's longest poem—*The Dear Old Home*—spoken of elsewhere in this sketch, has many admirers. It is highly descriptive, and establishes the ability of the author as a writer of poems of place. It is too long to give complete, and I can scarcely give extracts from it without impairing its beauty.



MRS. MAUD J. YOUNG.

ATTENTION is more readily excited by the momentary coruscations of the meteor than by the steady light of the abiding star. It is not the genius uniform and symmetrical in its productions, that gains the meed of popular applause and achieves immortality, but rather some abnormal condition of mind winning distinction in a special line and often by a single act. Thus the universal splendor of the genius of George Elliot shone only from a single point in the literary heavens. Her greatness was special; and this was the principal cause of her wide-spread and far-reaching praise. The author of *St. Elmo* would have remained within the radius of that social environment to which destiny had assigned her, had not the idiosyncrasy of her genius, like a light from behind the clouds, broken forth in the singularity of its effulgence. It is not that which is common to all cultured minds that engages the popular esteem, but rather that which is anomalous in character, and often prodigious in its manifestations.

The real greatness of Mrs. Maud J. Young, the subject of this sketch, was uniform; and this fact affords explanation of the limits of her fame and of the ardor of her admirers, within the orbit of her movement.

To nature's endowment, education had added the stores of knowledge and refinement, which gave to her intellect a singularly rounded and well balanced character. When the literary antiquarian of the ages to come shall weigh the *Legend of Sour Lake* in the balances of criticism, the real worth of Mrs. Young, as a poet, will be better known. The keen discontent of that future day, when observations will be taken in the interest of truth only, will assign to her a place in the galaxy of enduring

lights, and not in the fitful glare of the transient work, more than any other of this lady, shows her literary talent. Her work on botany, illustrated chiefly from the flora of Texas, is more elaborate and scientific; and her *Cordova* displays more sentiment; but the *Legend*, for its conception and beauty of design, will probably maintain the first rank in the circles of pure literature. The testimony of an able cotemporary is given in this strong but truthful language:—

“*The Legend of Sour Lake*, by Mrs. M. J. Young, is really one of the finest prose poems we have read for many a day. Though not in verse, it is genuine poetry from beginning to end. Would that all the wild and beautiful legends of our wide field of poetic treasures—Texas—could be put in enduring form by this literary artist. This romantic Indian tradition, so beautifully rendered, and whose glorious symbolism, is so happily applied to the instruction of the Southern people will not die.”

Several essays and contributions appearing in the periodicals of her day, attested her ability and worth as a writer. The last of these, over the signature of *Patsy Pry*, appeared in the *Houston Post*, not long before her death. So characteristic was this series—it being quoted and commented upon throughout the State—the author could not be hid.

Her devotion to Southern society and institutions gave her a prominence in the war between the States. *The Confederate Lady*, a fond *sobriquet* given to her in testimony of the high esteem in which she was held, became well known to the rank and file of Southern soldiery. She was true to her friends, without bitterness to her foes. Her statesmanship was only equaled by her patriotism, both of which she possessed in an uncommon degree, for one of her sex.

Mrs. Young, *nee* Miss Fuller, was a native of Beauford, North Carolina, a daughter of Col. N. Fuller. Paternally she was related to the Rolfs, the Randolphs and the Bollings, of Virginia; and maternally to the Dunbars, the Braggs and the Braxtons, of the same State, and of Maryland. She was mar-

ried in her twentieth year to Dr. S. O. Young, of South Carolina, a gentleman honorably related and of learning and refinement. He died during the first year of their wedded life. The young widow devoted her life to the education of her son of posthumous birth, the fruit of her brief married life. At Houston, where for a long time she lived, she was a ruling spirit of all grades and ages of society. Moving in queenly grace among the people, her black eyes flashing with intelligence, her voice like the strains of the Eolian harp, gave solace to the sorrowing, and cheer to the merry. Her hands deftly arranged the crescent of orange blossoms for the bride, and wove the cross of immortelles for the casket.

She was born on the first of November, 1826, and died in Houston, Texas, April 15, 1882.

The most extensive estimate of Mrs. Young's genius I have seen, appears in *Living Female Writers of the South*, by Ida Raymond. Material for a sketch of Mrs. Young is plentiful, but I have few of her poems from which to select. Her *Greeting to Hood's Brigade* is one of her highly prized poems, and I reproduce it here :—

GREETING TO HOOD'S BRIGADE.

NOT with the tramp of martial train
And the stirring roll of drum,
Not with the trumpet's proud refrain
Do you, our heroes, come.

But we greet you with a gladsome pride,
In your pure and spotless fame,
No victor's crown could add a ray
To the lustre of the name

Of Hood's Brigade. Its falchion's light
Streams far o'er land and sea ;

The dead bivouaced on a hundred fields—
The sentinel's now with Lee.

Your own true hearts and dauntless arms
Have covered it with glory,
And while a Southerner treads the soil
It will live in song and story.

Peace has her victories, too, and these
You have most nobly won—
The heritage of ages pure,
Bequeathed from sire to son.

The principles of seventy-six,
Though lost upon the field,
Are yet sustained in faith by you,
Who cannot, will not yield.

The mounds that strew our native land
Are watched by Heaven above,
From Sharpsburg to the Rio Grande,
They've shrined in endless love.

We think of them—thought can't be bound :
We wept—tears can't be stayed :
But Glory keeps her sentinel-watch
Above each bloody grave.

We pledge them now, in their warrior's rest,
And again we pledge each other ;
Thank God ! so many live today
To say : " God bless you, brother ! "

Uncover all ! Up to your feet
We've guests ye cannot see ;
*The dead have heard our long roll call,
And answered it with Lee.*

They're here ; soul cries it unto soul ;
They see and love us yet ;
Living and dead together stand,
And neither can forget.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under this head I shall collect the names of a large number of writers who have written and published poems, but do not claim the poet's gift. I shall not conform to any particular order, but notice them as they appear to my mind.

MR. ELMORE L. FORSHEY, of Dallas, Texas, has published several poems of merit. *My Heart's Lost Love* occupies about thirty pages of a neat pamphlet. Besides this poem, he has published *Fashion's Fallacies*, *The Modern Ship*, and *A Mast Incident*. All of these have appeared in pamphlet form under the name of *Feromell*, which is his *nom de plume*. Mr. Forshey was born in Fayette county, November 9th, 1861. He has been newspaper reporter, civil engineer, and railroad man. He is married and has one child.

MRS. JENNIE BLAND BEAUCHAMP, of Denton, Texas, has written a number of poems. Some of them deserve preservation. She has published one or two prose works, which sold well. At present she is President of the Texas Department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is laboring for suffering humanity.

MISS LIZZIE SMITH LEAVELL, of San Marcos, Texas, under the pen name of "Bessie Smith," has recently published, in the *Free Press* (San Marcos) and the *Courier-Journal* (Louisville, Kentucky), several poems which show a healthy intellect, a warm heart, and a big brain. She has a bright future before her. She is a native of Kentucky, but moved to San Marcos, Texas,

in 1876, where she has since resided. I have seen perhaps a dozen of Miss Leavell's poems, and give *Waiting* as a sample of those I have read:—

I am waiting in the meadow,
While the evening shadows fall;
While the sunset's golden splendors
Fade away beyond recall.
O'er the earth a dewy fragrance
Flings a mantle, sparkling, bright,
Quivering with an untold beauty,
Flashing back the waning light.

Meet me, darling, I am waiting
'Neath the sighing aspen tree;
Round me winds of eve are sweeping,
Whispering to my heart of thee.
Hasten, on my lips are burning
Words I would to thee impart;
Truest love and hope are beating
In my restless, throbbing heart.

Now the dark'ning world is sleeping,
Resting from all grief and care,
Now the silent stars are gleaming
On her tranquil bosom fair;
But my heart is growing weary,
And a pang akin to woe
Steals upon me in the gloaming,
While the shadows come and go.

But I know you will be faithful,
Well I know you will be true;
In your heart a kindred feeling,
Like the love I bear to you.
So I'll cease from all repining,
Banish every doubt and fear,
For through the fragrant summer gloaming
I can feel your presence near.

COL. J. L. GAY, of Round Rock, is a writer of verses. He has published several very clever poems, which have made his name familiar to the readers of the State. He writes for amusement alone, and does not claim the name of the poet.

MISS CLAUDIA M. GIRARDEAU, of Houston, Texas, has published several poems which possess merit. In the *Gems from a Texas Quarry*, Mrs. Steuart gave two of her poems, which indicate poetic ability. She does not desire fame, and places a light estimate on her work. She is a South Carolinian by birth, but has resided in Texas a number of years. Her father, Prof. T. J. Girardeau, is one of the most finished scholars and literary writers of the State, and has been connected with the press in Houston for a number of years; most of the time on the *Post*.

L. W. SCOTT, a minister of the Christian Church, has published one or more works that indicate literary ability. He published a small volume of poems a few years ago which was severely criticized by the press of the State. He has also published a book of *Christian Evidences*. He resides at Sulphur Springs.

MRS. R. L. GORDON, a resident of Williamson county, Texas, has published quite a number of very clever poems. She is a lady of means and of literary refinement. She is speaking of collecting her poems and publishing them soon.

MRS. CLARA BOONE JORDAN, now residing near Morgan, Texas, was born in Bremond, Texas. She began to write poems when a school girl, and gained a local reputation as a sprightly and intelligent singer. She married a Mr. Jordan in 1880. Mr. Jordan is a preacher of the Baptist denomination, who, since his marriage, has been teaching.

MR. A. C. MONSON, a resident of Austin, Texas, and a well known newspaper man, has written quite a number of poems showing the elements of the Poet. He is a clever story teller, and is a regular contributor to several of the leading weeklies. He also published a play in 1883, which was accepted by a traveling company, but I do not think it has ever been utilized.

MRS. LAURA GRICE PENUEL, of Hearne, Texas, has published some exquisite gems of poetry. She is a South Carolinian, and came to Texas early in the seventies. She assisted Dr. Royall as teacher in Baylor University for several years. She has resided in Hearne about ten years, and is a widow. She is engaged in teaching, and has the reputation of being a superior literary instructor.

MR. I. H. JULIAN, of San Marcos, Texas, has written beautifully of his early youth and its charms. He came to Texas from Indiana about a dozen years ago, and began the publication of the *Free Press*, at San Marcos. He is a vigorous writer, and a man of fine literary judgment. His paper is one of the best county papers of the State. He has done a great deal to develop the country around San Marcos, and deserves the success he has achieved.

MR. THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK has published two volumes of poems. He was quite a while a resident of Kaufman county, Texas; but for some years has resided in Kansas. Although for a time a resident of Texas, his poems, strictly speaking, do not belong to Texas; yet he is recognized by our readers as a Texan, as many of his most delicate sentiments were created here. Mr. Peacock is of a splendid family, with an intellect superior to his surroundings. He is an industrious

worker, and will gain an undying lustre if fortune will spare him a short time to adorn this life. One of his sweetest poems was written on the death of his brother, Dr. W. C. Peacock, who died September 14, 1885.

MISS MAY E. GUILLOT, of Dallas, Texas, bids fair to gain celebrity as a writer of poems. She has already made her name familiar to the reading people of Texas by her frequent poetic contributions. Some of her poems have been very kindly received by the press, and show taste and poetic spirit. She was born in Dallas in 1865, and was educated in her native city. She is the poetess of the Texas Press Association and is a general favorite of the editorial fraternity. I give one of her poems—*Venice* :—

The dusky gloom of the eastern seas,
A boat song floating in the breeze,
The purling dip of oars afar,
The twinkling of a rosy star.
The darkling lights and shadows met,
And Venice slept in silhouette.

A blonde moon, looking wan and white,
On towers that rise, fantastic, bright,
Like genii temples, vast and dim,
From out the Eastern ocean's rim.
Their palisades with foamings wet,
Their towers outlined in silhouette.

A villa wrapped in light and shade,
A group of boats, a serenade,
A fair face peeping from above.
A wild, sweet Tuscan song of love,
The sound of lute and castanet,
The players outlined in silhouette.

A balcony, a terrace high,
The eastern dancers floating by.
A drowsy hum, the sleepy breeze
Flings melting music to the seas.

Wild snatches from the minuet,
Light, graceful forms is silhouette.

A tropic garden, gloom below,
The tinkling splash of fountain flow,
A floating gleam of laces white,
A rippling burst of laughter light,
The faint, sweet smell of mignonette,
Bright eastern maids of silhouette.

A cavalier, so brave and gay,
A maiden fair as sylph or fay!
A flying boat, the dimpled gleams
Of tangled moonlight o'er it streams;
And where the gloom and moon-gleams met,
Two shadows kissed in silhouette.

MRS. FANNIE SPEAR YOUNG, of Longview, Texas, is author of quite a number of poems which she has contributed to the religious press of the State. She is ambitious to a fault, but has a sacred love for piety and all religious works. She was born in Mississippi in 1844, and came to Texas in 1859.

COL. JNO. F. ELLIOTT, of the *Herald*, Dallas, has published some very worthy poems. He disclaims the title of poet, but deserves it.

AWANA H. K. PAINTER, of San Antonio, Texas, has, in the *Gems from a Texas Quarry*, a beautiful poem entitled *The Blue and the Gray*. I have no further knowledge of this author. This poem is in the right vein, and shows power.

DR. SAM HOUSTON, oldest son of Gen. Sam Houston, has written more than a dozen poems which are worth preserving. *The Writing on the Wall* is his longest and, perhaps, his best poem. He is a resident of Waco.

MRS. A. H. MOHL, a well known Washington correspondent, and who resides at Houston, has written quite a number of very creditable poems. Her poem—*An Army with Green Banners*—is a very clever one. She spends most of her time in Washington City, where she is a press correspondent.

ELLA S. JOHNSON, of Houston, has two short poems in Mrs. Steuart's *Gems From a Texas Quarry*. These are the only poems I have seen from her pen, and, judging from these, she has genius and a fair promise.

MRS. M. J. BENTLEY, of Denison, has also published some very creditable poems.

W. A. BOWEN, known to the public almost exclusively by his pseudo-name, "Ike Philkins," is one of the most widely known correspondents at the State Capital. He has gained reputation in several departments of letters, and by most all of the readers of the State is known either as humorist, poet, or correspondent. He is one who uses his eyes and writes of what he has seen. He possesses the happy faculty of seizing the essential features of measures and the ability of presenting them in a clear and vigorous style. Mr. Bowen is a native of Florida, and is just thirty years of age. He has written quite a number of creditable poems. His longest one—*A New Year Eve*—contains forty-six spencerian stanzas. His poems have been published in the *Atlantic* and *Scribner's Monthly* and various periodicals both North and South. In 1880 he published his only book—*Chained Lightning*—a book of humor. About the first substantial recognition of his merits came from Mr. Knox of the *Texas Siftings*, who boldly engaged him to write a story for his paper. His amazing fertility of invention in this department of literature is seen in the fact that he has published over a hundred stories in newspapers, exclusive of his essays and poems. He is a married man, and resides in Austin.

MR. STEPHEN CUMMINGS, a resident of Austin, Texas, although claiming no distinction as a poet, has written some very beautiful poems. He is a native of Maryland, where he was born in 1810. He came to Texas in 1839, and has since resided here. He is a printer by trade, and followed it for a long time after his arrival here. He taught school a while; took part in the "Archive War." He was county surveyor of Travis county for one term, and during his term of office he established the line between Bexar and Travis counties. He was elected County Judge of Travis county, and during his official career was married to Miss Mary G. Rowe. In 1850 he accepted a clerkship in the General Land Office, under S. Crosby. He remained there about ten years. Began ranching in Williamson county, but soon abandoned it, and returned to the General Land Office, under Joseph Spence. During all this time, Mr. Cummings continued to write poems, which were published in the secular press. I present one from his pen:

ON RECEIPT OF A GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

That precious nosegay, clothed in white,
In pink and red and blue,
We cherished kindly day by day,
But grieved at its waning hue.

Awhile it bloom'd, its leaves were green,
'Twas nourished by my side,
But soon, alas! 'twas plainly seen,
The lovely flowers had died.

Yet still in memory's shrine they bloom,
They live in freshness there,
Although their fate may yield a gloom,
And cause a falling tear.

E. J. WEBB, of Columbus, Texas, has contributed one or two poems of merit to the State press. I have nothing from his pen before me.

MRS. M. JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS is another one of those contributors to literature whose productions deserve recognition. She was a Miss Hargrove, and was born in Florida, and was married in Louisiana to Dr. James N. Williams, who moved to Texas, and practiced his profession in San Antonio and Gonzales. He died in the latter city in 1868. She had never attempted authorship until after the death of her husband. She taught school for several years, and was connected with Marvin College at one time. She lived in Dallas and wrote for the papers there. After this she went to St. Louis, and resides there now, and is engaged upon the *St. Louis Republican*. She has had some experience as a public reader, and has read in the largest cities in the State. Her sketches of travel are spicy and full of enthusiasm. The few poems we have seen from her pen evince a vein of poetic feeling. The one presented in this volume was written in 1869:

A HOME SCENE.

Twilight crept in at the window,
Fire-light flashed on the wall,
Shimmered and shone on the carpet,
A fitful, quivering ball.
And out on the hush of the twilight,
A mother's voice came low,
A measured, monotone lullaby,
Murmuring, musical, slow:
"Rest, baby, rest!
Sweet on my breast
All tranquil lie.
Hush, darling, hush!
And list to the rush
Of the wind creeping by."

Twilight was lost in the night-time,
And fitfully sparkled the fire;
And the song of the mother grew softer,
Far sweeter than quartette or choir.

And the father, who paused at the wicket,
Caught the sound of her murmuring voice—
The cares of the day were forgotten,
And his worn, weary heart did rejoice.
 “Sleep, baby sleep,
 While kind angels keep
 Guard o’er thy rest.
Tender blue eyes,
Clear as the skies,
Sink gently to rest.”

The baby, now hushed into quiet,
Was laid in its cradle to rest;
The mother slow turned from her wooing,
And quick hid the snow of her breast.
And shadow now darkened the pathway,
And shadowed the dusk at the door—
Two hands joined in love near the ingle,
Kept sacred by trust evermore !

I now bring the POETS AND POETRY OF TEXAS to an end. In doing so, I wish to express my thanks to those who have been kind enough to assist me in collecting material for this work. I am especially under obligations to Judge Ballinger, of Galveston, and Rev. John Albert Murphy, of Austin, for assistance rendered me in securing data for several of my sketches.

This book, like many others, has in it the customary typographical errors. I regret their appearing, but they could not be avoided.



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